February 17, 1940

Collier's

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NOW, IN GERMANY – By W. B. Courtney

Drawing

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OUT-SPRINTS
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all other low-priced cars

Eye it · Try it · Buy it!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

In acceleration, in hill-climbing, in driving and riding ease, as in nationwide popularity . . .

"Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

You're the master of the liveliest and most luxurious car ever offered at a low price when you sit at the wheel of Chevrolet for '40!

You can step ahead of all other low-priced cars in traffic, for you have at your command the fastest-accelerating car in the field.

You can zoom over the crest of a steep hill in high with greater power and ease than can the driver of any other low-priced car.

You can shift gears more swiftly and effortlessly—travel over smooth or rough roads with a greater degree of gliding luxury—thanks to Chevrolet's Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift and its exclusive "Ride Royal†."

And you acquire all of these advantages in Chevrolet for '40 at the *lowest* cost for gas, oil and upkeep!

Something's telling you, *"better eye it, try it, buy it,"* and enjoy the thrill of owning the car that out-values and out-sells all others—a 1940 Chevrolet!

85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX **$659** **AND UP,** **at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.*

†On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.

CHEVROLET

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, $802**

CHEVROLET for '40

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Wet Feet? LOOK OUT FOR A COLD!—Gargle with

LISTERINE—QUICK!

This pleasant precaution may head off a nasty cold or sore throat. Thousands say there's nothing like it, and careful clinical research has proved its helpfulness again and again.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic sweeps through the mouth and reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those troublesome germs called "secondary invaders." These are the bacteria that multiply so rapidly and may invade and inflame the tissue when body resistance is lowered by wet feet, chills, drafts, or sudden temperature changes.

You can see how important it is to combat them when you realize that many authorities say they are largely responsible for most of the cold symptoms you know all too well.

The impressive chart to the right will show you how effectively Listerine Antiseptic reduced their numbers on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases. Study its story.

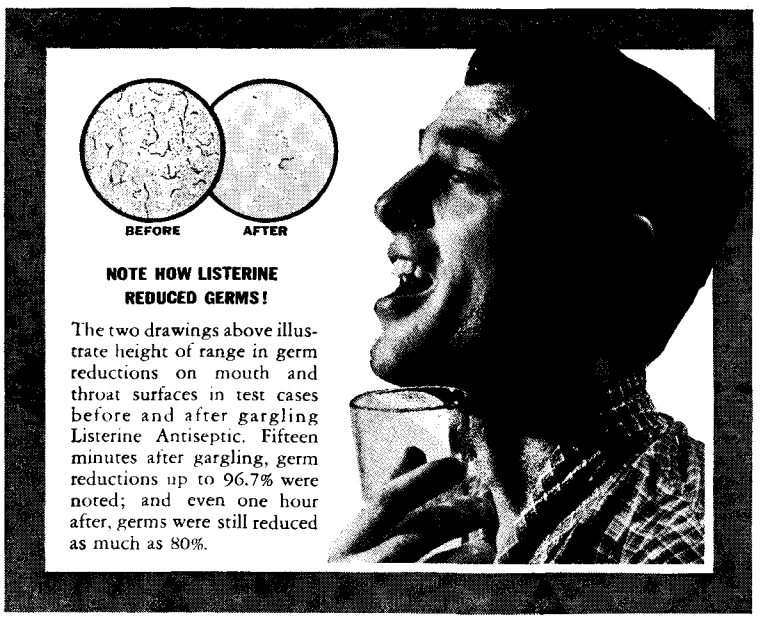
Tests Showed Fewer Colds

In our opinion, this fast germ-killing action of Listerine Antiseptic explains its amazing record in fighting colds as revealed by tests made during eight years of research.

These tests actually showed that regular twice a day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than those of non-users. Also, fewer sore throats.

A Pleasant Precaution

Why not get in the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night as a precaution against cold infections, and when you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of gargle. It may spare you a long and uncomfortable siege. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*



NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

FREE SHAVING CREAM SAMPLE? WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WELL, WHY NOT? YOU'RE ALWAYS GROUSING ABOUT HOW SHAVING HURTS YOUR FACE. —THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM MIGHT BE THE ANSWER
HONEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THIS CREAM'S THE NUTS! MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION —SMOOTH AND COOL AS A BABY'S.
GUESS I KNOW HOW TO PICK WINNERS! —IT'S A LAMBERT PRODUCT.
BILL TELLS HIS FRIENDS
I'M TELLING YOU! — YOU CAN'T BEAT LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM! —SAVES CASH TOO — ONE 35¢ TUBE LASTS THREE MONTHS.
LISTERINE, EH?—UNDERSTAND THEY MAKE A SWELL BRUSHLESS CREAM TOO.

Clip this coupon

20 SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 161, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

AT FORTY, Mark Forrest had everything he needed. But, as Miss Marsh, his secretary, pointed out, "It seems such a shame that he has no real interests." By which she meant, quite simply, a wife and children. Then things began to happen. He met a dumb chorus girl with a little-girl line; he met her eight-year-old son Derek. And, to confuse his placid life further, war broke out. Margery Sharp introduces you to the man who didn't like cute girls and the girl who had to "Be Cute or Starve."

THE Vargas diamond is the newest large diamond in the world, a piece of stone as big as a lemon. It hasn't been cut and probably won't be for some time. For diamond cleaving requires months of study, an eagle eye and skilled craftsmanship that few men have. The thrilling story of the finding of the Vargas diamond in Brazil is told by Frank Gervasi.

IT'S bad enough to be stole from, but when a codger slaps you cross the face with the plunder, it's past all bearin'. That's what Grandpappy Baxter had done when he was caught running out of Moony Morgan's smokehouse with a piece of ham meat under each arm. The menfolk all agreed something had to be done about Grandpappy. So the Chinkapin Hollow night riders got after him, not realizing they were interfering with a romance and bringing down the wrath of the womenfolk. Then— But you'll have to read Robert Rylee's history of Chinkapin's one-man crime wave in "Anybody Missed a Ham?"

ABOUT eighty miles above New Orleans, shut off from the world, lies the walled town of Carville. Visitors shun the place, laundries won't serve it and the outside world will have none of its products. For at Carville is the federal hospital for the treatment of leprosy, most dreaded of all diseases. Dr. Victor G. Heiser takes you there to see how science is creating new "Hope for the Hopeless."

HENRY JACKSON tells you about covert cloth, the lightweight, all-purpose fabric that's become so popular in men's clothing. Genevieve Tabouis conducts you on a tour of wartime Paris. Vereen Bell presents "Trouble's Child," who was everybody's bad luck. Then there are stories and articles by Howard A. Hobson, John Colohan, Kyle Crichton and others. Something to anticipate.

Collier's

February 17, 1940

This Week

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK NEBEL
One Cold Night. Romance ends, and begins again. Page 9

MATT TAYLOR
Pictures Are Here to Stay. Josie gives all for her art—a three-reel thriller. Page 12

W. TOWNEND
Rendezvous. Blind date with a submarine. Page 18

HUGH WILEY
The Heart of Kwan Yin. James Lee finds an emerald—and a killer. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Ebb Tide, by Jacland Marmur. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in Crimson. The third of ten parts. Business for the police. Page 16

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Let Me Call You Comrade. The second of five parts. Just leave it to little Audrey. Page 20

ARTICLES

FRANK CONDON
Right from the Start. The electric gate —California's gift to horse racing. Page 11

W. B. COURTNEY
Now, in Germany—. Things are different in Berlin. Page 14

RUTH SEINFEL
Big Man of Ballet. Leonide Massine, dance master. Page 17

EDWIN MULLER
Above Timber Line. Skiing, for he-men only. Page 21

NANCY POPE
Thanks for Your Voice. The new Sonovox gives you many tongues. Page 23

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

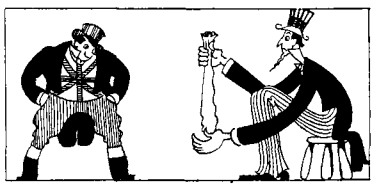
EDITORIALS
Let Trader Hull Trade On.
How's Your Hoosegow? Page 62

COVER JAY IRVING

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	France
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Any Week

A PRETTY dreadful thought popped into the mind of Mr. Fred Apple of Des Moines, Iowa, not long ago and Mr. Apple calls for help. But we hasten to confess that it's too rugged for us. "Suppose," whispers Mr. Apple, "that the soldiers and sailors, on the ground and aloft, made as sorry a mess of democracy preservation as the politicians in Paris and London do? What's the use dying for democracy while old Lord Puffhead bumbles, bungles and burps? Out here we've just been listening to the second of what seems likely to become a procession of British lecturer-propagandists. Some dumb Yankee in the audience asked him what the United States could hope to get out of participation in Europe's war. His answer was, in effect: 'The same as you got out of the First Great War.' So I'm asking you: 'What was that?' "



WHILE we were working on that we heard from Mr. Richard English, whose fiction is one of the multitude of reasons why it is almost impossible to keep vast numbers of people from breaking down newsstands to buy our latest issue. Mr. English had just seen a shop near Louisville, Kentucky, which bore a neon sign reading: CHIROTONSOR. Mr. English asked the proprietor what a chirotonsor was. "A barber whose mother was frightened by a chiropractor," said the man.

FURTHERMORE, we're asked by a lady in Portland, Oregon, whether Alaska has anything to offer "a woman who don't look her forty years." She goes on: "I am cheerful, keep warm easily, will work as long as it's honorable, can amuse myself without any help and while I made my mistakes I wouldn't take them with me." The lady prefers, however, not to work on a farm. "I'm no farmer," says she. "I am a small-town woman and therefore interested in Alaska. Will the government pay my fare back too?"

WE WERE pottering around Washington thinking, vainly enough, to capture a hint or two of what our government was up to. Fate led us to Republican national headquarters where a young lady told us that everybody of importance there was in conference. And to prove it she opened a door just enough to let us see a group of gentlemen sitting solemnly around a large table, looking accusingly at one another. So we left, but not before another caller explained all. "Sixteen guys," said he, "trying to think faster than Roosevelt."

AND we know exactly how they felt. We've succumbed to photography and are spending all our spare time trying to figure out the secrets of a large number of gadgets we've been induced to buy. We are also trying to understand an assortment of pamphlets, tables and charts. Thus far our greatest triumph is the portrait of a dachshund —getting the entire creature on one film. Mr. Edwin N. Fernald of Indianapolis, Indiana, has taken up the same art. He says that amateur photography is not mastered by reading books and studying charts. "It has changed my whole nature," says Mr. Fernald. "You will never become a good photographer until you develop a sneaky feeling. And you do this by practice. Amateur photographers are always sneaking up on things, even on large immovable trees, rocks and buildings. I don't know why this is, but you'll get so that you'll feel even better if you go around in disguise. The main idea is not to let it be known that you're about to shoot something. After a while you get to be just like those Finnish soldiers."

BUT fear grips the salty heart of at least one of our Navy's retired admirals. He has confided to us that from what he has been able to learn, our latest naval policy threatens to take our fleet out of the hands of our sailormen and "turn it over, God help us, to a lot of faddists." We tried to comfort him but failed. "Yes," he cried, "and that's not the worst of it. It wouldn't surprise me, if Mr. Roosevelt seeks and wins a third term, if our Navy became a WPA project. Or if it got turned over to somebody like Madame Perkins or one of those National Labor Relations Board wizards and became affiliated with the C. I. O."

AND collect the Union Jack . . .
W. D.

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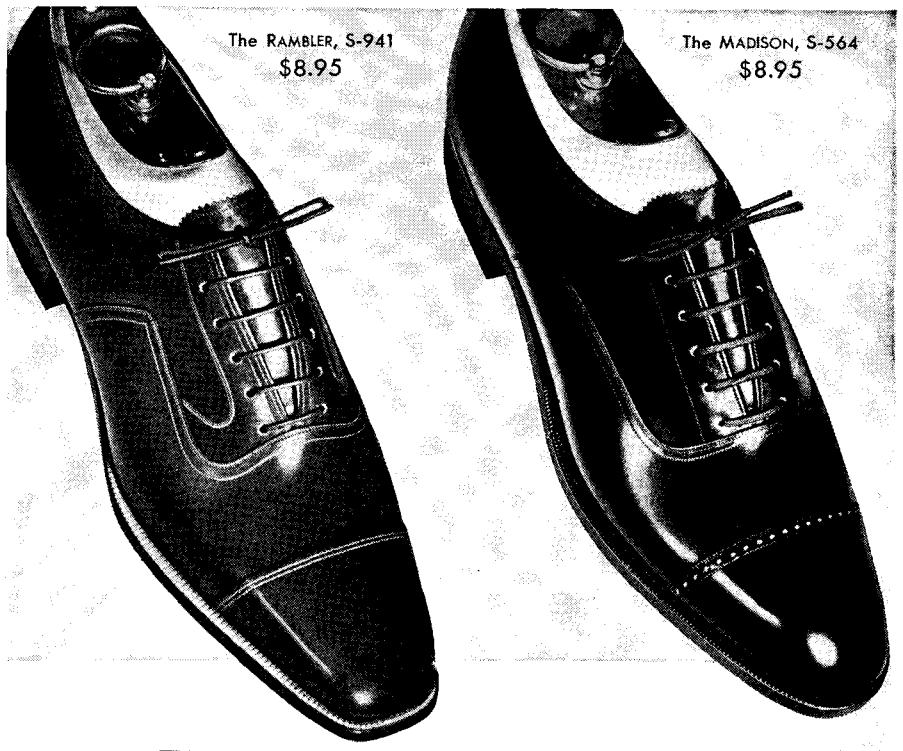

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Forty-eight years ago we set out to make one grade of shoe, the finest—at the lowest possible price . . . and that policy has built the largest fine shoe business in the world. We're old enough to know it doesn't pay to stint on quality . . . because men have learned to expect from Florsheim the longer wear and economy of the very finest leathers, lasts, and workmanship. That's why today more men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined. $8.95 and $10 . . . a few higher

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In a modern locomotive, the quantity of steam required to transport one ton of freight a distance of one mile can be produced by sixteen ounces of water and two ounces of coal.—*By Creighton Pool, Roanoke, Virginia.*

The large hotels of New York City, in cashing millions of dollars' worth of checks annually for guests and patrons, average a loss of only $1 out of every $2,600.

The only place in the world where natural steam is put to work on an extensive scale is in a fifty-square-mile volcanic area in the Tuscan hills of Italy. There it is released from the ground through three hundred wells and used to operate twelve large turbines, whose daily output of 1,250,000 kilowatt hours is transmitted to many cities, including Pisa and Rome.—*By Violet Drew Baker, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

One company now makes a camera with twelve interchangeable lenses and five hundred different accessories.

Among the fruits being produced without seeds through a chemical treatment during growth are tomatoes, peppers, strawberries, summer squash, egg plant and watermelon.

About ten times a year, pilots, after guiding steamships out of New York harbor, find the ocean too rough for them to board the pilot boat and, consequently, stay on the vessels until they reach a port. For such inconvenience, the ship's company pays three dollars a day as well as expenses. Recently three men were away at the same time, one having been carried to Panama, one to Philadelphia and one to Southampton.

When a London morning newspaper omitted its horoscope one day not long ago, the editorial office received more than fifty thousand telegrams, telephone and personal calls within twenty-four hours from complaining readers.

Fifteen years ago, six hundred hours elapsed between the beginning and completion of an automobile paint job. Today the work is done in eight hours.—*By Walter R. Smith, Columbus, Ohio.*

The eggs of such animals as sea urchins, starfish, worms, snails and even frogs have been fertilized in laboratories with acids, alkalis and salts. In fact, almost all eggs that are easily accessible to the scientist by being laid in water can be made to develop artificially.

At the dedication of a large fountain in Genoa, Italy, in May, 1936, someone started the rumor that it possessed miraculous powers. Ever since, people have come from all over the country to toss coins in its basin and make their wishes. Once a month the money has to be shoveled out of the fountain.

By marking off its busy sidewalks into three traffic lanes, the inner for window shoppers and loafers, the middle for slow walkers and the outer for those in a hurry, Louisburg, North Carolina (pop. 2,182), has eliminated its pedestrian traffic snarls.

The United States is the only major country in the world in which the broadcasting companies are operated by private enterprise, and not by the government or a government-controlled monopoly.—*By J. W. Cannady, Oxford, North Carolina.*

The whitest of all white pigments is titanium dioxide, which is made from ilmenite, a black sand. This transformation, taking five days, requires several complicated chemical processes, after which the substance is calcined at a high temperature and ground into a fine powder.—*By Leonard Richardson, Wilmington, Delaware.*

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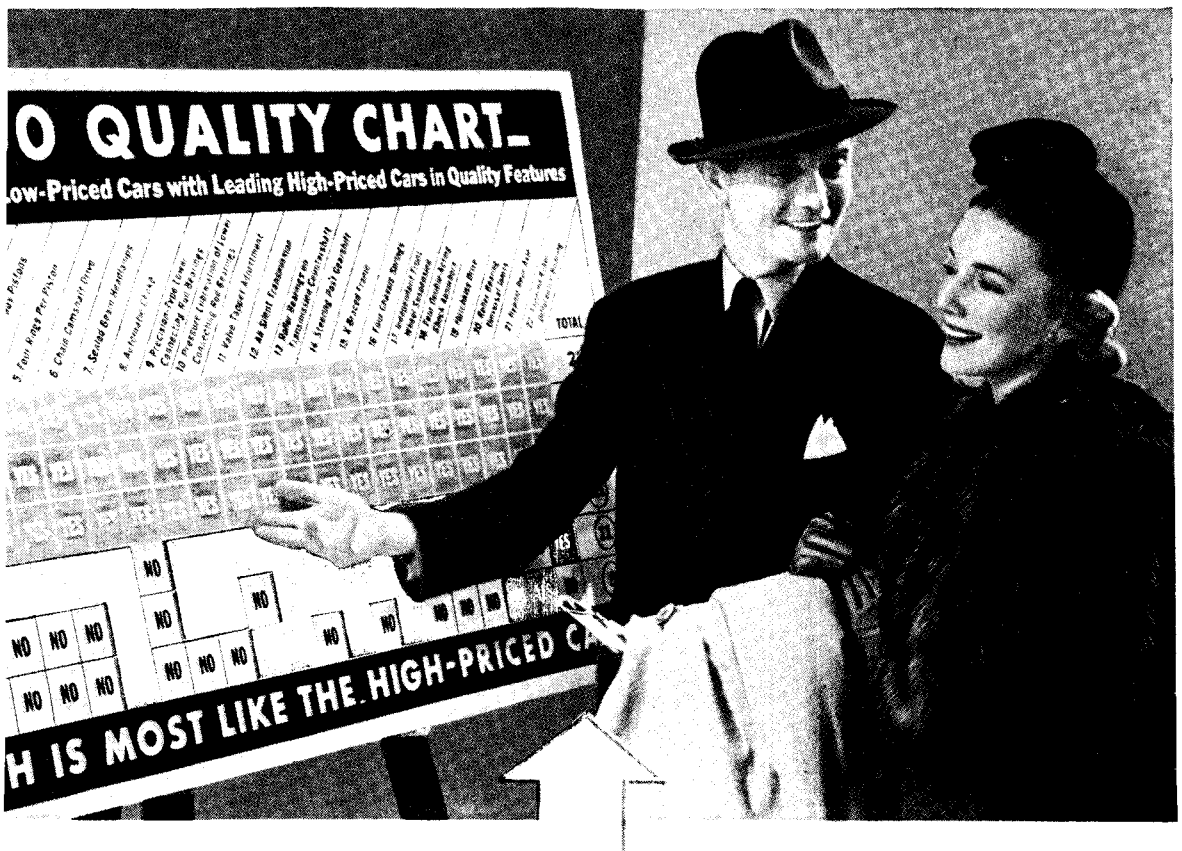
New "One-Two" Way to Get More Car for Your Money!

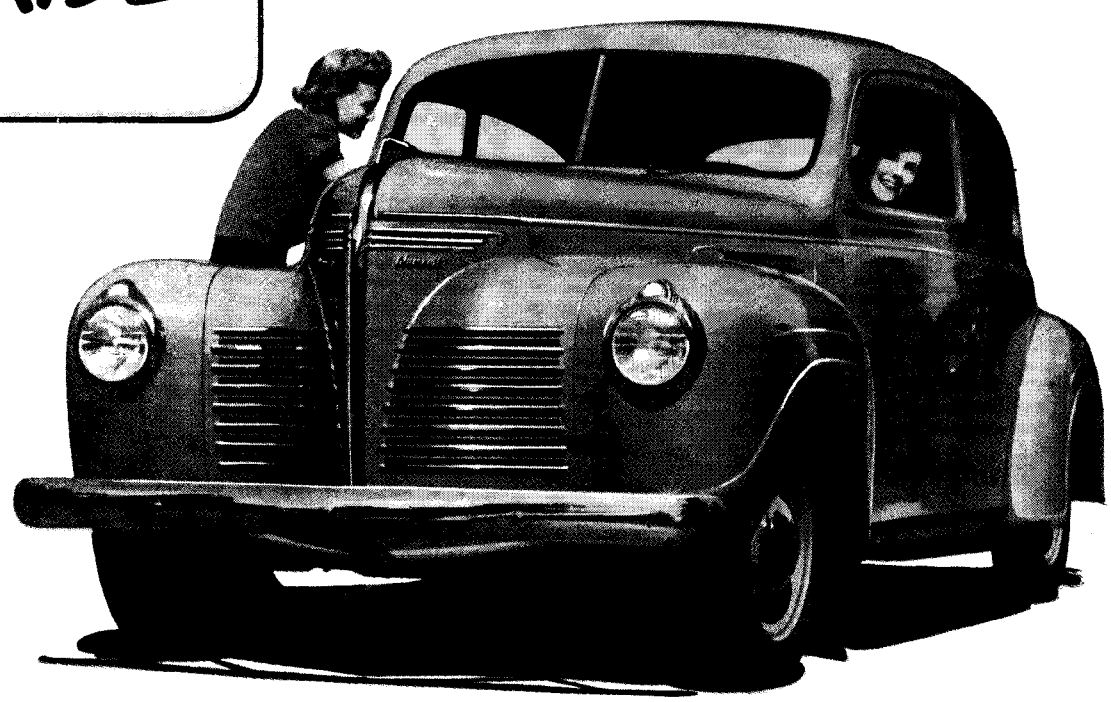


Now you can compare the value of "All Three" low-priced cars easily and quickly...see exactly what each gives you in size, safety, handling ease, comfort. ONE: the 1940 Quality Chart gives you this information at a glance! TWO: Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride shows you what these facts mean to your enjoyment.

TO BE SURE OF THE BEST BUY IN 1940...

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS...

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS...

Plymouth has 21...Car "2" has 11...Car "3" has 8

THE 1940 Plymouth sets a new high in low-priced car quality. Its marked advantages in size, style, ride, and *value* are switching car buyers to Plymouth all over the country!

It is natural to expect the finest quality in *high-priced* cars. And there are 22 important quality features high-priced cars have in common.

However, of "All Three" *low-priced* cars, only Plymouth gives you a majority of these important features!

You see comparative values revealed at a glance on the 1940 Quality Chart ...and by taking Plymouth's great Luxury Ride you find out what these value facts can mean to your enjoyment.

In 1940 car *quality* and all-around *value*, Plymouth is the one *low-priced* car most like the *high-priced* cars! Choose your new car the "one-two" way. See your Plymouth dealer today.

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Share these Modern Radio Joys of 1940!

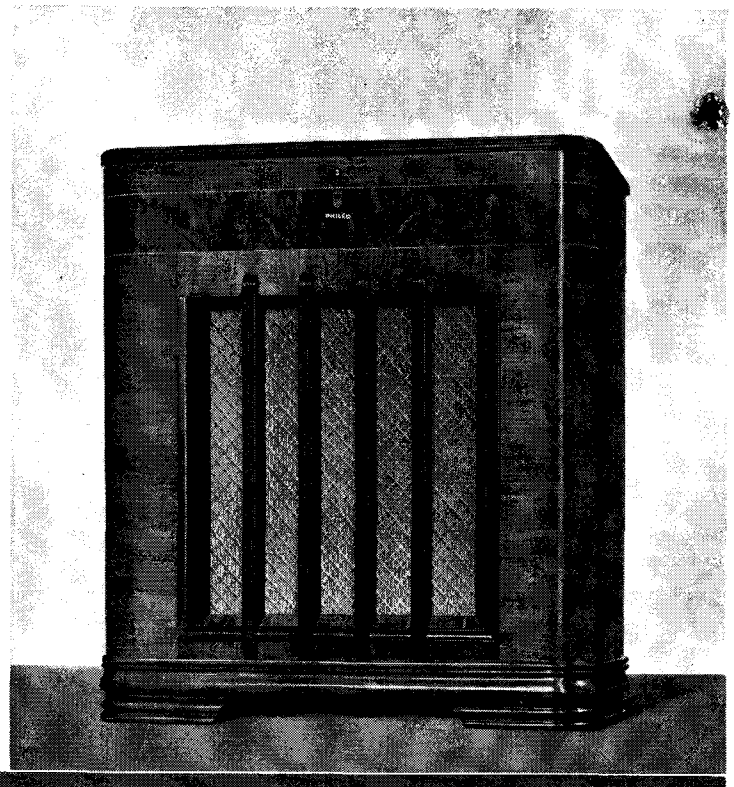
Philco Invention and Philco Design have brought new Beauty, Thrills and Luxury to radio. Don't miss them!

Year by year, Philco research and invention add new glories to the science of radio. The 1940 Philco, enriched by these achievements, brings you new thrills of tone and performance that were unknown just a few years ago. Short-wave reception, for instance . . . vivid, dramatic news reports direct from European capitals . . . is now a day and night experience. Tone has become more gloriously rich, smooth and lifelike, with greater freedom from noise and man-made static, making your favorite artists and familiar programs *alive* with new beauty.

And Philco has made radio more sightly, too. The Built-in Super Aerial *System,* while giving you better performance, has done away with the unsightly aerial and ground wires that clutter your roof and room. Cabinets have become more lovely in design and woods, more in keeping with the smart, up-to-date beauty of your home. And, best of all, Philco invention brings you these greater thrills and new beauty at fully half the cost of former years. You'll be amazed *how much* your radio dollar buys in a 1940 Philco, *America's Favorite Radio!*

There's a Philco dealer near you, ready to demonstrate these modern radio joys. He offers especially liberal allowances that make it worth your while to trade in your old radio now. And exceptionally easy terms of payment to meet the most modest budget. *Investigate . . . today!*

PHILCO 527 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. One of a complete selection of radio-phonographs that offer new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and value! Model illustrated has Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. Powerful radio with Electric Push-Button Tuning and Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Just plug in anywhere and play! Tone Control for both records and radio. Exquisite Walnut cabinet. *Only $12.95 down.*



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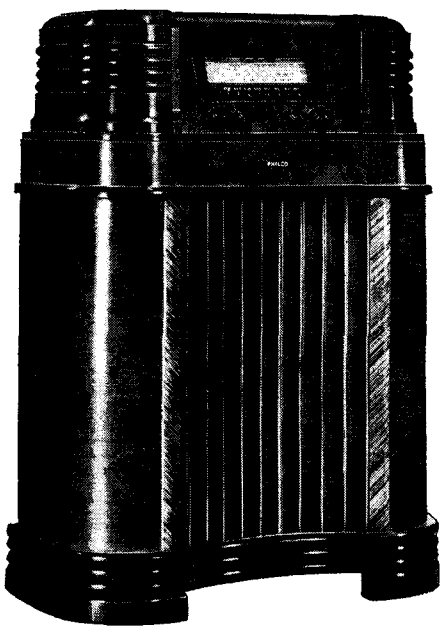

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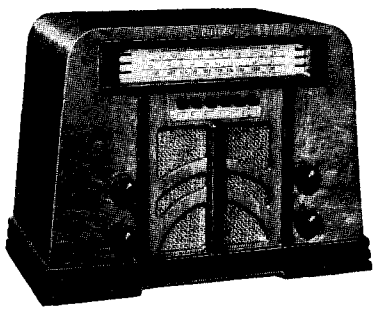

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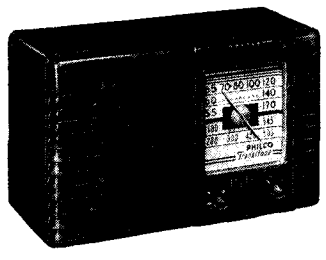

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Collier's

ly for February 17, 1940

EE PUBLIC
RARY
KANSAS

One Cold Night

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

In which four people's destinies are swiftly shaped, in a quiet, snowbound house

HE TRIED for more than an hour, then gave up. He was in too deep. The snow was bunched up against the radiator grille of the truck, and though he had dug around the wheels, and ground a set of chains to pieces, he was still in deep.

He was on Route 40 in the east Ohio hills, on the slope of one of the highest, and it was Saturday night and he was cold to the bone. His teeth chattered. In the end, he hung a red lantern on the truck and plodded up the long grade.

The road was familiar to him and he knew about the place over the top of the hill. A sign under a tin-shaded light was nailed to an oak tree; it read, Overnight Guests. The house was back about fifty feet, among trees, and warm yellow light glowed in the windows. In the driveway, which ran straight back from the road, stood a big dark sedan with white sidewall tires. As he stepped upon the porch he heard the low, cozy sound of radio music. He twisted the handle of the manual doorbell and it rang with a flat, clacking sound.

A girl about his own age, perhaps a little younger, opened the door. She tilted her dark head on one side and there was a look of anxious inquiry in her eyes. He felt, without knowing why, that she was glad to see him.

"I'm stuck down the road," he said. "I'm with the telephone company. I—" He took off his corduroy cap, punched in the ear flaps.

"It's awful, isn't it? Come right in. You must be frozen."

"Just about. I busted my chains." He closed the door. "I might have to stay here. I don't know. I'll have to phone." He put his gloves under his left arm and rubbed his red hands.

The entrance hall was small, with a stairway running up the left wall and the hall going back to a lighted bathroom. A grandfather's clock ticked leisurely. There was an oak coat rack with an oval-shaped mirror in the center of it.

"You can hang your things there. Have you eaten?"

"Yes."

"You'd like some coffee, though, wouldn't you?"

"I sure would."

"I've got water boiling," she said, and left him.

He took off his sheepskin-lined coat and hung it on the oak rack. He accidentally dislodged a man's hat, a dark gray Homburg, new, with a yellow leather sweatband. As he brushed it off against the sleeves of his pull-over sweater he gazed absently at the initials perforated in the leather sweatband. B. B. B. He smiled, amused a little by the sequence of letters. Zanesville, O., he saw, as he hung it up beside a long, gray ulster of soft, thick wool. The dry, warm air closing in on his scalp made it prickle and as he moved into the living room he scratched his head.

His eyes, traveling before him on the faded red-and-brown carpet, struck a pair of polished brown oxfords, lifted along heather-colored trousers legs to broad, solid shoulders in an old Cogswell chair. For a compact minute the man stared back at him out of round, measuring, impersonal eyes set wide apart in a big face, then impersonally dropped his eyes to the fireplace, where a molten mass of bituminous coal glowed in the grate.

He felt, without knowing why, that she was glad to see him. "I'm stuck down the road," he said. "I'm with the telephone company." He took off his corduroy cap

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"Some weather," he said cheerfully.

"Yes," the man in the chair said, agreeing perfunctorily to the obvious. He did not look up.

The girl appeared, saying, "You want to use the phone?" She looked at the young man as though she were trying to place him. He followed her through the dining room into the kitchen. "Seems I've seen you somewhere before," she said.

"Maybe on the road. I'm back and forth. I live in St. Clairsville."

"Maybe it was in St. Clairsville."

THE phone was on the wall. He called his boss: "Bill, this is Mel Cutler. I've got news for you."

"I can imagine."

"I'm stuck out on Forty."

"I'm not surprised. Where?"

"About a mile west of Dornick's filling station. Big hill. Some monkey drove me off the road, Bill."

"Where are you now?"

"Two-eight-three-ring-two. Wait a minute. . . . What's your name?" he asked the girl.

"Rose Hannon."

"Name of Hannon," he told Bill. "What's the chances of sending someone out? I'm stuck bad, Bill."

"Mike's down toward Wheeling. I don't know, Mel. I'll have to look around. I'll call back."

"Try Bridges' Garage."

"I'll try. I'll call you back. You're a louse, Mel."

"Sure. It's my fault, it's my fault."

"I'm only kidding, chump."

Mel hung up, turned and pointed his finger at the girl. "I know where it was."

"Where what was?"

"You saw me. Last year. It was here. Well, out front, up the road a bit. I stopped and swiped a couple of apples out of the orchard."

She pointed right back at him. "Now I remember. Yes, sure it was!" She had bright, dark eyes, a long upper lip that cut a fresh, red line across fine teeth when she smiled. She was slender, strong-bodied, high-breasted. "Do you know the Ritterhouses in St. Clairsville?" she asked.

"Honus Ritterhouse? Honie? Sure! We play pinochle. Do I know Honus Ritterhouse!"

She seemed inordinately pleased, or relieved. She made a gesture as if to clap her hands together, but instead she wheeled toward the stove and got the coffee.

He sat down at the kitchen table and felt himself loosening up. His whole body felt wonderfully warm, all his nerves alive and tingling.

"Don't you want it in the living room?" she said.

"Nope. Unless you mind. I like kitchens. Besides—" He looked toward the living room and shrugged, looked up at her and grinned.

Her eyes were grave. She closed the door leading to the dining room and as she put the cup of coffee down on the table, said quietly, "You can't imagine how glad I was to have you—that is, somebody else—stop by. I mean, you knowing the Ritterhouses and all."

"You alone here?"

"Mom and Pop went to Wheeling this morning. They'll never get back tonight over these roads."

Mel looked toward the living room again, pointed toward it, raised his eyebrows. Rose nodded and went over to the stove to pour herself a cup of coffee. She came back to the table and sat down.

"You sure take a chance," he said.

"Well, what can you do, this weather? They had no chains. And sleet on the windshield."

"What, *two* guys, you mean?"

SHE shook her head, sipped the coffee. "There's a woman. There's something wrong somewhere. Or maybe I imagine it. Maybe it's just being alone. He came to the door first and asked about rooms. He looked around but he never looked at me. He seemed to be talking about one thing and thinking about something else. He said he'd ask his wife and then he went out to the car. I thought they weren't coming in. But after five or ten minutes they did. I told him there was a garage 'way around back. He said that was all right, he'd leave the car in the driveway."

"Sure an unfriendly guy."

"Maybe he's afraid to be friendly. I don't know. Oh, maybe I'm just jumpy. But anyhow, I'm glad you stopped by."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. I asked him to sign in the guest book and he just brushed it aside. After he brushed it aside, he looked at me—you know, quick—like he figured maybe he should have signed something, anyhow. But he didn't. Oh, forget it."

He wagged his head. "It's sure tough, a girl like you being alone here."

"Well, Mom and Pop had to go to Wheeling. Uncle Pete's pretty sick. I'm not afraid, really. Not now." She grinned at him to show how unafraid she was.

"It's funny I never run across you at Honus and Evie Ritterhouse's." His eyes twinkled.

The phone rang and both looked at it, listening. Rose shook her head, relieved. "Not ours."

"Look," said Mel. "You wouldn't have a Zanesville directory, would you?"

"Maybe. Maybe we brought one when we moved here. We moved here four years ago, though. It'd be old. Why?"

"Look, will you?"

"Pop saves a lot of junk. I'll look in the basement."

She went down to the basement, returning a few minutes later with a telephone directory. Mel began looking through the B's, made a mark with a pencil and then continued through to the last name under B. Then he turned back to the pencil mark.

"Look," he said. " 'Benton B. Bourne.' It's the only three-B name in Zanesville." And when she stared, uncomprehending, he cocked his thumb and added: "In his hat. B. B. B. And from Zanesville. I happened to knock his hat down. That's his hat, isn't it, in the hall?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's his hat."

"Look here," he said, pointing to an advertisement on the back of the cover. " 'Triple B Clay Products. Benton B. Bourne, President.' " He chuckled,

(Continued on page 26)

"Young man," he bellowed, glaring at Mel, "what do you think of the European situation?" Mel stared at Bourne in stupefaction

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RIGHT FROM THE START

By Frank Condon

No more biting your nails as the horses get ready. The electric starting gate gets them off quickly and, likewise, your two bucks vanish with ease

MR. GRANTLAND RICE, an inquiring New Yorker, who discovered California in the year 1935, after previously regarding it as part and parcel of the Malay Peninsula, went back East last year and spoke to one of the racing moguls:

"You people are behind the times. California is showing you up. Why don't you put in a public address system and announce your races while they are being run off?"

The big man of the Eastern tracks looked at him in mild reproach and replied: "What! And commercialize the game!"

What Mr. Rice meant was that the East had better perk up and set aside its old-fashioned ideas or else prepare to see California become the home of modern thoroughbred racing and shove such old-time sanctuaries as New York, Kentucky and Maryland back into the limbo of memories.

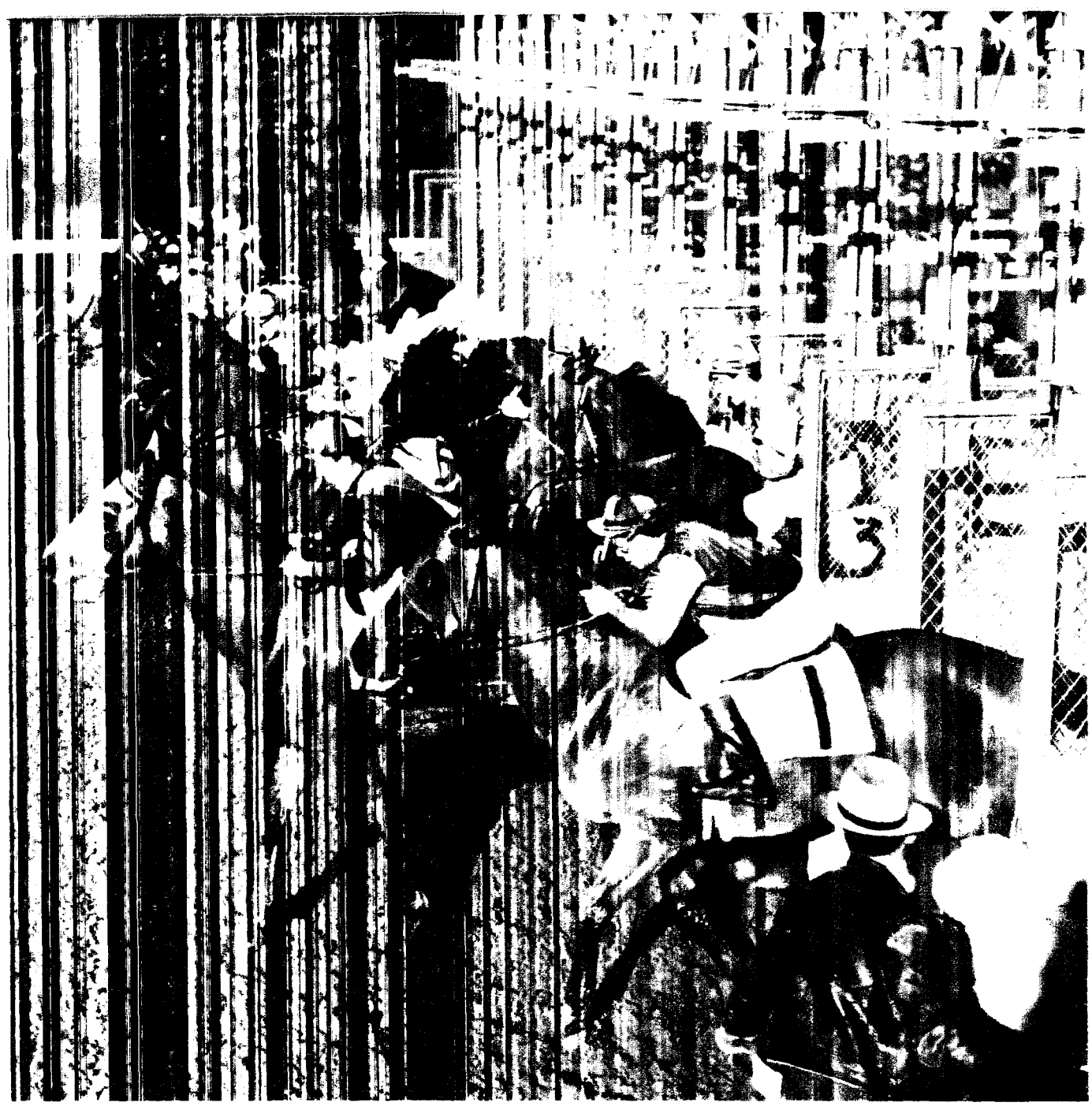
The records seem to show that we Californians invent, advance and improve, and our latest contribution to the science of horse racing is the electric starting gate, to take the place of the old-style stall gate, open fore and aft, which we also invented to replace the more old-fashioned barrier of yesteryear.

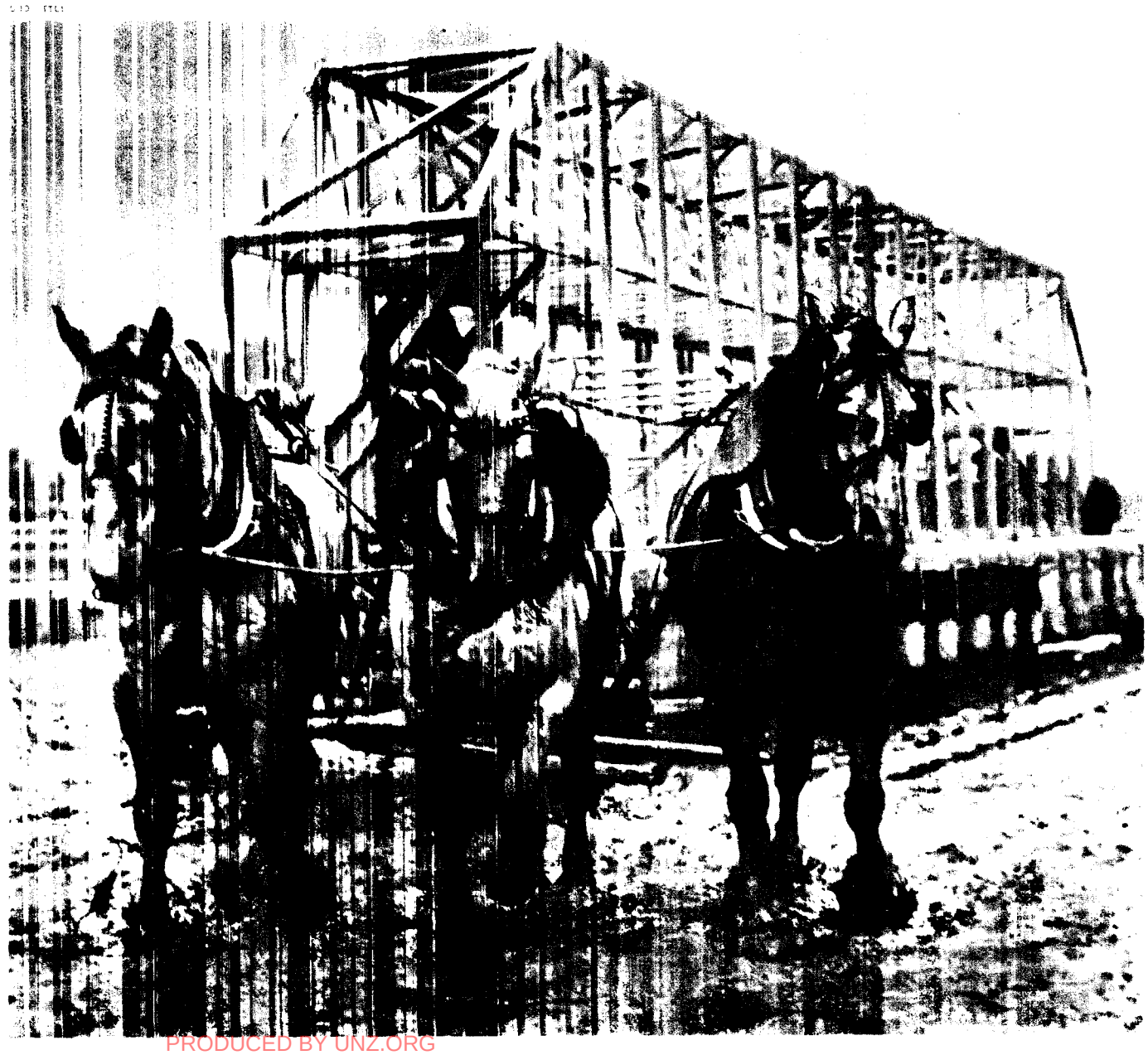
Matter of fact, we have two electric gates, the Puett and the Santa Anita Westinghouse, the latter having gone into action for the first time last December 30th, when Santa Anita's season began. The Puett gate has been sending them away at Tanforan and Bay Meadows last year. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt thought so well of it that he installed the device at Pimlico and will show it to the Belmont fans this spring.

Horsemen declare the new electric gate is the greatest single improvement in racing for many years. It brings about one mournful result: it removes forever the great starters of horse racing and there will be no more Mars Cassidys, Buddy Wingfields, Eddie Thomases and Boots Dickersons. There will be needed at each track in future only a calm and deliberate starter, who will gaze down at the boxed-in gallopers and push a button.

The new Westinghouse gate at the Santa Anita track has fourteen stalls. If more than fourteen horses start, they have an auxiliary gate, which can be shoved up alongside. Each stall is padded and the upper part is twenty-eight inches wide. The lower part is thirty-five inches across, leaving plenty of room for stirrups and jockey's legs. Once the colt is nudged gently into his stall and locked up, all he can do is stand there, look hopeful and paw with his right foot.

At his rear end is a flexible band like a dowager's stomacher, which presses against his tail when he backs up. He has three feet leeway, forward and backward. In front of his nose are the two gates, made of heavy meshed wire, and when the bell clangs, these fly open, impelled by springs, and Seabiscuit leaps into action. Once you coax *(Continued on page 54)*





Ragged or false starts are eliminated by the new electric starting gate, which gets 'em off together, as above, every time. Delay is eliminated and trouble with spirited horses ended. Lower photo shows gate being hauled into position on a muddy Santa Anita track

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Pictures Are Here to Stay

By Matt Taylor

A four-star performance by Josie, The Megascope Girl. She knew how to make the temperamental stuff pay

JOSIE FARRELL was about the first there was.

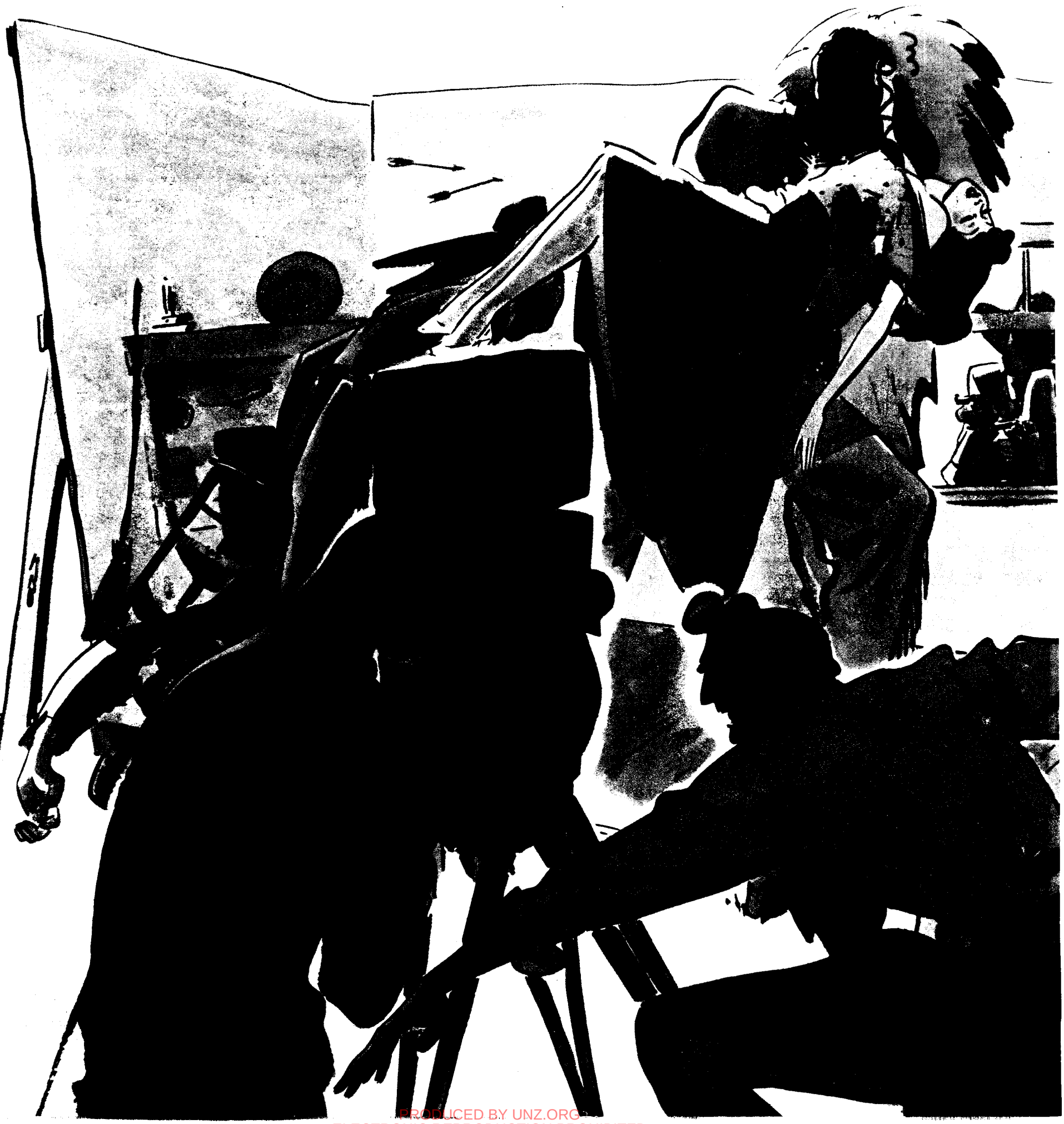
I remember the year it happens. It is August when I see Christy Mathewson pitch at the Polo Grounds for the Giants, and it is October when the box factory moves out of our town in New Jersey and the Megascope Studio moves in.

There is all kinds of excitement about the studio. The town doesn't like the idea. The neighbors complain. The mayor gets indignant letters. Even my mother says, when she watches the strangers climb up the hill past our house from the ferry, "Roustabouts! With the factory we had honest workingmen. This is worse than when the carnival comes to town!"

I do not think it is so bad myself. I am sixteen and a nickelodeon fan in those days and it is fun watching them make the pictures out-of-doors on sunny days. Half the kids in town trail along and cheer the comedy cops with the oversized shoes and yell, "Oh, you kid!" at the pompadour girls and high-collared boys when they get romantic in front of the black box on the tripod. They do not seem to mind what we yell. At least we are an audience.

It is Josie who sweetens my mother up about the pictures. Josie is one of the pompadour-and-shirtwaist girls who works at the Megascope and she comes to rent our second-floor rear which my mother has had vacant since the factory closes.

"I declare," my mother says, after she



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and Josie get chummy, "I don't see why a nice girl like you, with a chance for a job as a manicurist at a big hotel, should want to work in the pictures!"

"I didn't really have a job," Josie says, "so I took this while I was waiting. I guess it won't last. Even Mr. Weshner doesn't know if the pictures are here to stay."

"Goodness me!" says my mother, who likes to see an idea through. "The way you people dress up and gallivant 'round town! The other day in the drugstore I saw an Indian as big as life."

"That was Eddie," says Josie happily.

"An Indian," my mother says, "and he was buying gumdrops!"

"He knows I am crazy about gumdrops," replies Josie. "He is such a thoughtful boy. I will make him come around sometime and meet you."

BUT as it turns out the problem is to keep Eddie from coming. He is on hand every evening of the week, burning up our gas while he sits with Josie. He is a local boy and he doesn't room with us, but he might just as well. At the Megascope he is a general utility man. When he is not painting scenery or lugging the camera he plays Indians and cowboys and soldiers if the costumes fit. Eddie is also filling in with the pictures while he waits for a real job in a bank. The last bank he is in does not open its doors one morning, not even to let Eddie get a week's pay that is coming to him.

My mother says they are the sweetest couple and she almost doesn't mind about the gas bills because it does her so much good to see young people in love. It doesn't do me much good. I do not like the idea of Eddie taking Josie Farrell away to a three-room flat, which is apt to happen just as soon as he gets a real job. But it is nice having Eddie at the studio because he lets me in to watch them make the pictures and sometimes I earn a dime running errands.

Mr. Weshner is the boss at the Megascope. He is a short little man with a round stomach and he is in wholesale millinery until he takes a moving-picture camera in trade on a bad account. Between millinery and the pictures he has a worried look and a bad disposition. He is always flying off the handle and tearing what hair he has when things go wrong, which is about all the time. The day Anthony Lawrence appears at the studio Mr. Weshner is waving both arms and shouting because the film buckles in the camera and spoils a scene.

Mr. Lawrence walks up to him calmly, tugging at his gloves. He is a tall, handsome man with a long, straight nose and piercing eyes, and he wears a soft hat pulled sidewise over one heavy eyebrow, a cane under his arm and a fur-collared coat that almost sweeps the floor. "Where is your manager, my good fellow?" he says to Mr. Weshner.

Mr. Weshner is always getting out of breath before he gets over being mad, so now he just stands there and glares. "I am the manager," he says, "and I am busy."

"I am A. S. Lawrence."

"Who cares?" says Mr. Weshner.

Mr. Lawrence takes it without blinking. He looks down his long nose and says, "I am A. S. Lawrence of the Lawrence Repertoire Players. Having completed a successful tour of the provinces—"

"Ha!" cries Mr. Weshner. "Successful, I bet! And so now you want a job yet!"

Mr. Lawrence puts his head to one side. I see Josie watching him with her mouth open. We haven't seen anyone like him around the Megascope. "I will consider a brief engagement in the pictures," he states. "I have played Joe Morgan in Ten Nights in a Barroom, Sidney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities—"

Mr. Weshner waves his hand and squints, and Mr. Lawrence, casual-like, pulls off his hat. His dark, curly hair tumbles over his forehead. The hair settles it. "Curls even!" says Mr. Weshner begrudgingly. "What you think of him, Eddie?" He always checks things up with Eddie.

Eddie sighs. "If he's got clothes," he says reluctantly, "I guess so. We've been making nothing but rural dramas with heroes in overalls."

"You got a full dress suit?" Mr. Weshner asks.

"My wardrobe," replies Mr. Lawrence, "is not—ah—available at the moment."

"Didn't I know it!" sighs Mr. Weshner. "Well, I will advance you two days' pay, though it ain't good business, and you can see your uncle and be here in the morning with a dress suit and a silk hat and gloves to match. Now get out. All night I got to sit up and write a story with a dress suit in it."

Mr. Lawrence does his job pretty well the next day. He does not mix with anyone, being too dignified and stiff-necked to talk. But he looks at Josie Farrell without disapproval. She is very pretty and doll-like in an evening dress with puffy sleeves, and her dimples when she smiles seem deeper than ever. I am waiting with interest for Mr. Lawrence to tell Josie what a wonderful actress she is. It is the line they all use and it never works. Josie just laughs. She does not take herself seriously. She is not an actress and she knows it. Manicuring is her line.

When we knock off work she goes over to him with a friendly smile. "You did pretty well," she says.

He looks down his nose again. "It was horrible!" he cries.

"No, you weren't bad at all," says Josie.

"I do not refer to myself," he says, giving her the icy eye. "The play was horrible. The direction was horrible. And, I am sorry to say, *you* were horrible, Miss Farrell."

Josie's eyes pop open. He is coming at her with reverse English and she doesn't know how to handle it.

"But of course," he goes on, getting a little tragic about it, "you are not trained. You are not of the theater. Who are you to understand?"

She is half mad and half impressed. "I go to the theater once in a while," she says.

He gives her an older-brother smile. "Do you know what it means to stand behind the footlights? To hold a vast audience in the hollow of your hand? To bring a tear, a smile, a cheer?"

"I—I guess not," she admits.

"There you are!" he sighs. "You do not understand."

Josie's eyes are wide. He has her going a little. "I guess it must be pretty swell to be on the stage," she admits.

"It is an art," he tells her, taking a curtain call for himself. "An art I have the honor to represent."

"I guess you miss the audience and the applause, all right."

"My public," he says, "will be loyal until I return."

"It's a shame, that's what it is!"

"One must not complain. Soon I will appear in my own play—a magnificent drama which I am now writing."

Eddie has strolled up and he is glaring. "We're sending out for sandwiches," he says. "You want ham?"

"On rye, my son," says Mr. Lawrence, waving Eddie away with a fine gesture. He goes on to tell Josie about the time he played Utica and had them on their feet cheering.

"I bet they'll go crazy about your new play in Utica," Josie says.

"The provinces," he replies, "are hardly worthy of what I will offer. I shall present my play in New York."

By now Josie has a wistful look in her eyes. "I sort of wish I was a real actress on the stage," she says.

MR. LAWRENCE and Josie make two one-reel pictures and it takes a whole week. In between scenes he is always sitting off to one side with her, talking. He says the pictures are cheap and degrading pantomime and she hangs on every word. Sometimes he stands up and recites To-be-or-not-to-be and I-come-to-bury-Caesar. Josie thinks he is fine. But I would like it better if his voice would stay in one place.

Eddie stands on the side lines and watches all this without enthusiasm. He uses me to tell his troubles to. He calls Mr. Lawrence a ham. He says Mr. Lawrence has given Josie ideas. Until Mr. Lawrence came along she was a contented kid and everything was settled and she was ready to marry him as soon as he got a real job. "And now," Eddie says, "with a face like Maggie Cline, only cuter, she wants to be Mrs. Fiske. I will be glad when that guy finishes the play he's writing and goes back to the stage. This is a moving-picture studio and we don't want any actors around here."

Mr. Lawrence doesn't work in any more pictures with Josie and for a time Eddie is smiling again. But not for long. For what does Mr. Lawrence do but persuade Mr. Weshner to let him direct Josie in a picture that will be two reels long instead of one. Also he has the idea of calling Josie The Megascope Girl and hanging a picture of her in front of all the nickelodeons that show the films.

Well, maybe Mr. Lawrence is a good director and maybe he isn't. Anyway he makes more fuss about directing than anyone ever did before. He lets his hair grow long and he takes to a Windsor tie. When Josie acts he acts right along with her from behind the camera. He goes down on his knees and grovels and groans and grunts something awful. He shadowboxes when she fights off the villain. When she screams and puts her hand to her throat he roars and pulls at his collar. There is a lot of noisy emotion in the studio when Mr. Lawrence directs. And in between scenes he sits in a chair that has his name across the back and strokes his blue chin and closes his eyes. He says he must concentrate on how to woo the fickle Muse, and Mr. Weshner says never mind about women now, will he please come to life and make pictures!

BUT he gets results. Or maybe it is Josie's dimples that get them. Or maybe it is just that the pictures are catching on and getting out of the peep-show era. Anyway, after a couple of pictures Josie and her dimples are to be seen in almost any nickelodeon you go into. People don't know her name, but they are beginning to talk about The Megascope Girl. Mr. Weshner gives Josie a five-dollar raise and you would think she would be happy. But she isn't. Mr. Lawrence has started something with Josie and it backfires on him. She decides to stop degrading herself in the pictures and go on the stage.

Mr. Weshner is so mad when he hears about it his lips are trembling. He calls Mr. Lawrence all the names he can think of. "Don't I have troubles enough?" he cries. "And now you got to make an artist out of Josie yet!"

Mr. Lawrence is pale. "She can't!" he cries. "She can't do this to us!"

"Already she's done it! She's got a job with a stock company in Hoboken."

"Good heavens, man! With the money we're making—"

"Ha!" screams Mr. Weshner. "So now you're scared! So now, when you get a cut of the profits, you want to take it all back!"

"I never thought—"

"Don't I know it? Never in your life did you think! A meal ticket like Josie and you got to butt in and ruin her!"

"I will talk to her," says Mr. Lawrence. "I will fix it up."

And he does and he makes a slick job of it. When Josie tells him what she is going to do, he shakes his head and looks solemn and says he really wouldn't have thought it.

She is hurt and disappointed. "I was sure you'd be so proud of me," she sighs.

"One must not be hasty, my dear child," he tells her.

"Pictures are so crude! You said so yourself."

"How true, how true!" murmurs Mr. Lawrence. "But I had hoped you would make your stage debut with me in the play I am writing."

"With you!" she cries. "Oh, would you really let me?"

He takes her hand and pats it. "I had planned," he tells her sadly, "that you would play the lead opposite me. I was thinking of you when I wrote the part. But, of course, if you prefer this other—"

"You know I'd wait years for a chance in your play!" cries Josie.

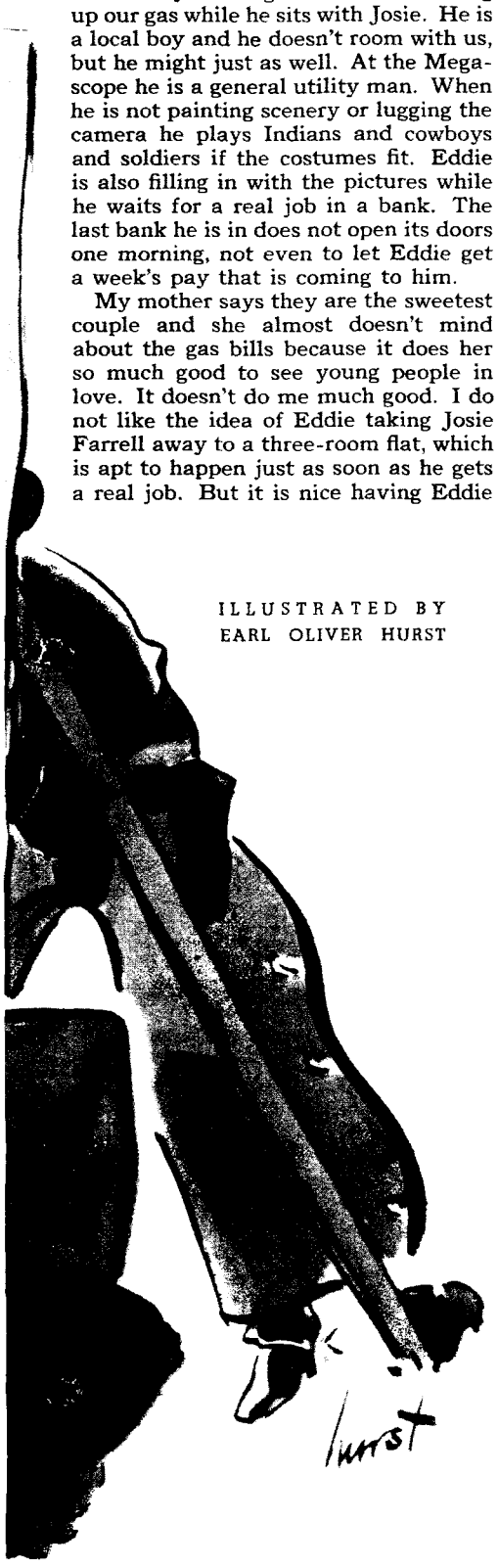
He presses her hand gently. "Then you will keep on being The Megascope Girl?"

"You don't think I will be cheapening myself too much?"

He coughs and frowns severely. "I think we can—ah—overlook that for the time being."

And so Josie gives up the stock company in Hoboken, and stays on as The Megascope Girl and begins to get famous. The first thing you know girls are copying the way she does her hair, and some of them are writing letters asking about Little Josie, The Megascope Girl—is she married, how old is she, was she ever in love? Mr. Weshner does not

(Continued on page 48)



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Mr. Lawrence makes an awful lot of noise directing. He acts harder behind the camera than the whole cast does out in front of it

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PIX PIX

Now, in Germany—

By W. B. Courtney

War is made of many things—of cabbages as well as kings; of small affairs and little people and drama and comedy. Here are everyday impressions from Collier's staff writer on Germany

THE phrase you hear most often in Berlin today, when you talk to anyone off guard, is: "While they don't *really* fight there is hope of peace!"

By real fighting they mean, of course, big conventional land operations; the average German mentality does not accept this modern warfare of economics, attrition, leaflets and nag and hit-and-run, as the genuine brand. For those who think of war in dramatic terms, this one has been a complete anticlimax; not one of the predicted things having come true. Nevertheless, instead of meeting general surprise, you merely find general relief.

Of all features that distinguish this war as peculiar, the strangest is that it began with everyone talking peace. There are no bands, no hatreds, no pep talks; even the soldiers in German streets look a bit sheepish.

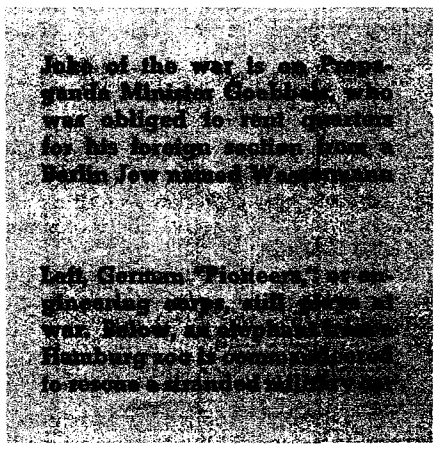
American observers liken the war to a football game that was scheduled to begin at 2 P. M. At five o'clock the players, all dressed and padded, are still loafing around, waiting for the whistle; but now they have lost all zest for the game, are thinking of supper dancing or movie dates instead. At twilight you can't recapture the spirit of high noon. Meanwhile, behind the stalemated armies, behind the threats, boasts and fist shakings, there is furious diplomatic search for loopholes through which Europe might scramble back from a war that, if it does get started in its present line-up, and if it does fulfill expectations, will be mankind's greatest disaster.

Everyone knows of these "diplomatic patrol actions." Everyone knows, too, that in all countries, belligerent and neutral, the common people are despairingly afraid that, after all, Europe's politicians might be so bankrupt of sense and foresight that they will permit its western powers to become weak and wasted for the convenience of the Bolsheviks.

So there is more gossip than fighting. Perhaps you'd like to hear a little of it; and to see how life goes on in one great country engaged in a misfired war.

For instance, there was the extraordinary phenomenon of Tuesday, October 10th, to show you what Germans are thinking. That day it was as though Berlin's collective skull was raised, and you saw the works inside as graphically as if you had lifted a lid and looked into a cook pot.

Millions of you will remember the false armistice of November 7, 1918, when the United States had a delirious premature celebration of peace. October 10, 1939, will be renowned in German history as November 7, 1918, is in American. For on that date Germany had a false armistice. Strangely, it was one of the few good-weather days of the autumn here. Berlin awoke to clearing skies—and flaming rumors. Daladier and Chamberlain had resigned. The Al-



EUROPEAN

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lies had agreed to negotiate with Germany on the basis of the Fuehrer's Reichstag speech the previous Friday. None of us knew that day, nor ever found out, how the rumors started. Luxemburg radio was mentioned; Paris, too.

But through the city all that morning and early afternoon joy coursed, after five weeks of gloom. The scenes were like those of the famous November 7th: tempered to the German manner. In the streets were laughter, calling back and forth, back-slapping; you couldn't find an unanimated face. There were excited groups everywhere; scant work was done, even in government offices.

Schnapps is the German drink of festivity, as champagne is to us. By two o'clock you couldn't buy a bottle of schnapps in any liquor store in Berlin —sold out. There was a country fair hoop-la in the city's numerous open market places. People danced; shouted. I saw a plump flower-stall woman rush about, with kindly face and streaming eyes, giving away blooms to anyone she could reach.

In the late afternoon the weather turned cloudy again.

THERE is a way of telling when Der Fuehrer is in Berlin. That is by the vigilance of the police enforcement of the black-out regulations. Berlin and Munich, by the way, are the only two German cities in which black-out is one hundred per cent. In Hamburg, for example, every third street lamp is on. You expect precautions in Berlin, which is not only the official residence of Hitler, but the national capital—with all that entails of archives, important staffs, and the like. The reason for Munich's dead-blackness is less obvious. It is the spiritual headquarters of the Nazis, thus a "morale objective"—but more, it is a reference point from which adventurous enemy pilots might be able to locate the chancellor's famous mountain home at Berchtesgaden, only a few minutes' flight away.

THE best-lighted portion of Europe these nights is the Western Front.

It is blazingly floodlighted, while the armies dig, build, increase, reinforce their famous lines—and with each hour's work make the possibility of fighting here more remote. If the artillery were as busy as the concrete mixers you'd probably be able to hear the racket in New York.

From the Luxemburg corner the Siegfried and the Maginot lines run eastward to the point—north of Strasbourg on the French side, a little south of Karlsruhe on the German side—where the Rhine becomes the frontier. Thence, to Switzerland, the lines are on opposite banks of the river. The main railway from Switzerland to North Europe runs up the right bank; and surely it is one of the most amazing sights of this unique war to see trains chug peacefully on their scheduled ways, between the bristling lines, while passengers wave impartially to soldiers of both sides.

At night, too, are the sounds and the shadows of a bad dream. The floodlights throw distorted images upon the miles of straw mats which are hung, like witches' laundry, on both lines to "hide" activities. Above them you see the flashing shovels and flailing picks. Above the construction noises, radios blare honeyed words.

BUT the "front" has no monopoly on uncommon sights in screwball Europe. On the considerably less than jungle landscape in North Germany I saw elephants and camels engaged in farm chores—plowing, carting. These particular beasts were from the noted Hagenback collection at Hamburg; but the zoos of all Germany have contributed such helpers to the man-and-horse-depleted furrows of the nation. Germany, a country of animal lovers and circus addicts, has an abundance of zoos —more than the Allies, Italy and Russia combined. Germany did not follow other belligerents in killing off their wildest beasts and reptiles, such as leopards and cobras, on the first day of war, to avoid risk of escapes in air raids.

ARRIVAL OF SPRING, 1940

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

THERE is a big joke in Berlin these days. It is called the "Wassermann test." You know what that means at home. Here it means that before you talk in the foreign section of the Propaganda Ministry, if the windows are open, you first look down into the courtyard to see whether a certain gentleman is sitting there. If he is, the gag is to wink and lower your voice.

Doctor Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry is one of the most imposing buildings of the new chancellory group. It is large, but not large enough. In modern government "propaganda" workers of authoritarian states, like publicity men in Washington, require a lot of desk space. Therefore, Herr Goebbels hired a floor in near-by Wilhelm Platz 7, to care for his overflow. On the ground floor is a bank. It was formerly owned by a Herr Wassermann. He still owns the building, and lives in a small apartment therein. All day, in dry weather, he sits huddled in the courtyard, brooding.

Doctor Goebbels, you will recall, is the official Nazi anti-Jewish mouthpiece. Herr Wassermann, to whom he must pay rent for the use of Wilhelm Platz 7, is a Jew. He lost the bank, when it was Aryanized by law; but Jews can still own real estate. The only satisfaction—aside from the little joke about the open window — the Propaganda Ministry gets from the situation is that Herr Wassermann must return to the government from his rent, in addition to normal taxes, the special tax of twenty-five per cent levied against Jews on account of the murder of the young diplomat vom Rath.

Before we leave the Propaganda Ministry, your correspondent is dying to tell you his own definition of propaganda. It is the fruit of his years of battling with that commodity, in your interest and Collier's, in many languages and climes. It is: Propaganda is information that somebody doesn't want you to have.

YOU might be interested to know how foreign correspondents, when they gather in the Cathay bar in Shanghai, the Metropole in Moscow, the Ambasciatori in Rome, the Imperial lobby in Tokyo, the Taverno in Berlin, rate the various kinds of censorship.

In democracies there is, of course, no censorship in time of peace. A dig at royalty is perhaps the only thing that would get you kicked out of London. In wartime, censorship in democracies is a heavy and often exasperating blue pencil. It deletes stuff before you can send it.

In dictatorships, censorship exists in peace and war with scarcely any difference. The blue pencil never scratches before you send; rather, the ax swings afterward. Russia is the most difficult place in which to gather information; but until lately was the easiest from which to send copy—simply because the Bolsheviks were arrogantly indifferent to what you or anybody else thought about them. Japan has no censorship,

(Continued on page 55)

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Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING left a party in New York City, late one evening, Gregg Stuart is walking toward his apartment house when a small sedan stops a few feet ahead of him and a girl leaps out. A man follows the girl—a young man in evening clothes, who, after the exchange of a few heated words, draws an automatic.

Glimpsing the gun, Gregg hurls himself on the man, who wrenches himself free and, to Gregg's amazement, jumps into the car and drives away. The girl, when Gregg finally turns to her, is on the verge of collapse. Observing her condition, Gregg escorts her to a near-by restaurant where, over a few drinks, they introduce themselves. The girl's name (so she says) is Lynn Harrison; she tells Gregg that she is art director for a commercial studio. Beyond admitting that she is in peril, she refuses to discuss her troubles; nor will she get in touch with the police.

They leave the restaurant, hail a taxicab and drive to the girl's apartment house. The man with the automatic is lurking near the entrance! Obviously, Lynn should not attempt to slip past him. What can she do? Where can she spend the rest of the night? They consider various possibilities; after which, Gregg makes a daring suggestion: that Lynn go to *his* apartment. Lynn does not relish the idea. Nevertheless, after thinking it over, she accompanies Gregg to his attractive suite. There she occupies the one bedroom, while Gregg sleeps on the lounge.

The following morning (after Frenzy Gillings, Gregg's colored servitor, has served breakfast) they have a long talk. Lynn is still mysteriously secretive. With great reluctance she tells Gregg part—but not all—of a curious story. She says that she has introduced her closest friend—Toby Fuller, a beautiful model—to "Rick" (the man who had tried to shoot her). Toby has given every indication of being infatuated with the fellow, who (Lynn has recently learned) is unworthy of any decent girl's love. Lynn is certain that through Rick, both she and Toby are becoming involved in a sinister net of intrigue. But just what its nature is, she refuses to divulge.

Feeling that neither of the girls is safe in New York, Gregg suggests that they motor with him (Frenzy Gillings at the wheel) to his old Southern home, the small city of Karnak. Lynn, whose vacation is due, somewhat hesitantly endorses the idea; and a few days later, the trio—Lynn, Toby Fuller (a fascinating blonde) and Gregg—are speeding past a sign that reads: "Welcome to Karnak. Pop. 5,500."

III

IMAGINE being here," said Lynn.

"Tough job," returned Toby, "but I'll try."

Frenzy flung a grin back over his shoulder.

"Sho is gran' to be back, ain't it, Mistuh Gregg?"

"It is." Then: "You like your old home town, don't you, Frenzy?"

"Yassuh, I sho do. Karnak is the fondest place I is of."

They swung off the main highway and headed straight for the heart of the town. They passed a few more dilapidated cabins, two barnlike general stores and a garage that still bore over its gaping doors the inscription: LIVERY STABLE. Then they bumped across the railroad tracks and were on Court Street.

Lynn said, "It's lovely," and she was right. It was an odd blending of the old and new into a not too inharmonious whole. The air was crisp but not too cool; the oaks were benevolent; the folks on the sidewalks were leisurely.

In the very center of the town was the ancient courthouse—unimaginative and foursquare and right. Gregg said, "The young moderns are talking about tearing it down. That would be criminal."

It was a red brick structure, two stories in height, and it occupied the middle of a grassy square. The oaks that shaded the grass in summer were almost barren of leaves, but the total effect was still quiet and restful. Perhaps it was the broad veranda that spanned the front of the old building, or the fluted columns that stretched to the roof; perhaps it was the little black spots you could see here and there that had been made by Civil War bullets; perhaps it was the old iron hitching post that stood by *(Continued on page 31)*

Toby was saying to Gregg Stuart's mother: "You gotta get the knees into it, see? This way. That gives you the hippy motion that drives 'em wild"

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OESER

Ballet's most exacting routines are easy for Leonide Massine, who still can't learn to shag. With him is Ballerina Nathalie Krassovska

About Leonide Fedorovitch Massine, a great dancer and a good investment

WHEN Julius Fleischmann of the yeast Fleischmanns and some other American businessmen were looking around three years ago for an artistic venture to invest in, they chose a Russian named Leonide Massine. To date they have spent more than a quarter of a million dollars on him, and they don't intend to stop there. He is the big man of Russian ballet.

You find him in the twilight backstage of the Metropolitan Opera House, a slight man, fortyish, his black hair thinning, with enormous deep-set eyes in the thin face of an athlete trained fine. In worn costume trousers and an old sweater he is doing knee bends and leg stretches, grasping a piece of scenery to steady himself. A stagehand comes along to do something to the scenery, getting between him and his support, and he grasps the stagehand's shoulder and continues his exercises.

"Okay, Chief," the stagehand says.

"Okay." The knee bends change to some flashing toe work, then to long arabesques.

On the other side of the scenery a girl in satin ballet slippers and spreading white gauze skirt sits on a hamper in the shadows, weeping decoratively.

"Performance, rehearsal, rehearsal, performance!" she sobs. "I give all my strength to rehearsals and performances. I have no strength left for parties!"

Massine pauses in an arabesque, smiles faintly, peels off his sweater and goes back to knee bending. Slick, wire-taut muscles slip under his wet shirt.

An hour later he is on the stage again, blinking his banjo eyes in the brilliance of a fully lighted set, to receive the applause of a jammed house which has just seen the first performance of a new ballet of his composition.

He has thrown a dun-colored dressing gown over his patched practice trousers, and in the midst of the splendidly costumed company he looks small and lost. After the intermission he appears again, this time in a dashing hussar's uniform, leaping and stamping and swinging a ballerina to his shoulder in a spirited Strauss waltz. He doesn't look small or lost any more.

This is Leonide Fedorovitch Massine, in whose dancing talent, creative gifts and executive ability American millionaires have invested a small fortune. He is the artistic director, choregrapher, ballet master and principal dancer—to give him all the titles—of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

It was about three years ago that a battery of money men led by Fleischmann decided that the American public had learned how to enjoy its Russian ballet, and that Massine was the man behind whom to put their money.

Making Ballet Pay

The result is an organization called Universal Art, Inc., which has already put sums like twenty thousand into one new production, twelve thousand into another, nine or ten or fifteen thousand into still others, and plans to continue doing so as long as Massine continues to create them. It has paid the salaries of nearly a hundred dancers, musicians, technicians, seamstresses, through months of rehearsal. It has procured as impresario a leading American ballyhoo man of the arts, S. Hurok, who first brought Russian ballet to this country seven years ago. It has also paid over considerable cash to expensive legal talent, because Russian ballet, like all other forms of entertainment, is constantly tangling with the laws of copyright and contract.

All this disturbs the ballet backers very little. What they have got for their money so far is the satisfaction of going to the Ballet Russe every night, if they like, of seeing houses in New York and points west packed to the rafters, of watching while their big ballet man goes up to the royal box in a London theater to be praised by its royal occupants (wearing, as always, his dun-colored dressing gown), and of feeling the way a Broadway or Hollywood magnate feels when he knows he has a hit on his hands. They like the feeling.

They also like to be invited to lunch in Massine's trailer in a dingy parking lot in New York, where they fold their legs under his little table and eat Russian cutlets prepared by his Italian cook while their host unleashes gusts of creative enthusiasm and tosses names like Picasso. Beethoven, Dali at them. For these reasons Russian ballet has now become, financially speaking, an American institution.

Dancers Need Managing

For Massine, ballet is not only his life; it is also a continuous headache. In rehearsal he is a roaring lion, on the stage he is a panther, but before a weeping ballerina he is just a helpless male.

As ringmaster of nearly seventy dancers, Russian, English, Danish, Dutch, American, he has a weeping ballerina on his hands virtually every hour on the hour, and they weep in all languages and for any number of reasons. There was the little Krassovska, who learned a staggeringly long, hard role in two days and two nights, sleeping on a pile of costumes on the stage between rehearsals. When she performed without a hitch on her first night, he asked Eugenia Delarova, the former Mrs. Massine, to take the girl out and buy her a gift. Delarova, who knows ballerinas because she is one herself, took her to a smart shop and told her to select an evening gown.

The little dancer tried on a dozen and finally narrowed her choice down to two. [illegible] she was stumped. She could [illegible] her mind which she wanted.

(Continued on page 46)

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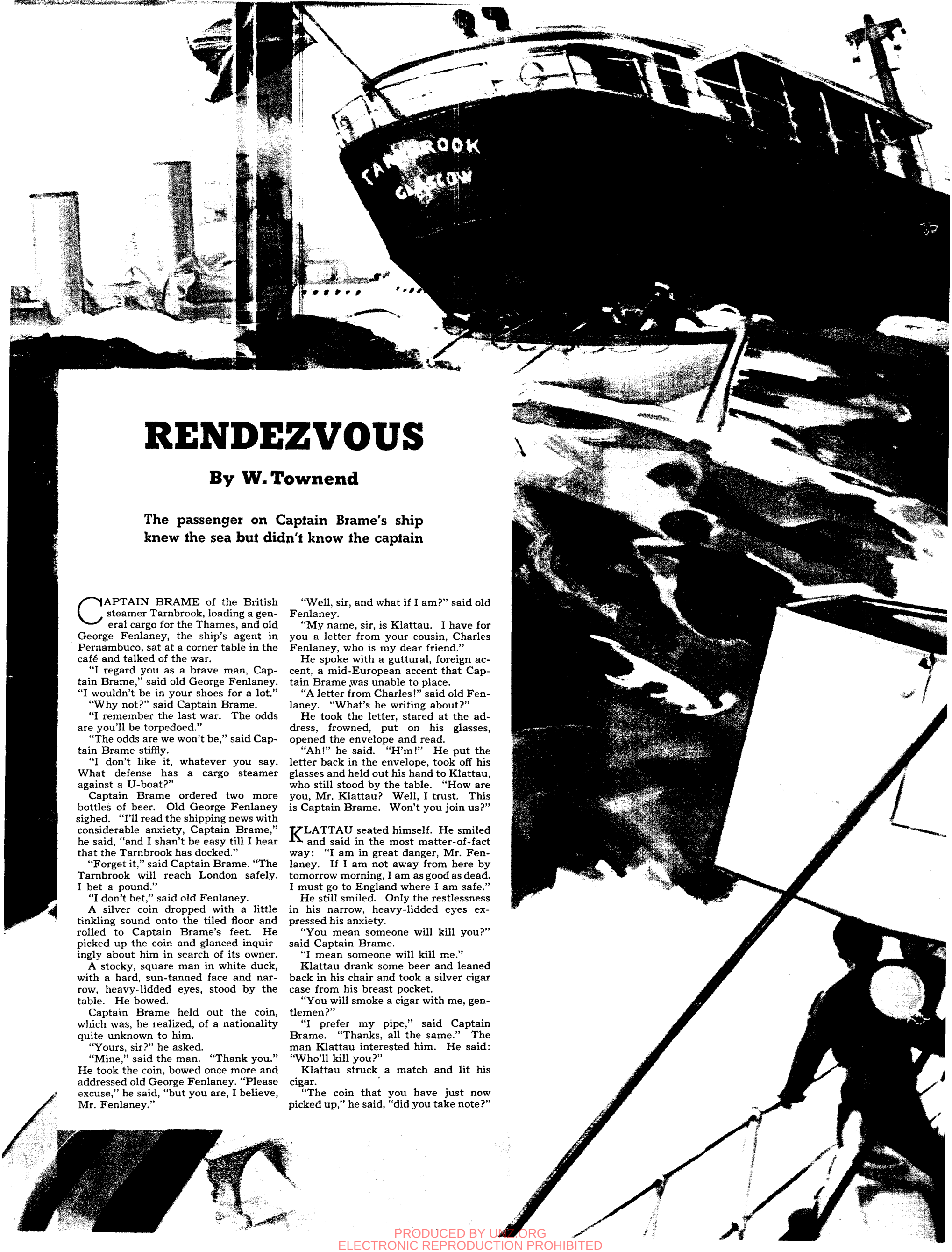

RENDEZVOUS

By W. Townend

The passenger on Captain Brame's ship knew the sea but didn't know the captain

CAPTAIN BRAME of the British steamer Tarnbrook, loading a general cargo for the Thames, and old George Fenlaney, the ship's agent in Pernambuco, sat at a corner table in the café and talked of the war.

"I regard you as a brave man, Captain Brame," said old George Fenlaney. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a lot."

"Why not?" said Captain Brame.

"I remember the last war. The odds are you'll be torpedoed."

"The odds are we won't be," said Captain Brame stiffly.

"I don't like it, whatever you say. What defense has a cargo steamer against a U-boat?"

Captain Brame ordered two more bottles of beer. Old George Fenlaney sighed. "I'll read the shipping news with considerable anxiety, Captain Brame," he said, "and I shan't be easy till I hear that the Tarnbrook has docked."

"Forget it," said Captain Brame. "The Tarnbrook will reach London safely. I bet a pound."

"I don't bet," said old Fenlaney.

A silver coin dropped with a little tinkling sound onto the tiled floor and rolled to Captain Brame's feet. He picked up the coin and glanced inquiringly about him in search of its owner.

A stocky, square man in white duck, with a hard, sun-tanned face and narrow, heavy-lidded eyes, stood by the table. He bowed.

Captain Brame held out the coin, which was, he realized, of a nationality quite unknown to him.

"Yours, sir?" he asked.

"Mine," said the man. "Thank you." He took the coin, bowed once more and addressed old George Fenlaney. "Please excuse," he said, "but you are, I believe, Mr. Fenlaney."

"Well, sir, and what if I am?" said old Fenlaney.

"My name, sir, is Klattau. I have for you a letter from your cousin, Charles Fenlaney, who is my dear friend."

He spoke with a guttural, foreign accent, a mid-European accent that Captain Brame was unable to place.

"A letter from Charles!" said old Fenlaney. "What's he writing about?"

He took the letter, stared at the address, frowned, put on his glasses, opened the envelope and read.

"Ah!" he said. "H'm!" He put the letter back in the envelope, took off his glasses and held out his hand to Klattau, who still stood by the table. "How are you, Mr. Klattau? Well, I trust. This is Captain Brame. Won't you join us?"

KLATTAU seated himself. He smiled and said in the most matter-of-fact way: "I am in great danger, Mr. Fenlaney. If I am not away from here by tomorrow morning, I am as good as dead. I must go to England where I am safe."

He still smiled. Only the restlessness in his narrow, heavy-lidded eyes expressed his anxiety.

"You mean someone will kill you?" said Captain Brame.

"I mean someone will kill me."

Klattau drank some beer and leaned back in his chair and took a silver cigar case from his breast pocket.

"You will smoke a cigar with me, gentlemen?"

"I prefer my pipe," said Captain Brame. "Thanks, all the same." The man Klattau interested him. He said: "Who'll kill you?"

Klattau struck a match and lit his cigar.

"The coin that you have just now picked up," he said, "did you take note?"

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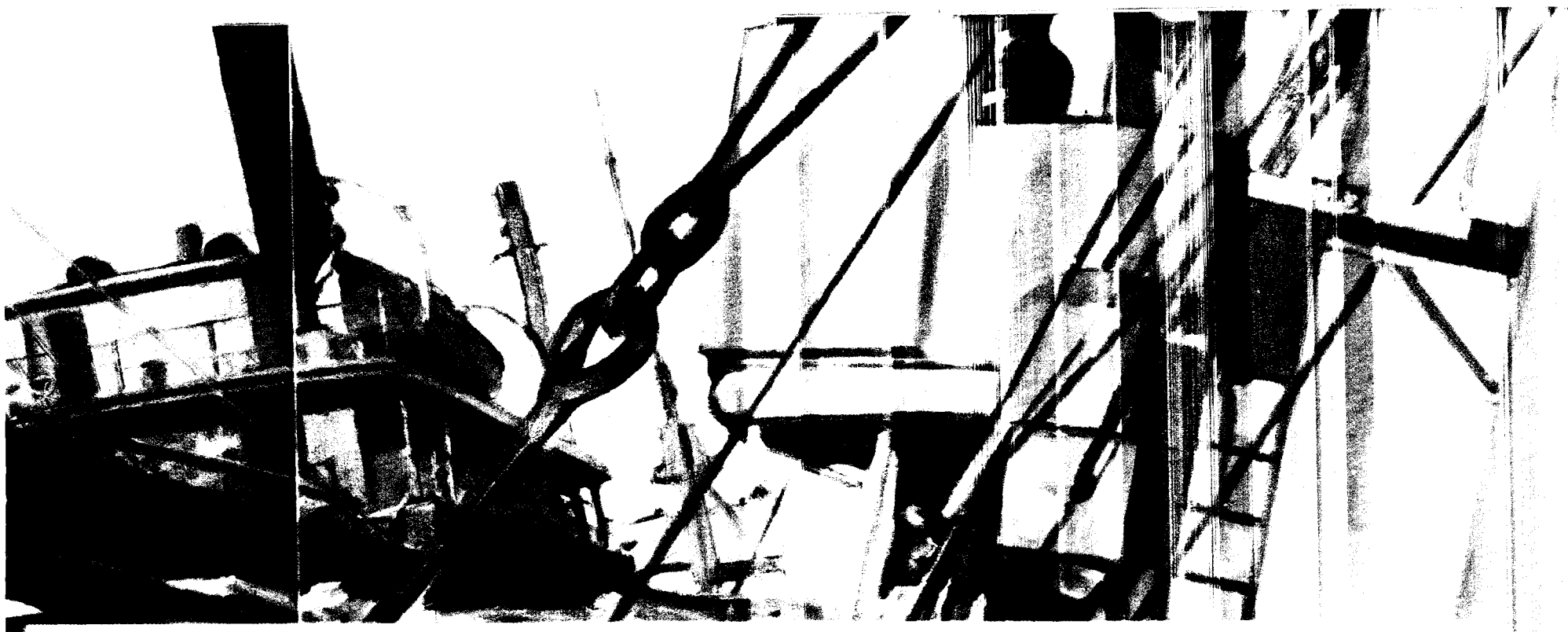

"Can't say I did."

"I thought, maybe, you would understand. It is a Czechoslovak coin. I am a Czech, a man without nationality."

"A Czech, hey!"

"A Czech. German agents followed me from Bahia. They will kill me."

"Here, in Recife?"

"Here, in Recife. Last night, Captain Brame, I was shot at in Santo Antonio."

"But why?"

"Gentlemen, so I trust you so I can talk. You are Englishmen. I am a Czech. Germany is our foe. Listen, gentlemen: I am in Prague a member of a secret society, most secret, sworn to rise and fight Nazi domination to the death. America is closed to me. I am a marked man always, wherever I go." He looked beseechingly at old George Fenlaney. "I throw myself on your mercy. Can you help me?"

OLD Fenlaney cleared his throat rather importantly and turned to Captain Brame.

"This gentleman," he said, "is vouched for by my cousin, Charles, who is in business at Bahia. Charles won the D. S. O. in the last war, you may have heard. He says that Mr. Klattau is an intimate friend of his who is in some personal danger and is forced to leave Bahia immediately because of circumstances, he says, beyond his control and into which, he adds, he cannot go. He wants me to get Mr. Klattau a passage in some ship bound for England. Well, the only ship that's likely to sail for some time is the Tarnbrook, which is, of course, not a passenger ship. Whether you care to allow Mr. Klattau to travel home with you, Captain Brame, is entirely your concern. Whether Mr. Klattau cares to risk the dangers of the voyage is his."

"Captain Brame," said Klattau very earnestly, "will you permit me to take passage with you on board your ship? Here is my passport, here my letter of credit. I will pay your owners whatever you and Mr. Fenlaney consider a fair price. All I ask is a passage to London."

Captain Brame saw old George Fenlaney watching him. He pondered in silence. Presently he said, rather against his better judgment, he knew: "All right, Mr. Klattau, I'll take you."

"Captain Brame," Klattau said, "I can never thank you as you deserve. You will keep it a secret, I beg of you. Even now it may be too late."

"You'll have to be signed on as purser or something. By rights we should go before the British consul"—he looked at his watch—"but it's late and—"

"You can sign him on the ship's articles at sea," said old Fenlaney.

"I can, yes," said Captain Brame. "Be on board as soon after dark as you can, Mr. Klattau, and Mr. Fenlaney will arrange with you the cost of your passage."

Old Fenlaney rose to his feet.

"I'll take Mr. Klattau to the office at once. I'll see you on board ship to say goodby to you, Captain Brame. Come on, Mr. Klattau, we'd better be going. You'll have a lot to do before you sail."

Captain Brame remained seated at the table, deep in thought. It was difficult to believe that in a city like Pernambuco, a respectable, well-run city, the most law-abiding in South America, perhaps, a man's life would be in danger because of warring and antagonistic nationalities in far-off Europe.

"Captain Brame," said a voice. "It is Captain Brame, is it not?"

Captain Brame raised his eyes and saw seated where Klattau had sat a large, fat man with a large, pale face and large, sad eyes and a bald, polished head.

"What d'you want?" he asked.

He was annoyed by the intrusion and spoke sharply.

The fat man seemed not in the least put out.

"Do you know zat gentleman who was with you now, Captain Brame?" he said.

"What's that to do with you?"

The fat man who was also a foreigner, though obviously neither a Czech nor a German, shrugged his shoulders and mopped his damp forehead with a yellow silk handkerchief.

"A good deal to do wiz me," he said. "Captain, who is he? I do not mean Mr. Fenlaney, but the ozzer gentleman."

"And you want to know who he is?"

"Zat is my intention, Captain Brame."

"I shan't tell you."

The fat man leaned forward and spoke in a husky, pleading tone of voice:

"It is ver' important I should know who ze gentleman is and what he has said."

Captain Brame was growing angry.

"Who in hell do you think you are?" he said. "Beat it, or I'll call a policeman and have you arrested."

The fat man grinned in a sickly fashion and stood up.

"Captain Brame, I spik for your good. Have nozzin' to do wiz zat man. He is a danger. Well, I do not need your 'elp, zank you, Captain. Good day to you."

THE pilot had tucked his note into his trousers pocket and climbed down the rope ladder to his launch. The Olinda light was astern; the course was set.

Captain Brame entered his day room.

Klattau had missed his passage. He wondered idly, lighting his pipe, whether the Germans had got him after all.

Someone uttered a little cough. Brame turned swiftly and glanced in the direction of his bedroom.

Klattau emerged, looking rather uneasy.

"Good evening, Captain," he said, "I must apologize. I am in your room, your sitting room, and I hear someone who is coming. I go into your bedroom to wait and it is you. I am sorry I have not permission to be in your bedroom."

"That's all right, Mr. Klattau," said Captain Brame. "I never knew you were on board. Mr. Fenlaney was worried about you."

"I told him what I should do," said Klattau. "I took precautions, that is all. I was not seen. I hope not."

"Did anyone try to stop you?"

Klattau shook his head.

"There was a fat, bald man," said Captain Brame, "who asked me about you. Do you know him?"

Klattau's expression changed. A look of intense loathing showed in his narrow, heavy-lidded eyes.

"No," he said. "But I know of him. He has been pointed out to me. He is a dang— Captain, you have not told him what I have said, I hope."

"Mr. Klattau, when I give my word I keep it."

"Again I ask your pardon, Captain. I offer you an apology."

"No need for an apology, Mr. Klattau. The fat man asked me questions and I told him to get the hell out of my way. Who is he? An enemy agent?"

"An enemy agent, yes."

"But not a German?"

"It is a problem. He is all things to all men. He is the most dangerous man in the world to the Czech cause. He is perhaps a Russian. I do not know."

Heavy footsteps sounded from the companionway. There was a perfunctory knock and the door swung open. The steward entered, carrying a neatly folded suit of clothes and a pair of shoes.

He stared at Klattau in astonishment.

Captain Brame smiled.

"Steward," he said, "this is Mr. Klattau. He's making the voyage home with us, as a passenger. Put him in the spare room and see that he has everything he wants."

No one could have desired a more entertaining or more interesting companion for a long sea voyage on board a tramp steamer than Klattau. He had a sense of humor that was refreshing and an apparently never-ending stock of stories of his adventures in different parts of the world.

HE WALKED with Captain Brame one fine, windy morning on the foredeck.

"Captain," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said Captain Brame. "What is it?"

"Why are you English so stupid? You go to war as if war were a game of football. Have you no common sense?"

"In what way?"

Klattau raised his hands in mock despair.

"I am a Czech. I know what Germany is. Germany is strong and relentless. I fear for you. My own country has gone forever. England may go, too."

"Britain is strong, too," said Captain Brame.

"But you have no army. A few hundred thousand and that is all."

"So what? We have a navy. Don't forget that, Mr. Klattau."

Klattau stared at Captain Brame with a look of doubt in his eyes.

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A destroyer's boat was alongside. It held a naval officer and four ratings, all armed. "Good afternoon," said the officer. "I'd like to have a look at your papers"

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"No, Barney!" she said. "I cannot let you go with Ralph. He's a drinker. He'd have you right back under the influence"

Let Me Call You Comrade

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

II

The Story Thus Far:

AUDREY ATKINSON—young, wealthy and inordinately sentimental—lives with her Aunt Tissy, a big-boned, six-foot dowager, in an imposing country home near Hollywood. She has numerous suitors, all of whom are (she fancies) in need of reformation. Those she cannot reform she drops. Since none of them respond to her campaign of reform, she drops all of them.

Having just failed in her attempt to cure "Touter" Hailsham of the gambling habit (Touter is rich; he bets on horse races), she informs "Scoop" Duncan, an old friend, that she is contemplating saving a mysterious person named Barney, who, it appears, has all the bad habits known to man.

Scoop (who tells the story) is a newspaper reporter. But it is not until Aunt Tissy enlightens him that he knows anything about this Barney person. Aunt Tissy tells him that Barney gambles. Having cured her husband of the habit of gambling by forcing the poor fellow to make 300 five-dollar bets with her (cockroaches furnishing the excitement), she has a grand idea. Scoop might kidnap Barney, take him to an island the Atkinsons own and force him to make 500 bets a day (sea gulls pinch-hitting for cockroaches).

Scoop does not relish the idea. Although both Aunt Tissy and Audrey plead with him, he resolutely refuses to become a kidnaper. A short time later, he receives a frantic telephone call from Audrey. She says she is at the Cosmos Club (a tough joint); and she adds: "I'm locked in a room."

Scoop dashes to the club. He finds Audrey in a booth with old John Dorsey, one of the family lawyers. She tells Scoop that she has fallen in love with Barney—*whom she has never met* but whom she has seen twice—once when he was drinking and once when he was gambling. She points to a tall young man seated next to a blonde at a near-by table. The tall young man, she says, is Barney—Bernard J. McGill, M.I.T. graduate, aeronautical engineer, intrepid pilot. She insists that Scoop wangle an introduction to Barney, so that she can save him from his vices of drinking and gambling.

Scoop tries to obey orders, but Barney runs away, goes into the men's room. Scoop follows, explains the situation to the young man. Barney—to whom Audrey has been sending notes *of a reformatory nature*—clutches Scoop with frantic hands.

"I can't be reformed," he says. "There's reasons why. Thank Miss Atkinson for her interest . . . but no thanks . . . positively not! Uh . . . sorry . . . good night!"

And Barney McGill lunges out the washroom door. Scoop sits down. He is puzzled and has to think.

IT TOOK me two days (I did not, of course, remain in the washroom all this time) to reach the calm, the philosophical conclusion. Based on *a priori* points. A—that I heard nothing from Audrey, and B—ditto Barney McGill, and sound empirical reasoning would deduce that she had abandoned him to the dogs. I thought I knew why. His flight from her in the Cosmos Club had been a sockdolager to the girl. No bum had ever behaved that way before. Usually, they were eager to have Audrey attempt their reformation. A few hardened miscreants had balked after the first scoldings, pleas and deprivations. But this chap Barney had taken the right tack from the outset. He had eschewed the sweetness, he had turned his face from the guiding light.

I was meditating a telephone call to taunt Audrey as I lounged at the Hollywood Derby bar, one evening, when Herman Beckstein spotted me. He sidled close. Herman always sidled.

"You penguins ought to be south with Admiral Byrd," I said. "But, anyway, stop *sidling*."

"Ha, ha, pretty good," Herman said.

He started to write it down (people insult Herman fifty times a day, and he brightens his trade paper by making non-advertisers the butt of these cracks) but he decided it was not good enough. Besides, Herman was worried about something.

"Seen anything of our friend Barney?"

"No. And he's *your* friend."

"She met him, you know."

"Who met whom?"

"Miss Atkinson. Barney."

"She did? Where?"

"That night . . . at the Cosmos Club. After you left. She came back with her aunt. Judas!"

"Judas can have it."

Little Herman blew thoughtfully at his beer.

"What do they see in Barney? I mean,

(Continued on page 50)

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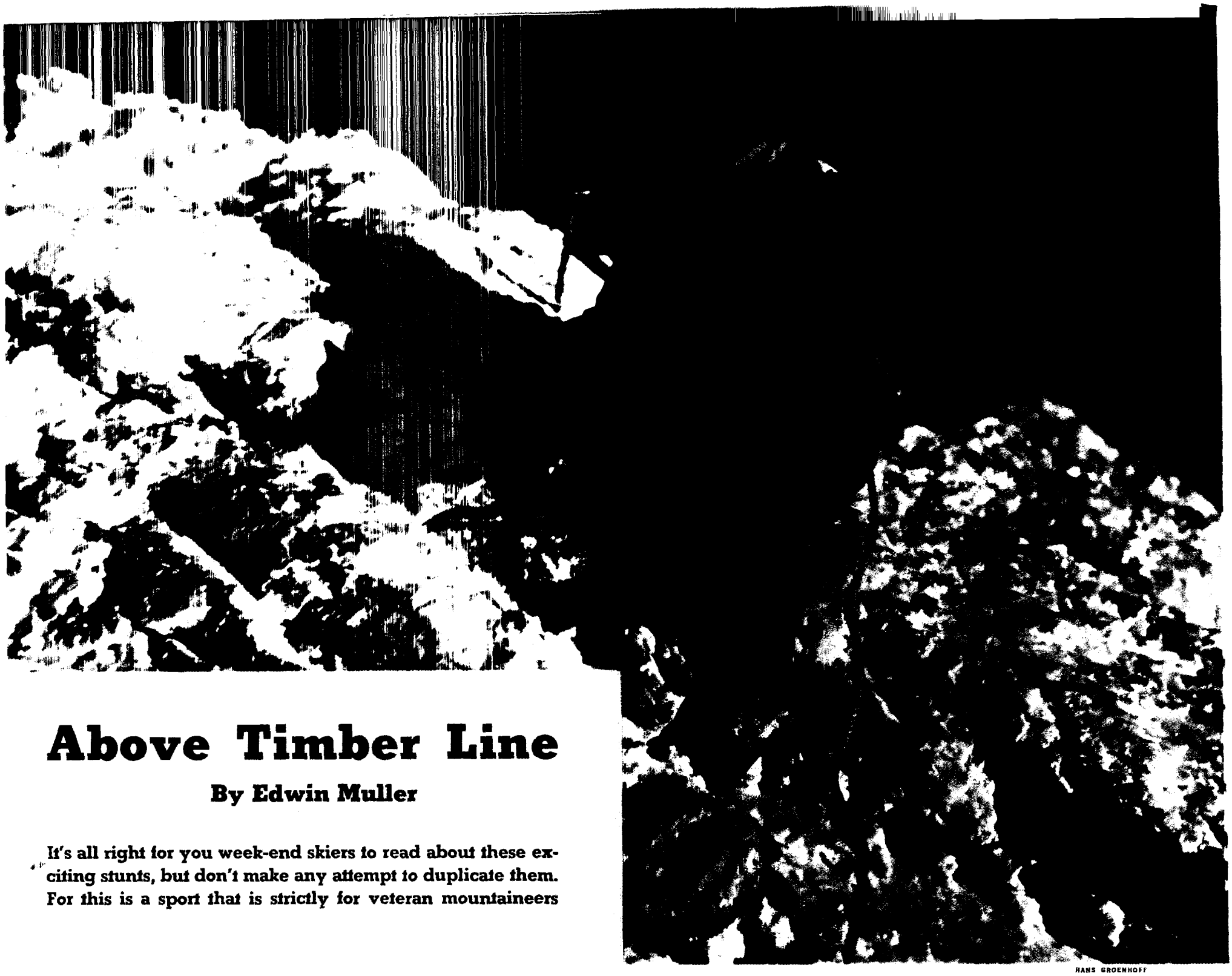

HANS GROENHOFF

Hardiest of all winter sportsmen are the elite few who brave the high frozen slopes of the mountains

Above Timber Line

By Edwin Muller

It's all right for you week-end skiers to read about these exciting stunts, but don't make any attempt to duplicate them. For this is a sport that is strictly for veteran mountaineers

ONE stormy Christmas vacation four M.I.T. students arrived at the foot of Mt. Washington. They unloaded their skis at Pinkham Notch, the famous climbers' lodge maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club. The keeper was Joe Dodge, a tough and salty individual who has rescued more victims from the snow than a squad of St. Bernard monks. He asked them what they were planning.

"The summit."

"You can't do it." Joe was positive and dogmatic. "You couldn't stay alive above tree line. Last radio report from the observatory: wind, 110 miles an hour; temperature, minus 40."

Well, at least they'd go as far as Halfway House. They were a rugged quartet and thought they could beat the worst that winter could do.

Up the lower slopes, sheltered by the great pines, it wasn't so bad. Pushing their skis ahead over the four feet of fluffy powder and frozen base, they made altitude rapidly. But higher, they began to see traces of the ogre of the region, the northwest wind. The pines were lower, every branch strained away from the north in an agony of escape. Higher still was the crawling scrub that is gnarled and twisted as if from ages of torment. Then only the rocks and the wind-hardened surface of the snow.

Blue and haggard with the cold, they reached the deserted Halfway House—the little inn at timber line intended for summer tourists. They huddled down for the night. The wind rose, the whole house shook and groaned. In the morning conditions were no better.

It's hard to conceive how they made the decision to try for the top, two miles away by air line and 2,500 feet above. Dodge had told them that the higher they went the harder the wind would blow. But they knew that on the summit was the little observatory, kept open for the winter by a staff of two, elaborately protected against the cold. The thought of that red-hot stove and boiling coffee has kept too many climbers going up long after they should have turned back.

Fighting for Life

They started up. They had left their skis, wore crampons, clawlike spikes fastened to the shoes. With heads down they leaned into the powerful thrust of the wind. Before they had gone fifty yards, patches of frostbite appeared on their faces. Two of them turned back. The other two, Rethorst and Lucas, kept on.

Their route lay over the Nelson Crag and up the Chandler Ridge, named for a man who died from exposure on it many years ago. Far above they could see the snow whipping over its crest, like a curtain standing out stiffly in a breeze.

The climbing was steep, pulling up over rocks glazed with ice. They would climb a little way, then crouch for shelter from the driving particles of snow that cut their faces, pellets of ice driven through the air like bullets. A gray film slipped over the sky, then the view narrowed to the circle just around them, a heavy gloom that twisted and writhed with the blowing snow. The wind roared with the reverberation of a deep drum, in the explosive gusts it howled like a maniac. It snatched stones as large as baseballs straight through the air.

By now they realized that the pleasure excursion had turned into a desperate fight for life. They had climbed so high that it seemed easier to go on than to turn back.

Somehow they got separated. Rethorst found himself so far behind that he could no longer see Lucas through the murk of driving snow. He had never been on the mountain before. All he knew was that he must keep going up. The wind had driven any process of thought out of his brain, there was only instinct left—to keep on up. His strength was slipping away. Again and again he stumbled and fell heavily. Each time it was harder to get up. The pauses behind the rocks grew longer, the rushes ahead became shorter.

Then he felt himself beginning to go blind. Gradually the gray gloom turned black. . . .

Up in the observatory on the summit the two men stationed there, MacKenzie and Stone, got closer to the stove. They watched the outside thermometer sink into the minus thirties, the wind register go above 100 an hour. To converse they had to lean close to each other and shout.

Back Down on a Toboggan

There was a knock at the door. Jerking it open for an instant they pulled in Lucas. He was finished; he collapsed as soon as he was inside. Half an hour later, while they were still working over Lucas they heard a faint clawing around on the outside of the building. It was Rethorst. Unable to see, he had guided himself by the smell of the smoke of the observatory blowing toward him.

A few days later, when the storm had blown itself out, Joe Dodge came up with a rescue crew and a toboggan and took Lucas and Rethorst down the mountain. They spent weeks in the hospital, were lucky to come out at last with the loss of a few fingers and toes.

There are three gradations of skiers.

(Continued on page 60)

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

EBB TIDE

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

HE WAS the last man off the interurban bus from Marin, and he followed the now rapidly dissolving little crowd. Once through the terminus doors, the rest of them scattered hurriedly. But this man stood for some moments getting his bearings quietly, with slow movements of a large gray head. Certain of his position at last, he put his bundle to his shoulder and turned south. With the trousers legs of his dungarees turned up, he looked very much like any other bindle stiff heading for San Francisco's skid row. Except in the way he carried the bundle. Like a seaman with his bag. And there was dignity on him, a serenity in his wrinkle-pocketed eyes. On Howard Street he turned east without hesitation. Because he knew that's where the water was.

When he passed Tony and Barney's Labor Exchange the loiterers paid no attention to him, nor to the window blackboard where all the chalked-up jobs were already smudged out, excepting one. But Barney, spotting him from inside, came dashing out in shirt sleeves, florid of face, gnawing the stump of a black cigar as he plucked the man by the forearm. "Hey, you!" he bit off all in a breath. "Make you a winter stake. Cookshack swamper down Salinas way. Thirty-seven-fifty a month an' found. Shove off t'night." The man hardly looked at him, just shaking his head that quiet way he had; and, needing to fill an order in a rush, that made Barney pretty mad. "Just like all the rest of the bums!" he exploded softly. "Think you're too good to swamp for celery cutters. S'pose there is some Chinks an' Goo-goos? What . . ." He broke off. "Say, what's your line?"

The man with the bundle smiled faintly. "If you want to know what my profession is," he said in a voice slow and deep and quiet, "it's the oldest and most honorable on the earth. Almost as old as man's use of the wheel."

AND with that startling pronouncement he left Barney to gape after him, cursing beneath his breath. But the man kept on, his gait steady and space-devouring. When he reached the steam schooner moored across Pier Twenty, he went down the tilted gangway with the air of a man returning home and dropped his bundle on the deck, knowing who that brawny fellow was who looked at him so quizzically. "Need a hand, Mr. Mate?" he asked briskly.

"Well," said the mate, pushing back his battered uniform cap. "Where the hell you been? We're in between our fourteenth and fifteenth dock strike. Or maybe the sixteenth: I can't keep track no more. And what the hell makes you think I could ship you anyhow? Get along. Y'gotta go down to the hiring hall an' put your name to the end o' the list with the other tramps. What are you? A fink or something?" He turned away, growling.

The man stood still for a moment, puzzled, surprised. Quick weariness pounced on him, and the first sudden twinge of fright. He blinked, threw his bundle to his shoulder again and went dockside once more, moving north along the almost deserted wharves. It was afternoon when he looked down on the cluttered deck of a lumber ship at Pier Forty-one, at the other end of the blighted water front, hearing a plagued mate's angry complaint to two men who grinned insolently back at him.

"If it was a forestay with a stays'l to come in on the rush in a gale she'd tear herself to hell at the hanks! Blast it! Can't nobody put a sailor's long splice in half a dozen cargo whips? Can't . . ." He broke off savagely as the man jumped heavily to his side from the quay. "Get to blazes off here! What the *hell* do *you* want? Can't you—"

The man just picked up the ends of rope, inspecting them. Then he sat down, picked up the fid and started unlaying the strands. So the mate, startled, watched the other's work as he crotched the strands, tucked and cut out from under, his large paws moving deftly and with skillful precision. The stranger said nothing. Neither did the mate, seeing the way the spliced line grew, no bit of it thicker at the joining than anywhere along the rope's length. When it was done it would be continuous, strong, capable for its task. You didn't learn that in a day: it took the better part of a working life. The man tossed the bight carelessly aside and reached for the next. Till at last he was through and the mate came back and found him standing there.

"Do you need a hand, Mr. Mate?" he asked for the fifth time that day. "I mean a *good* hand?"

"I wish I could ship you. Fact! But I can't." He reached into his pocket. "Get yourself some coffee and snails."

The man looked up then. Quickly and with decision. "No," he said, and he picked up his bundle and climbed to the wharf.

Mr. Barnstrom watched him go, a square, solid shape in gathering autumn twilight. Then he went aft to tell his skipper about it. The old man was reading his paper, and he lifted his spectacled face before his mate could say a word. "Says here Bledsoe got out of San Quentin today. Good behavior, I guess. Wasn't you second with Wild Jack Bledsoe, Bill, the voyage that sent him up for manslaughter?"

The mate opened his mouth and shut it. Then he spoke quietly. "Yes," he said, "I was. But Jack Bledsoe never killed no one. I told you that before. The ship was in a Flattery hurricane. That foretops'l had to get reefed quick or we were over for good. The man welshed; he was scared stiff, he didn't know his job. So Jack smashed him out of the way and climbed aloft himself with the hands. The fellow landed in the scuppers and if he hadn't been so busy cursing his job the next sea wouldn't have smashed his head. That's what I testified at the trial. But there were twelve hands who put it different. Me, I was second mate, so they put me down as prejudiced." He turned for the door. "Wild Jack Bledsoe knew what a sailor's business is!"

"Yeah, sure." The skipper yawned, having heard all that before. "Somethin' you wanted, Bill?"

The mate stepped over the weatherboard. "Nothing, sir," he said.

IN TONY and Barney's the man's shoulders sagged. He had his bus tag in his fist and his work slip—cook-shack swamper in the Salinas Valley at thirty-seven-fifty and found. Barney was full of glee, knowing he was lucky to find someone dumb enough to take that job. "How about your profession, bum?" he had to ask. "The old and honorable bellywash. It must be all played out."

The man picked up his bundle with a tired stoop. "No," he said simply. "Not my line. It never gets played out."

He meant to say the tide was out; no more; and it was bound to flood again. When the time was right it once more would refresh the land. The sea had in itself that quality and that power. So he went into gathering dusk. Trudging back toward the bus terminus, he looked like any other bindle stiff on his way to a valley job. Except in the way he carried his bundle. On his shoulder. Like a seaman with his bag.

The man welshed; he was scared stiff, he didn't know his job. So Jack smashed him out of the way and climbed aloft himself

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The Sonovox puts new voices in Actress Lucille Ball's mouth as its inventor, Gilbert Wright, listens

DOOLITTLE

You can sing with the voice of Lily Pons or Lawrence Tibbett. You can make noises like a fire siren or even a violin. Sonovox does it all, and very simply too

HOW would you like to hear Tito Schipa's voice in your own throat? To hear it coming out of your own mouth? You can't sing, you say? And you don't know Italian? All the better. Just take these small biscuit-shaped vibrators and hold one to each side of your neck. They are part of a machine called the Sonovox, a simple little invention that may cause as great a revolution in motion pictures as did the advent of sound.

Here on the box of the machine we have a recording of Tito Schipa singing O Sole Mio. There you have the biscuits at either side of your throat. Now open your mouth and leave it that way. Relax, relax! The needle is placed on the record, just like a phonograph. But the sound—it's in your throat. Feel it? It tickles a little. It's coming out of your mouth, hear it? Tito Schipa's voice, pure gold. And Italian! Never again say you can't, because you can. You can sing higher than Galli-Curci and lower than basso profundo. You can be a violin or a fire siren or a cement mixer or the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. You can be anything that makes a noise. All you have to do is open your mouth and forget yourself. If you close your mouth, you shut the sound off at your lips. If you become self-conscious, you're likely to shut it off in your tightened throat. Pretend to be a loudspeaker. That's just what you are.

Now for a moment stop admiring your tenor voice and your classic Italian, and let this young lady take the biscuits. Her name is Peggy Wright. Here we have Tito Schipa's voice coming from her throat, out of her open mouth. But wait! What's she doing to it? She's moving her lips—not speaking, simply mouthing silent words. It's still Schipa, no mistaking that voice, but he's singing in English. Instead of, "O sole mio," he says, "Oh thrilling splendor!" She has caught that stream of Italian in her mouth and remolded it into English. Does it open long vistas of possibilities to you? It should. In a minute we'll give you some glimpses into the future.

The Sonovox is the invention of Gilbert Wright of Hollywood, who is not an inventor at all but a writer who, as a matter of fact, doesn't want to be an inventor. But he happens to be also a physicist, a graduate and former teacher of the department of physics at the University of California at Los Angeles. And simple as his invention is, it took the peculiar combination of screen writer and electrical physicist to conceive and carry out the idea.

"I was working on a screen play," Wright explains, "in which a murderer, fleeing from the scene of his crime, is haunted by the sound of the train wheels accusing him, 'You killed her, you killed her, clackety-clack, you killed her!' You've probably seen it done in pictures. They take [illegible] wheels and dub in some[illegible] speaking the necessary w[illegible] much better it *(Continued*

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James Lee grabbed the sergeant's arm and swung him to sanctuary out of range

The Heart of Kwan Yin

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

A broken statue reveals a fabulous treasure—and the secret of a murder

THE proprietor of the Japanese store greeted James Lee with a thin smile.

"I am sorry, Mr. Lee," purred Sakasama, "but the two Chinese manuscripts are sold to Mr. Frank Clayton."

"I was afraid of that." James Lee surveyed the dusky, incense-laden store. Without bitterness: "The average man has no chance to compete with a millionaire collector like Clayton."

"I could not refuse his offer," the Japanese said apologetically. "But now that you are here, Mr. Lee, I should like your opinion on another matter. Will you please to come to my office?"

In Sakasama's office at the rear of the store, James Lee saw on a desk the broken fragments of a baked clay statue. The statue's surface was black; the interior was gray, with flashes of mica. Lee picked up the fractured pedestal, on which an inscription had been cut in the clay.

Sakasama looked inquiringly at James Lee: "What does it say?"

"It's a statue of Kwan Yin, of course. A modern piece, from the King Chen potteries up from Nanchang. But this is no way to treat a goddess, Sakasama. You must have broken her to pieces with a hammer!"

"The first two characters, there on the base, mean 'Kwan Yin.' That I know. But the four characters below are strange to me. Please to read them!"

"Nothing very startling. 'Infinite Mercy. Heart. Peace. Plenty.' Inscribed in modern mandarin form. Why do you look so disappointed to hear this?"

The Japanese smiled uneasily. "It is nothing. Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Lee. You must go?"

Outside on the sidewalk, Lee nodded a farewell to Sakasama and glanced up the busy street in San Francisco's Chinatown. He regarded for a moment the familiar window of the Chang Lin Bazaar, next door to Sakasama's shop, and then crossed Gamblers Alley.

ON THE opposite corner of the alley, in front of the Double Blessings Pawnshop, he encountered a hurrying couple. Arm in arm with a tall, red-faced American man was a lovely Chinese girl in a smart afternoon frock.

"This is a pleasure, Miss Chang!" Lee exclaimed. "And Mr. Clayton, too!"

The couple paused abruptly, and Helen Chang offered James Lee her hand.

"I am so happy to see you, Mr. Lee! For five days you have not visited our shop!"

"I regret that until now I have not had the pleasure of wishing you happiness on your coming marriage. Sung Mock is one of the finest young men I know. He is to be congratulated."

Frank Clayton, who had been standing impatiently at Helen Chang's side, now broke in roughly: "Hello, Lee! Miss Chang has just been looking at those two old Chinese manuscripts, and some of the Scythian pieces in my collection in my apartment."

"You are fortunate to have obtained those manuscripts, Clayton," returned James Lee. "The Tun-huang writings are among the greatest treasures of Chinese art."

"I'll get a lot more treasures before I'm through!" Clayton boasted. He smiled at the girl beside him. "I usually get what I go after."

Helen Chang bit her lip. "Mr. Clayton's collection is very interesting," she said. "Thank you for your kind wishes, Mr. Lee. Now we must hurry. My brother will be angry, I am afraid,

(Continued on page 57)

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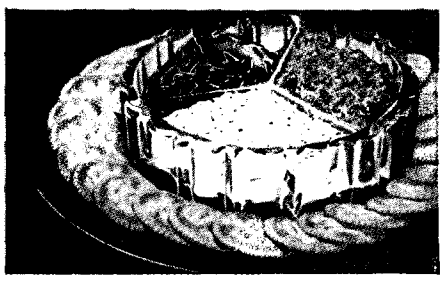
MORE "OOMPH" FOR SOUP! Choose any variety, be sure it's piping hot—*and* (here's where the "oomph" comes in) serve with golden Ritz! Delicious? *Definitely!* Ritz always works this flavor magic on the foods it is served with. A special baking process *seals in* Ritz' freshness. That's why more people prefer it—why it is so important to get the *one and only* Ritz!

You're inviting compliments—when you serve RITZ crackers!

EVENING GUESTS will be satisfied with most anything you serve if Ritz goes with it—for Ritz is every one's favorite. Goes with all foods and beverages—or does a grand job of satisfying by itself. Eat it right out of the package if you want to know how good a cracker can be!



RITZ-Y SPREADS! Many a hostess has risen to fame with this simple party idea. A tray of assorted spreads—and plenty of Ritz! Your family will sit up and take notice, too, when Ritz glorifies the tomato juice and salad. Order a package of fresh, crunchy Ritz today!

THIS FAMOUS RED NBC SEAL

has been the buying guide for generations of housewives who want the finest in bakery products. Look for it on the package of the biscuit you buy—and you will be assured of high quality, freshness and delicious flavor.

IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER • A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!
NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU AND FRED EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOO!
MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE BREAKING POINT! THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! I WAS HORRIFIED! BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...
AND HE TOLD ME...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE HAPPIER THAN FRED AND I ARE NOW, MARY. SO...
SO WHY DON'T I TAKE YOUR HINT AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T PATCH UP MY MARRIAGE, TOO? THANKS, SUSAN--I'M GOING TO!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

One Cold Night

Continued from page 10

scaled the directory across the table. "I'll bet it's him and I'll bet you're just imagining things."

"If it's him," she said slowly. "Anyhow, the woman . . ." As if impatient with herself, she shrugged, got up and rattled the lids of the black, nickel-trimmed stove.

BOURNE looked at his watch. It was after ten. It was a very good watch in a thin, gold case and on the back of the case his initials were engraved, three graceful, interlocking B's. His wife, Louise, had given it to him on his thirty-fifth birthday. Ten years ago. For a thoughtful, reminiscent minute he rubbed the watch slowly between his thumb and forefinger, then slipped it back into his vest pocket. He gave the pocket a tap with his fingers, an act that was not deliberate but, on the other hand, one that was as much a part of him as the way he stood, or walked, or put his glasses on his nose. He always gave the pocket a little pat when he put the watch away in it. Habits, small mannerisms, little idiosyncrasies, were inextricably rooted in his character. For twenty-five years he had been a man of habit, of purpose, of strong integrity.

The rosy glow of the grate was in his face and he could feel its steady, lulling warmth against his legs and body. He kept himself awake by conscious effort. Effort was not new to him, for he had applied it all his life. Besides, he possessed an aversion to drowsing in public: it was as if he did not wish strangers to see his face in repose, all the lines lax, the mouth down.

Now his attention was attracted, gently, by the melody of The Blue Danube being played on the radio. It was one of his favorite songs, and he had always liked to waltz. It always carried him back to Austria and Germany, to the time he and Louise spent a month there, before the children were born. He had heard, he forgot where, that the lindens on Unter den Linden had been replaced with lampposts. Whenever he thought of this, it saddened him. What was the name of the café they used to visit so often, that one on the Kurfuerstendamm? He couldn't remember. And Vienna, the Vienna he remembered, was gone too. He sighed, slapped the arms of the chair, rose. Everything was changed. Everything. The core of his nature, as sentimental as his businessman's head was hard and logical, rebelled against the swift change of events. Was it this, perhaps, that was bringing about, almost overnight, the impetuous change in his own destiny?

UPSTAIRS, he knocked lightly on the door. When the low voice answered, he hesitated a moment before entering. But his entrance was forthright; his shoulders were straight. His eyes softened and so his whole face was softened. He put his palms together without a sound and did not move or rub one against the other.

"You really ought to be in bed, Carrie," he said. "Aren't you dead?"

"I thought I was, but I'm not now." She was sitting by the front window, thawing away the frost on the pane with the heel of her hand. "I saw only one car go by. It looked like a bus. You'd think they wouldn't risk running busses, with the road so slick."

He sat down beside her. "Well, you see, busses have big, broad tires, many of them with double tires in the rear. That gives them lots of traction. They don't skid so easily. It's not very warm in here, is it?"

"There's heat coming up through the register but it doesn't seem to circulate." She was wearing her coat over her shoulders. She was younger than he was, with a full-lipped sensitive mouth, shadowed at the corners, and gentle, intelligent eyes. Her hands looked capable. She wore a tailored suit, steel-gray with a faint pin stripe. "If the sun comes out tomorrow, it'll be beautiful with all the ice on the trees."

"The radio said fair and warmer." He took hold of her hand. "Your hand's cold."

She smiled at him and looked out the window again.

"Carrie," he said.

"What?"

"What's the matter?"

She was silent for a minute; then she said, "I don't know, Ben." There was a touch of apology in her tone. She looked at him, patted his hand and looked away again. "Somebody came in before," she said.

"Oh, yes. Young fellow. The girl's boy friend, I guess. They're in the kitchen."

"I saw him come in. For a minute I thought he might be a policeman." Her hand pressed against his hand.

"Carrie!" he urged.

"I know I'm foolish, Ben."

"You're worrying about this. You shouldn't, Carrie. Why should a policeman worry you? We've done nothing criminal. People do this all the time, all over the world. People who love each other—"

"I'm just silly."

He growled, "Damn this weather! Why did we have to stop here? Look at this room—bare and cold." His shoulders sagged unhappily. "Everything's against us, Carrie. I had everything planned for our first night. A good hotel, dinner and champagne. And look what happens. We're stuck in a miserable room in a roadside farmhouse!"

HE GOT up and paced the length of the room, bitter resentment in every line of his face, in the quick, thrusting look in his eyes. But the floor beneath his feet creaked, and since he could not endure this he stopped pacing. In the midst of his angry thoughts he happened to think of his sons, one in college, the other in prep school. The thought of them struck all the way through him like a blade, leaving an empty place that ached horribly. He loved his sons. He was proud of them.

It was different about Louise, his wife. She wouldn't miss him much. Her life was made up of bridge parties, militant social activities, political rallies—she was a fine speaker—and those periodic forays among the poor that women of some social standing feel duty-bound to perpetrate.

"What are you thinking about, Ben?"

He started. He made a pointless gesture. "I don't suppose I should let these little unpleasantnesses irritate me." He shrugged. "I'm sorry, Carrie, I blew up. It's just that when I plan things I hate to have them knocked haywire. You know me. Goodness, you've been with me in the office for five years!" He gave a low, reassuring laugh. "It will be all right tomorrow."

She looked at her hands, holding them up as though she were examining, carefully, her fingernails. Then she shuddered and drew the coat closer about her shoulders.

He went over and put his hands on her shoulders. "Let's go down to the living room, dear. It's warm there. Get

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good and warm and then pop right into bed. Come on, will you?"

"Oh, I don't know."

He urged her with a little gentle, affectionate shoving: "Come on. The girl and her boy friend are in the kitchen."

She rubbed her hands together. "All right."

As she stood up he turned her around and took her in his arms and rubbed his cheek against the side of her head. His big hands caressed her back. Her face was expressionless as she turned her head and kissed him on the side of the neck.

WHEN Rose won the second game of checkers Mel Cutler spread his arms in a wide, magnanimous gesture and bowed his head with mock gravity. He had made a number of stupid moves but he had made them deliberately and with a secret, warming sensation of gallantry.

She suspected that he had not played as well as he knew how, but it was nice to have a boy act that way, and she decided to say nothing about it. It was nice, really, having him in the house. It was thrilling, even, with the folks away. She wasn't a bit afraid any longer.

"Oh-oh," Mel said, when the telephone rang.

"It's ours," Rose said.

Mel looked disgruntled. "For me, probably."

Rose was at the telephone. "Hello."

"Rose? This is Mamma."

"Oh, Mamma! Where are you?"

"We ain't far, but we had to stop. We're here stopping with very nice people. Mr. Hogeboom is a war veteran. He was telling us about it. He said he'd never let a son of his go across again. Is everything all right there, Rose?"

"Just fine. There's a couple here, and a telephone man that got stuck down the road. He's a friend of the Ritterhouses. There's nothing to worry about, Mamma."

"Well, we'll get off soon as we can tomorrow. See the furnace don't go out. Well, good night, then, Rose."

She hung up, saying, "It was Mamma. You excuse me. I'd better look at the furnace."

Mel jumped up. "I'll do it."

"Oh, go 'way; I'm used to it."

"You listen, Miss Hannon. You let me do it." He opened the basement door, found the light switch and drummed his boots loudly down the wooden steps.

Rose placed her hands on her hips and did a little pirouette. She was thrilled. The wild night had become suddenly romantic and she didn't want it to change. She eyed the telephone reprovingly, suspecting that when it next rang it would be for Mel Cutler. Her eyes became sly. She skipped to a drawer in which her father kept a lot of odds and ends and ripped off several inches from a roll of felt weather stripping. This she jammed between the two bells on the telephone box. Then, humming gaily to herself, she ran in to see about the grate in the living room.

"Oh!" she said, bringing up short, and laughed and blushed at the same time. "I didn't realize anyone was in here." The lightness of her heart, singing magically, made her feel inexplicably guilty. "I came to look at the fire," she explained.

"It's nice and cozy in here," Carrie said. Her own smile was not vivacious; it was wan and soft, barely brushing at her lips.

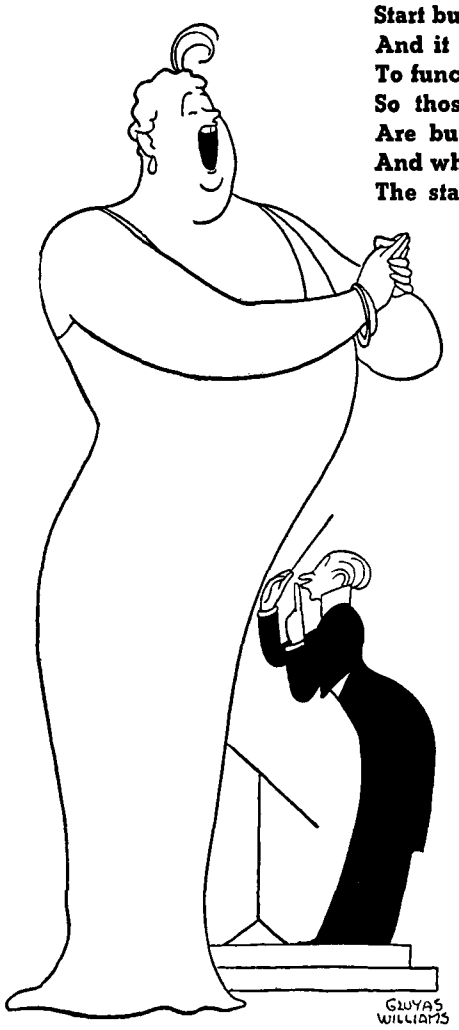
Rose lifted the scuttle and poured coal into the grate. "We have to keep it going all the time. If we use the registers in this room, it takes all the heat away from the other rooms. My father says he'll just have to get a new furnace." She turned around, facing them.

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

18—THE WAGNERIAN SOPRANO

An awe-ful eyeful if you will
But here's another mouth to fill
Who may admit upon inquiry
To be an innocent Valkyrie.
Only great Wagner in "The Ring"
Could write the stuff she's built to sing
And only her pneumatic throat
Can sing the stuff that Richard wrote.
"Eva" and "Elsa," one agrees,
Start but don't go on with ease
And it takes barrelfuls of breath
To function as "Elizabeth;"
So those who worship at their shrines
Are built on monumental lines
And while their voices rise, methinks,
The stage indubitably sinks.



"My folks got stuck too, between here and Wheeling. They just phoned." No, she wasn't afraid any longer.

"You're a young girl, aren't you, to be all alone here?" Carrie said. "It's pretty lonesome."

"Oh, you get used to it," Rose said. "When we first moved here it was, but you get used to it. But we've been here four years now. My father used to work on the railroad. He's retired now. In Zanesville, he used to work. We used to live there."

CARRIE dropped her eyes and pressed her hands together in her lap. Bourne saw the movement of her hands. He stirred in his chair. His heart dropped far down and grimly, the grimness showing on his jaw, he drew it up again. For a brittle instant he was angry with her: the shadow on her face, the way her shoulders drooped, both hurt and angered him.

"Would you like something hot to drink?" Rose asked. "Coffee? Or some hot milk? We have chocolate too. I could make some hot chocolate."

"No, thanks," Bourne snapped, glaring at the grate.

Carrie said, "Do you mind? I'd like some hot milk."

Mel came in with his hands spaded in his hip pockets. He nodded to Carrie. "Good evening, ma'am." Then he said to Rose, "About time for the news, isn't it? You folks like to hear the news?"

Bourne regretted having been so short with Rose. "Why, yes; yes, I would," he said in a more reasonable voice.

"I'll get the milk," Rose said.

Mel crossed to the radio, dialed another station and sat down on a footstool. Rose returned with a cup of hot milk and sat down also. Everybody listened to the news in silence, each sitting quite still and gazing at the floor or the radio. Mel's forehead was wrinkled from listening. Carrie sipped her hot milk almost surreptitiously. Rose kept stealing glances at Mel and once or twice she smiled covertly.

It occurred to Bourne that possibly news broadcasts were listened to more intently than any other kind of broadcast; excepting, of course, an address by the President. Automatically he made a mental note of this. But instantly his heart was slammed back to the reality of the moment. It almost gagged him. He did, actually, swallow, and his eyes shimmered. His products! His business! All that was done, finished, behind him. When he reached New York he would wire Gebhart, his lawyer, to join him; and the business, the property, would be turned over to his wife.

When the radio broadcast ended, Mel said very earnestly, "Mister, what do you think of the European situation?"

Showing no sign, Bourne winced. Here was a sentence, a question, which had become integrated in the national speech. You ran into it everywhere, it was on every imbecile's lips. It was the curse of simple, provincial people becoming international-minded. It was one great national cliché. It infuriated him.

"Young man," he bellowed, glaring at Mel, "what do *you* think of the European situation?"

Mel ducked, then stared at Bourne in utter stupefaction. He was speechless. His face grew scarlet.

Bourne said incisively, "You ask that question, like a million others, and whatever is told you goes in one ear and out the other. What does it matter what anyone thinks of the European situation? It doesn't matter what you think, or what I think, or what she thinks. No matter what you think, if there's war you'll go and you'll do what you're told to do. Do you think you're a free man? You're not! You're free only so long as you do what your government wants you to do; and when you don't do it, young man, you are not free. Nobody is free! We're all slaves to habit, to ways of living and thinking.

"It begins when you're born. When you're born, the weaving process begins, and gradually, but inexorably, you're woven into a scheme, a pattern, and you are dyed with certain colors and the dye is indelible. You meet a girl—you, for instance, meet this girl. You fall in love. You marry. A child is born, and the process begins all over again, with maybe a little of you in the child and a little of her. And maybe nothing of either. Though friends will come around when the child is not yet a month old and tell you it looks like you, or like her, and quite possibly it looks like neither one of you. What do I think about the European situation? Young man, I do not know!"

He stood up, snatched out his watch, glanced at it, thrust the watch back into his vest pocket and tapped it smartly. Then he strode out of the room.

Carrie rose, smiled at them while shaking her head, and followed him.

Mel's mouth was open and a full minute ticked by before he was able to close it. Rose's eyes were wide with fright.

"Gee," Mel said, with a small nervous laugh, "what—what did all that have to do with the situation in Europe?"

Rose's voice squeaked: "He—he's mad. He's crazy. He's dangerous!"

Mel looked at her and grinned warmly. "Oh, don't you worry about that, kid."

BOURNE was standing in the middle of the room when Carrie entered. Chagrin lay unmasked in his eyes and drew the left corner of his mouth to one side and downward. He dropped his eyes and sat heavily upon a chair. She went over to him, stood beside him and laid her arm across the back of his neck. He put his arm around her waist and laid his head wearily against her breast.

"I don't know why I do things like that, Carrie," he said humbly. "What did that boy ever do to me? Why did I have to yell at him that way?"

"You're not yourself, dear."

"Carrie, you're so soft and sweet."

She caressed the back of his neck with the palm of her hand.

"Ben, you said something downstairs, and I think you said it without realizing what it was you were saying. It was a stark truth."

"Darling, it was practically gibberish. I can't even remember what I said. Don't—"

"Anything but gibberish," she went on quietly, almost placidly. "It was about a pattern, a design; about colors being indelible. You said, 'Nobody is free.' You spoke with a terrible conviction, Ben."

"I spoke like a madman. Carrie, forget it, will you?"

She looked down at the top of his head and smiled wistfully. "Ben, we're not free," she said.

HE LOOKED up quickly, his eyes bright and searching. The amazing candor of her expression gripped his throat and made it shake.

"We're not free," she said again, shaking her head slowly. "I don't mean freedom in the sense of freedom of movement. It's inside, what I mean; in us. In you, Ben. You're going against the pattern you spoke about downstairs. Your friends, your business, your integrity, your life, your family. Your sons, especially. You're miserably unhappy."

"Carrie, don't talk nonsense!" He stood up abruptly and almost upset the chair. "Don't try to make something out of nothing!" Facing her, his jaw was rigid, his eyes were unflinching.

"Last night," she went on in the same tone of voice, "we were brave. We were very cunning too, making our plans. A week end to begin, to start away. Louise away in Columbus. A good head start. This morning, too, we were brave. The beginning of a great adventure. And then the storm, and bad roads, and car trouble, and traffic delays. And here

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we are now—and we're not brave any more."

His mouth fell open. "Carrie, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying I'm not brave, Ben. Oh, for my own self it doesn't matter. What have I got to lose? But you—and your life and your sons and the rules you've always lived by." She shook her head, lowered her eyes. "I can't let this thing be done to you. Maybe I'm a weakling, besides. I remember how the girl downstairs looked at me when I first came in; she was suspicious, she looked me over carefully, from head to foot. I couldn't meet her stare. I felt guilty."

"Guilty of what? Guilty of what, Carrie?" he demanded, his arms spread wide.

"Of breaking up a home."

"How ridiculous! It was I who planned this; willed it; wanted it!"

"But it takes two to break up a home, Ben." She went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. "It's not too late. Nobody knows, really, where we are; or that we're away together, even. Nobody knows anything. There's all tomorrow left."

He opened his mouth, then closed it hard because he was on the point of exploding. It took a minute for him to get control of himself, and then his shoulders fell. He was perspiring and, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped his face.

"Carrie," he said, winded, "there's no use talking nonsense like this any longer tonight. You're worn out and so am I. When people are worn out, they're victims of the wildest imaginings. Please, dear, go to bed and get some sleep. It'll be different in the morning."

He bent over, gripped her shoulders and kissed her on the mouth. Then he went to the door. "I'll get another room tonight," he said, holding his overnight bag.

"Ben."

He turned. "Yes?"

"Ben, you're so awfully kind," she said.

He said, "Good night, dear," and went out.

Two of the doors leading off the corridor were open, and one led to a room that he had looked at earlier. He entered it and closed the door. An hour later he was lying in bed, wide awake, staring up into the darkness. . . .

ROSE was up at seven, busy in the kitchen, humming as she went about her work. The sun was above the trees on the hills and its incredible brilliance splattered all over the kitchen. The branches of the trees, coated with ice, flashed and glittered; the whole hillside was like a fairyland of spun glass. Again and again, as she pursued her work, she paused to look out the windows, with bright wonder in her eyes and small, inarticulate sounds of ecstasy on her lips.

Mel came up from the basement with a scuttle of coal, said, "How you doing, pal?" and carried it on into the living room. He moved with great self-assurance, as though he had lived in the house a long time. Dumping the coal into the grate, he whistled spiritedly. Then he took the blanket from the sofa, where he had spent the night, folded it carefully and carried it back to the kitchen.

"Where'll I put it?"

"Oh, anywhere. On that chair."

He went to the window, dug his hands deep into his pockets and rocked on his heels. "Boy-oh-boy, what a day! What a day!" He turned, looked at the ceiling. "They up?"

"Yes. I met him in the hall. He told me he slept in another room, because she was tired and you get more rest sleeping alone. Well, we can eat now. You sit down and start."

"Gee!" he said, beaming. "Gee, you know, this is sure swell. Hurry up; you sit down too. Some day! Some food!" He peered up at her with a genial leer. "Some girl!"

"Fresh," she said, with a wise little smile.

"They going to eat breakfast here?"

She nodded. "Quarter to eight," she said.

But they did not come downstairs until almost eight. Bourne turned on the radio, to be ready for the eight-o'clock news broadcast, and Carrie wandered into the kitchen. She saw how clean and scrubbed and polished everything was. The sunlight on the windowpanes dazzled her.

"I like to look in strange kitchens," she said. "Do you mind?"

"Oh, not at all. Everything will be ready in a couple of minutes. Did you have a good sleep?"

"Marvelous. You have a wonderful view here. Look at the way the sun shines on the trees and bushes! Everything looks so different in the daylight."

FOR a few minutes Rose was puzzled, and then she knew why. There was something different in the woman's face this morning, in her eyes. Maybe it was because she had had such a good sleep. At any rate, her body was straighter, there was more life in her voice, her smile was brighter.

"Now it's ready. You can eat now," Rose said.

Carrie went into the dining room. "Ben?"

"All right, dear." He came in briskly, rubbing his hands together, said, "Fair and warmer," and sat down. As an afterthought, he added: "Cheerful room, isn't it?" His remarks were offhand. The expression in his eyes seemed turned inward, as though he pursued a line of thought that had nothing to do with his surroundings.

Rose, going on with her work in the kitchen, listened but heard little. They did not say much and what they did say was ordinary, commonplace; but their voices were good-tempered and the small, disconnected subjects that cropped up between them were agreed upon amicably.

When they were ready to leave, Rose opened the front door and Bourne went out with the bags. Carrie shook Rose's hand and said she hoped they would have the pleasure of stopping by again sometime. Rose thought she looked very clear-eyed and pretty this morning.

"Goodby," she said. "Come again."

She leaned in the doorway. As they were driving off Mel drove up and turned into the driveway. He came striding up to the porch.

"A guy pulled me out," he said.

She was a little puzzled but he did not notice it.

"Look, now," he said. "I got to be getting. But look, how about going to the movies some night?"

"I'd love to," she said.

"You would? Well, look. How about tonight? I could drive over after supper, we could go to the movies and then maybe we could stop by the Ritterhouses' and play some pinochle."

"Oh, that would be awfully nice. I'd love it!"

He cocked his index finger. "Okay, Rose. Be seeing you."

"Mel," she said, still caught in her puzzlement.

"Huh?"

"Those people—they just drove back the way they came from last night. They drove back west."

He grinned, waved his hand toward the west. "Phooey on those people! See you tonight about eight." He strode off, his boots crackling in the snow.

She hugged her breasts, smiled, and felt a delicious, thrilling shudder go through her body.

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Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 16

the watering trough, forlornly regarding the smug jallopies that nuzzled against it.

There were business places grouped around the square, all facing toward the courthouse, as though to ask its indulgence: two drugstores, and the gleaming Bon Marche, and the yellow brick Karnak Hotel. There were Dave Levy's Novelty Shop, and Goss & Williams—Hardware; and Tony Marino's Grocery and Sanborn's Shoe Shop and the Bon Ton Barber Emporium and Lefty Bragan's malodorous poolroom. On the square, too, were the Karnak Baptist Church, and the Bond Street Shop—Men's Clothing, and Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, which was owned and operated by those two ancient and impeccable maiden ladies, the Misses Eva and Mathilda Branham, who were referred to by the entire community as The Girls.

Gregg smiled at Lynn. He said, "Pretty far away, isn't it?"

She looked at him gratefully.

"Yes. Very. I'm even beginning to hope that it's far enough."

ORIGINALLY it had been a wagon road, but since the organization of the Karnak Hunt Club the title of bridle trail had been bestowed upon it. Whatever the name, it cut through a forest of tall, dignified pines. It was a gray road, and sandy, and the hoofs of the horses made scarcely any sound.

The two horses were very close together, and so, of necessity, were the riders. Lynn wore a riding habit loaned her by a friend of the Stuarts—Carol Faulkner—and she sat her mount comfortably, as one to whom this was no new experience. Gregg looked taller and rangier in his jodhpurs and flannel shirt. The air was crisp and keen and fragrant with the odor of pine and of wood smoke that drifted from some not too distant cabin.

They had started out gaily an hour before, racing through the flat, piny woods, exhilarated by the zestful morning air. Now they were returning home—for a belated breakfast—but obviously they were in no hurry to reach their destination.

Lynn became conscious of their crawling pace. She smiled at Gregg and said, "Just like Paul Revere—only slower."

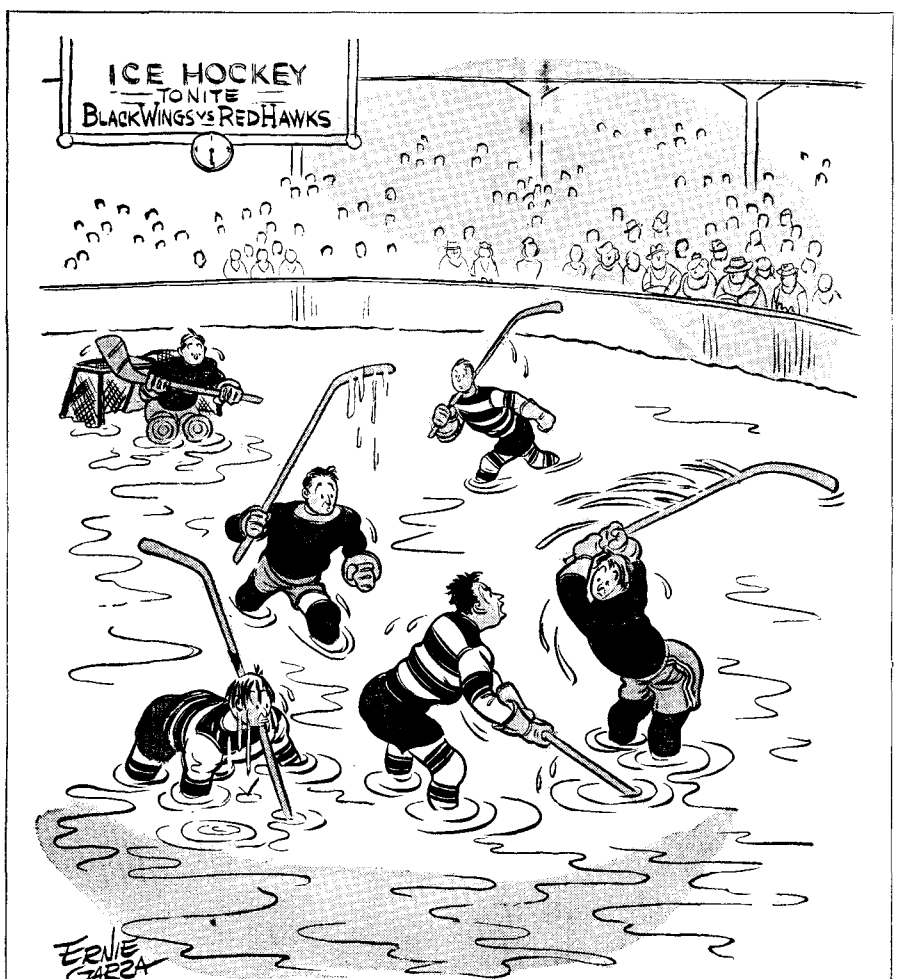
"The Redcoats will wait," he answered, "and so will our breakfast. Besides, we had coffee before we started."

His mount obligingly edged closer to the horse that Lynn rode, so that the knees of the riders rubbed against each other. Gregg looked at the girl beside him—color high in her cheeks, eyes bright and untroubled, light brown hair attractively disheveled, thighs firmly rounded under the tight riding breeches. He asked suddenly, "Enjoying yourself?"

"What do you think, Gregg?"

He didn't answer that one, because there was no need. He hadn't known what she was like before their meeting, and at first he had seen her only under stress of fright. But down here she had been different—bright and gay and vitally alive. Whatever trouble beset her was more than a thousand miles away, and only occasionally did he notice a shadow behind the clear brown eyes, only rarely did he find her looking at him speculatively as though debating the rightness of her presence—here—as his guest.

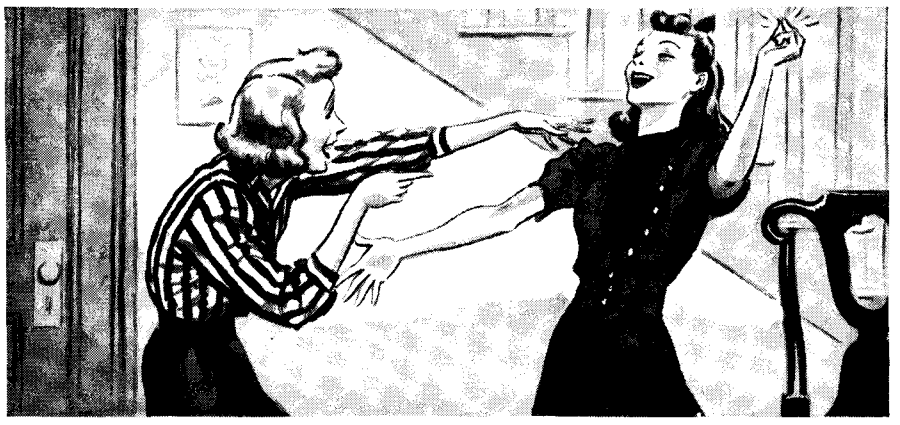
The circumstances of their introduction had been avoided as a topic of conversation. She had shown no inclination to confide in him, and he had been reluctant to intrude. But other things had been happening: things that were



"Don't you think it's kinda stuffy in here?" ERNIE GARZA

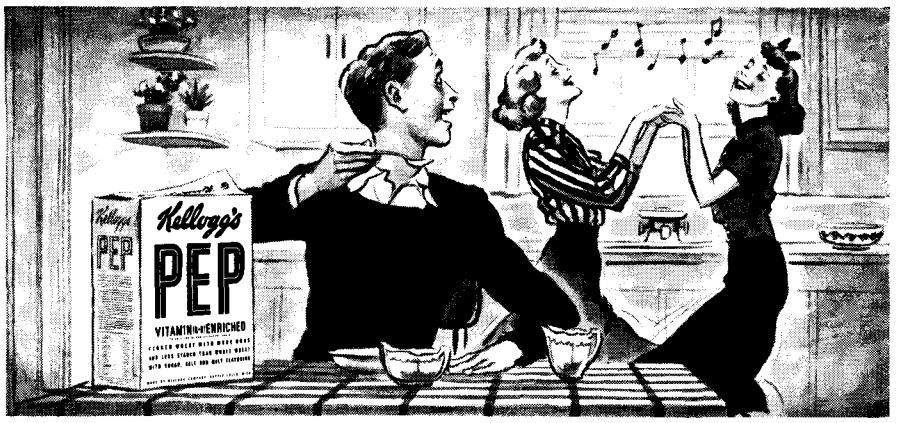
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Sue: No use, Anne! We'll never find a girl for Junior!



Anne: I know what he needs! It's more *pep appeal!* Look at what he eats. How can he expect to feel right? I'll bet he isn't getting all his vitamins.

Sue: Vitamins! Pep! That gives *me* an idea. I know a perfectly grand breakfast cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D. We'll start him tomorrow.



Junior: (next day) Say! While you two were lecturing me about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a swell *cereal* PEP is. Best I ever tasted. It's me for *it* every day!

The Girls: (sometime later) Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

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5,000 Retail Merchants Join Kelvinator in a New Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling, and now announce these Larger, Finer 1940 Refrigerators at Amazingly Low Prices.

AND

Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

SIZE

BIG 6

6¼ cubic foot

Large "Family-Size"

NAME

NEW 1940 KELVINATOR

FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

PRICE

$119.95*

DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, you'll see 1940 Kelvinator Electric Refrigerators *at startling new low prices.* These are *new 1940 models* and not obsolete, last year refrigerators.

This is the ringing answer of a company and its 5000 dealers, to a nation-wide need—for a larger, finer refrigerator at a much lower price.

Knowing that millions of families need to replace obsolete, uneconomical, undersized models—knowing that millions of others have yet to own their first refrigerator—Kelvinator has adopted an entirely new building and selling program!

HOW KELVINATOR DID IT

FIRST, we found a *more efficient* way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on six-cubic-foot-size models and larger, we are able to build big refrigerators at a *lower* cost.

THIRD, anticipating greatly increased sales, we are *doubling* our production schedules, and passing on the manufacturing savings to you.

Frankly, the prices speak for themselves. Even in the face of rising costs they are $30.00 to $60.00 less than last year . . . size for size . . . quality for quality . . . right through the complete Kelvinator household line.

Just compare the quality of the 1940 SS-6 model shown at the right with America's most expensive electric refrigerators!

FINEST KELVINATORS EVER MADE

Look at its operating unit . . . the famous, cost-cutting Polarsphere sealed unit.

Look at its cabinet . . . welded-steel, all porcelain-on-steel lining inside; finished in bright, long-life Permalux outside. More than 11 square feet of shelf space. Two extra-fast freezing shelves with 4 trays that deliver 84 big ice cubes in one quick freezing.

Look at its fine features: Automatic light. Kelvin Control that permits you to regulate freezing speeds and cabinet temperatures. Space for frozen food storage. Big cold storage tray for meats. Seventeen other features!

You get full assurance of satisfaction by the Five Year Protection Plan, offered by America's oldest maker of Electric Refrigerators.

Other 1940 Kelvinator values in big 6-cubic-foot-size refrigerators are shown at the right. They, too, are values that shatter all precedent.

See them, especially the models with the revolutionary new "Moist-Master" System.

Visit your Kelvinator dealer (he *alone* has these values)—and remember, you can't go wrong on picking the best 1940 refrigerator if you do these three things: Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

KELVINATOR DIVISION,
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

To help you decide for yourself, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a "consumer" booklet, "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide", containing authoritative information on 1940 refrigerator values. Get your copy before you buy!

Offered Today By 5000

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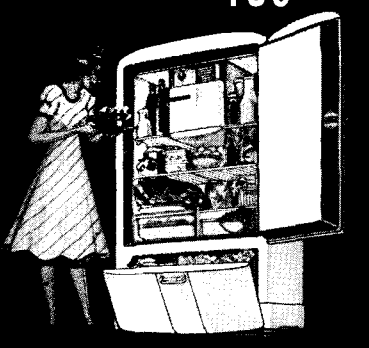
HERE IT IS!

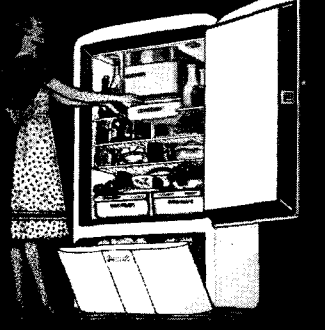
A COMPLETE LINE, FEATURING FIVE 1940 KELVINATOR SIXES

Model SS-6, in main illustration at left, Only $119.95*

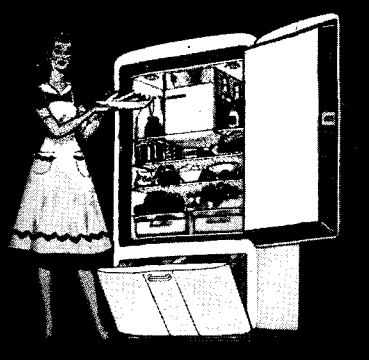
WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR? Model S-6 features complete equipment... big vegetable bin, new-type ice trays, sliding crisper. Compare with $180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price—through its new price program—now only . . . $139.95*



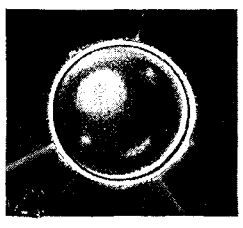
WANT "MOIST-COLD"? Model HS-6 has the new "Moist-Master" System. Higher humidities, decreasing loss of moisture from foods. Compare with models at $230. Kelvinator's price—through its new price program—now only $169.95*



WANT ALL DELUXE FEATURES? Model R-6 has DeLuxe equipment... 2 Crispers, Cold Chest, new Speedy Cube trays, etc. Compare it with $210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price—through its new price program—now only $179.95*



WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR EVER MADE? Then you want the HD-6! Has *all* conveniences, *plus* "Moist-Master" System! Compare it with any refrigerator from $230 to $300. Kelvinator's price—through its new price program—now only . . . $209.95*



TAKE ADVANTAGE OF POLARSPHERE SAVINGS

Kelvinator's sensational Polarsphere saves many dollars yearly on current costs alone. The Polarsphere sealed unit uses current less than 20% of the time and has sufficient capacity to keep five refrigerators cold, under average household conditions. Sealed-in system—never requires oiling; has what we believe to be the finest record for trouble-free performance of any cold-making unit used in electric refrigerators today.

See Kelvinator's new 1940 Electric Ranges, Washers and Electric Water Heaters. A complete line of the biggest values we've ever offered. See them at your dealer's and compare with others!

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. They are exclusive of state and local taxes. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

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KELVINATOR DEALERS

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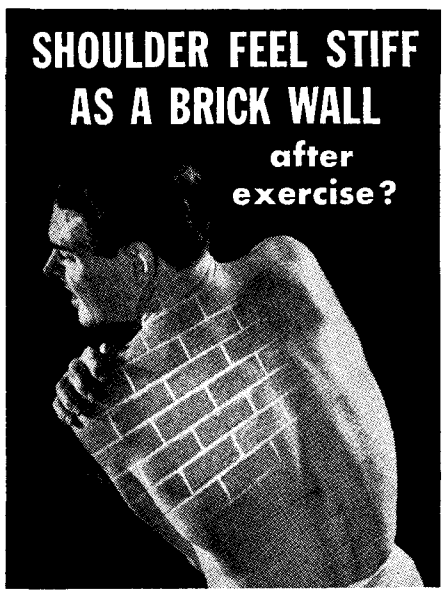

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SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE
TABLE LEFT-OVERS for VARIETY

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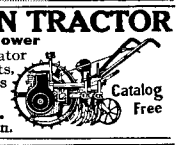
A Practical, Power Plow and Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Florists, Truckers, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers



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not outwardly dramatic, but that affected him seriously. He didn't know just when it had started—probably that first night. . . . Good Lord! It was just one week ago. . . . He reached over and took her hand. It was warm and responsive.

"Read my thoughts," he challenged.

"My specialty." She turned toward him, laughing. Then the smile vanished and she looked away quickly. She said gently, "Let's don't play that way, Gregg."

"Why not?"

"Must you ask?"

"I must."

"You know the answer. It simply isn't fair."

"But it *is* fair. I don't give a damn what you've been up against—or why. You're yourself down here—and that's what I'm interested in."

"I can't stay here, Gregg. I have to go back to New York some day."

"Why?"

"Because—" Her words were direct but her voice wasn't very steady. She said, "I know what you're trying to tell me, Gregg—but don't. And you know what I'd like to tell you—and won't."

"But, Lynn . . ."

The pressure of her hand on his was amazingly strong. "Gregg," she pleaded, "please don't. Haven't I told you enough—about how I feel? I'm being honest. It would be awfully easy to let myself go—but I won't be so unfair."

He looked at her steadily. "You're sure that's the way you want it?"

"No-o . . . it isn't the way I want it. It's the way it must be."

He withdrew his hand, and she restrained a desire to reach for it again, to tell him how much she cared, to let herself go completely. . . . She said, tremulously, "Mister?"

"Yes, Lady?"

"Promise to be good?"

He smiled—just a little. "I'll guard my words, if that's what you mean. But if you think I'll quit thinking about you—and dreaming about you . . . you're crazy as hell."

She touched heels to the horse's flanks, and the animal—roused from its lethargy—leaped forward. "Speed," she called over her shoulder. "That's what we need. Out of the rut! Homeward bound!"

He spurred after her, trying to match her new mood. His horse thundered close behind hers. "A couple of yoicks," he called, "and a nice, reliable tallyho if you wish it."

THEY passed a long, low, rambling residence, and Lynn smiled. "That's one of the club cottages, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. The Deerings'. Why?"

"Cottage!" She glanced at the spreading veranda, the lavish solarium, the gleaming windows of the living and dining rooms, the elaborate kitchen wing. She said, "I'd love to see what you'd call a mansion."

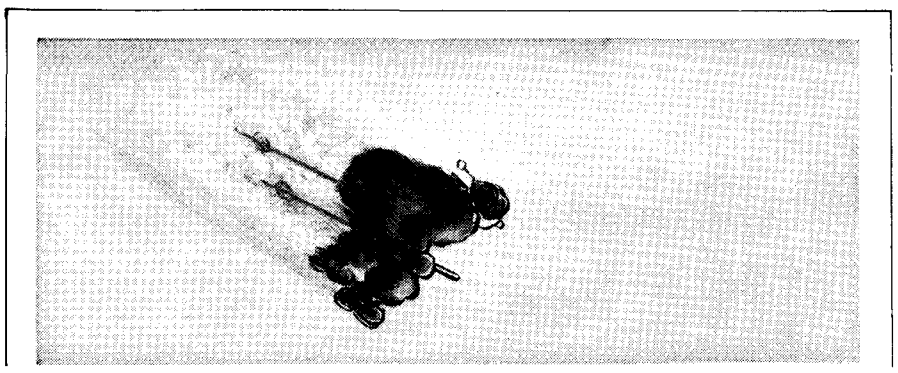
He grinned. "Why not such, Miss Harrison? The ladies and gents who belong to this club can afford it—and certainly they enjoy it."

"I know. But I'm not accustomed to such luxury. I thought I might even have to rough it a bit . . . and I've never in my life lived so royally. Now that one, for instance . . . you'd hardly call it cute."

She designated a two-story structure of cypress logs. "Ten rooms, at least; servants' quarters, bath with every bedroom, game room . . ."

"Madge and Wally Andrews," explained Gregg. "They got in yesterday. They have more money than the law allows—and they're the swellest couple you ever met. Complete and absolute tops. You'll meet 'em at the Thanksgiving dance tonight."

They turned off the main trail onto the roadway leading to the Stuart home.



Through the pines she caught a glimpse of the lodge. She had been in there several times, playing billiards with Gregg, and table tennis. There was a spacious lounge two stories in height, with a second-floor balcony looking down on it. Off that balcony were guest rooms, and rooms for members who had no cottages of their own. Just off the lounge were the dining room and bar, and in the basement the recreation center: bowling alleys, two table-tennis tables, billiards and snooker pool.

There was a swimming pool outside for spring and summer guests, and four superb tennis courts. There was a rifle range and skeet grounds and a sporting little nine-hole pitch-and-putt course. Thirty thousand acres in all, stocked with game and protected against trespass. Lynn had heard about places like this, but she had never seen one. Her days were a succession of surprises. Most of all she was astonished by the matter-of-fact way Gregg Stuart accepted all this. He—and all his fellow members—seemed to think it was natural and not worthy of comment. Lynn thought, "They're all terribly wealthy . . . and so sane about enjoying themselves."

No formality here, no stiffness, no reserve. At the moment there were about fifty members at the club. Lynn had felt strange at first, but only briefly. These weren't the sort of folks you could feel strange with for long. She was a friend of the Stuarts, she was their guest. That was more than enough.

Lynn and Gregg turned their mounts over to a diminutive stableboy and crossed the veranda. Gregg took her arm and said, "Look."

Inside the living room the phonograph was dispensing catchy Spanish music. Toby Fuller, skirts raised so as to expose delectable legs, was facing a tall, handsome woman of about fifty-three. She was saying to Gregg Stuart's mother:

"You gotta get the knees into it. Every dope thinks the mmmmph in the rumba comes from the hips. Well, it don't, see? This way. It's a one-two-three beat, and you're shifting the weight back and forth from one foot to the other. You're supposed to let the knees ride with it. That gives you the hippy motion that drives 'em wild. Try it with me; easy . . . that's it. . . . Now get hot and let's go to town!"

MRS. STUART was intent on the lesson. She heard her son enter with Lynn Harrison, and spoke without looking away from Toby Fuller's sinuous body. She said, "Morning, Gregg. How'm I doin'?"

He watched her critically for a moment. "You're doin' disgracefully well. Try that at the dance tonight and they'll pitch you out on your ear."

Mrs. Stuart said to Toby, "I'm beginning to get it. You tell your hips to behave, then make 'em disobey."

"You've got it—and how." The tall blond girl grinned at Lynn. "She has that certain somethin'—no kidding. Must have been born with a daiquiri in her hand."

Lynn and Gregg ate breakfast: air-

"Last season, when he was here, it was just a theory" JAY IRVING

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"WHO SAID ALL CARS ARE ALIKE TODAY?"

"I handle 50 cars a day, and believe me, Dodge has something no other car can match—that's Dodge Engineering!"

"It doesn't cost you a cent extra, but it sure saves you money in lots of ways!" says J. R. Zounek, Assistant Supt., Kent Grand Central Garage, New York City.

MR. NEW-CAR BUYER, if anyone tells you that all cars are alike today, consider what Mr. Zounek says. Here's a man who knows *all about all makes* of cars, yet he says Dodge has something no other car can match. That's Dodge engineering!

Consider this fact, too: *4,061 engineers bought Dodge in the last 12 months!*† Think of it! Electrical engineers, structural engineers, mechanical engineers... engineers of all types...men whose life work is *engineering*...not only praise Dodge, but buy Dodge in preference to other cars!

Think what Dodge Engineering means to you. In addition to beauty and luxury, it assures you brilliant performance, longer car life, fewer repair bills, and big savings on gas and oil. Yet it is yours at no added cost. *Dodge Engineering costs you nothing extra!*

And the 1940 Dodge also gives you those good things that delight the eye and that make motoring a pleasure: smart new lines, gorgeous interiors, new Full-Floating Ride, plus more new ideas than in any previous model in Dodge history!

Why not inspect this magnificent new Luxury Liner at your Dodge dealer's right away? You'll be amazed that such a big, luxurious car can sell for just a few dollars more than small cars! And remember, you can buy on budget terms to suit your needs!

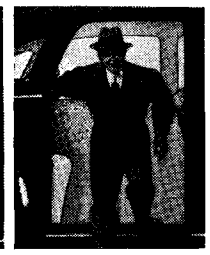
†*October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.*

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

1940 Dodge 2-door Sedan $815, delivered in Detroit*

NEW *FULL-FLOATING RIDE!*
Wheels are moved backward, seats forward, so now all passengers ride in buoyant "Comfort Zone" *between* the axles!

OLD WAY. Say good-bye to "dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out difficult.



NEW WAY. With new 1940 Dodge *straight* rear door, you *walk* right in and out!

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS!
DODGE SEDANS
$815 AND UP
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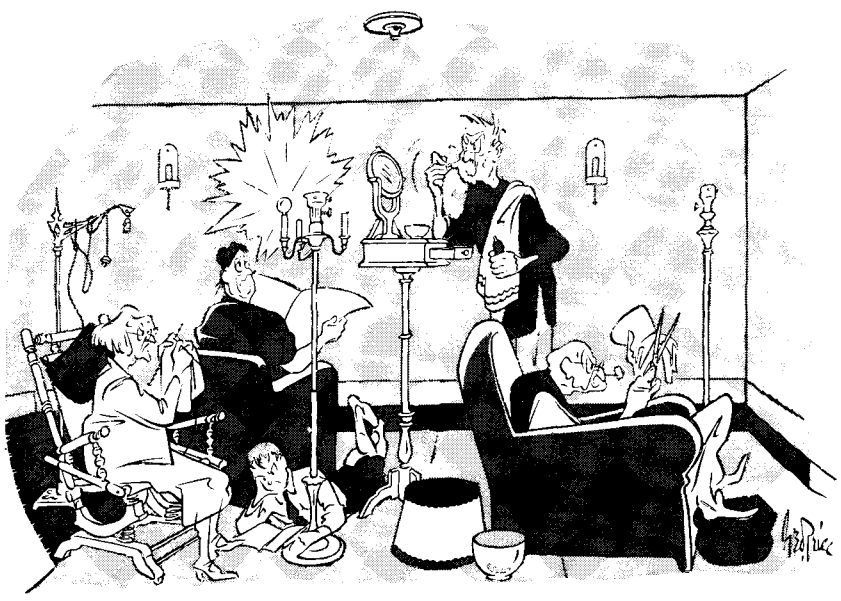

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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

light biscuits and scrambled eggs and little sausages and hominy grits—which Lynn really didn't like—and finally waffles with country butter and maple syrup. "And thus fortified," stated Gregg, "we'll shift into more appropriate raiment and go stalk the elusive partridge."

An hour later, accompanied by a sleek and eager pointer, they were moving slowly across a barren field that was studded with thickets. Gregg was carrying a 12-gauge automatic and Lynn a 16-gauge double-barreled job. They were intent—and so was the dog—but they flushed only one covey. Lynn fired twice and missed. When Gregg turned loose the birds already had whirred out of range and he didn't have a chance. She said, "You shouldn't have waited."

"I'm getting used to waiting," he smiled, and she looked away.

AT LUNCHEON they discussed the Thanksgiving dance that night, and what they were to wear. Mrs. Stuart assured them that it didn't matter: some would dress and others would come just as they were. There weren't any rules or regulations. "But," she finished, looking at the two girls, "if I were as young as either of you, or half as beautiful—I'd wear the most daring evening duds I had."

She was that way, Mrs. Stuart. She idolized her tall, rangy son. But she was more his friend than his mother. "With a mother like her," commented Toby that afternoon as she and Lynn stretched out on the twin beds of the room they shared, "a guy couldn't help but be right."

The dance was to be at the lodge. Nine o'clock was the hour. Lynn selected a severely plain dinner dress of black; Toby was *definitely* less conservative. "Might as well mow 'em down first time out," she stated. " 'Tain't fair to make a man guess what you've got."

The four of them—Mrs. Stuart, Gregg and the two girls—reached the lodge at 9:40. They were welcomed by the music of Dunc Whiteley's Karnak Swing Hounds—music that was slightly overboard on drums and trumpet. Mrs. Stuart said, "I hope they play a few rumbas."

"I'd better keep an eye on her," chuckled Gregg. "She's in a dangerous mood."

They were greeted with acclaim, and Toby with downright enthusiasm. There were two males to every female, and Toby was considerable female. Lynn was equally in demand. One young gentleman swept her off and said to Gregg, "I know she's yours, but you've still got to take your turn," and Gregg laughed and waved and went to dance with his mother.

Gregg captured Lynn when the set ended and took her around the room, introducing her to the many she had not yet met. He made a particularly grand presentation to one couple. "These nitwits," he announced, "are Madge and Wally Andrews. They own the tiny jewel box you noticed this morning."

Lynn said, "How do you do," and shook hands with them. She liked them instinctively.

Wally Andrews was about forty years of age. He was short and stout and more than slightly inclined to baldness. But there were quizzical lines about the corners of his mouth and a chronic twinkle in his blue eyes.

His wife was shorter and comfortably plump, and she fairly sparkled. Lynn remembered what Gregg had told her about them: That they were so right that social position didn't matter at all; that they had more money than they knew what to do with, and that they were probably the craziest, happiest married couple in the world. Well, she reflected, they looked it. Nice folks. Contented folks. Unpretentious folks.

Mrs. Stuart joined them, and a couple named Newton. Gregg was pleased to see that they all liked Lynn. But he noticed something else, too . . . a quick, startled glance passed between Madge Andrews and her husband; a brief shaking of heads and a fleeting expression of disbelief and bewilderment. It was all very quick, and over almost before it registered, but when the music started again and Gregg danced with Lynn only to be promptly cut in on . . . he dropped into a chair, lighted a cigarette and watched the Andrewses.

Something was wrong. They were talking earnestly and their faces were grave and perturbed. Gregg knew that they were discussing Lynn.

He was puzzled. The Andrewses weren't the sort to gossip about anyone. They were above gossip, above anything that was mean or petty or sordid.

It wasn't at all in character, and Gregg's curiosity got the better of him. Anybody else—he'd have paid no attention. But the Andrewses . . .

He dropped into a seat beside them and commented, "Nifty party."

"Grand," said Wally, his face masklike.

Gregg plunged right in: "Nice girl, Miss Harrison—don't you think?"

"Lovely," breathed Madge.

Gregg said, "Out with it."

They looked at him, startled. "Out with what?" inquired Wally.

"Don't play cute. When I introduced Lynn, you both looked as if you'd seen a ghost. Since then you've been talking to each other about her . . . and don't say you haven't because I know better."

"Don't be a damn' fool, Gregg."

"Naughty, Wally. Little boys mustn't evade."

Wally Andrews hesitated for a minute, then turned to his plump, comfortable little wife. He asked, "Shall I, Madge?"

"Why not?"

WALLY spoke slowly: "Remember reading in the papers about Madge and me being held up on Long Island last Thursday night?"

"I'll say. Papers said they got that prize emerald of yours, and Madge's pet pearls. Right?"

"It was quite an experience. We were held up by a tall young man and a girl. Naturally, we remember every tiniest detail—"

"You said that once."

"We-e-ell, and forgive me, old man . . . it's silly and all that . . . but Miss Harrison just happens to look enough like the girl who helped hold us up to be—well, to be her twin sister. Doesn't she, Madge?"

"It's the strangest thing," amplified Madge. "And you never should have asked questions, Gregg . . . because it makes us look awfully stupid. Just because a friend of yours happens to look like a holdup . . . what do you call 'em, Wally?"

"Moll?"

"I think that's it. I'm sorry, Gregg. But I was so frightened that night . . . and really the resemblance *is* startling."

Something had tightened inside Gregg, but he forced a laugh that he hoped sounded genuine. "It *is* queer how folks can look like other folks. . . . But you two certainly hit the peak of incongruity."

"There you go again," grumbled Wally. "Talkin' big words."

"What time of night were you held up?"

"About midnight."

"My, my, my! The witching hour." Gregg hoped they wouldn't hear the pounding of his pulses. "And how was this young lady dressed?"

"They were both in evening dress," stated Madge promptly. "That's what probably made the similarity more striking—seeing Miss Harrison in evening

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dress, too. But this other girl—she was wearing a white dress, with a dark wrap . . . it was the queerest thing . . ."

"And you two are the queerest people." Gregg looked around and forced himself to grin. And he said, "Sssssh! Don't tell anybody . . . but I was with Lynn that night, and she wasn't in evening dress, an' honest—cross my heart—I never held anybody up, not even rich folks like the Andrewses."

Wally said apologetically, "Can I help it if I'm a fool, Gregg?"

"I suppose not. How's about a bit of a dance, Madge?"

He swept her out on the floor, and sighed with relief when somebody cut in. Lynn was over in the corner in the arms of that stocky young engineer from Philadelphia.

Gregg Stuart stepped out into the night. The crisp pine air helped clear his head. He walked into the darkness and tried to think clearly. But that didn't seem to help, because the more clearly he thought, the more inevitably he reached a conclusion that he didn't want to reach.

He had met Lynn Harrison last Thursday night. She could have been on Long Island at the hour of the holdup and in the East Sixties in New York at the time he had met her. Her companion that night had been a tall young man in evening dress.

And that night Lynn Harrison had worn a white evening gown and a dark wrap.

Gregg thought miserably, "Now I'm beginning to understand. And I don't want to."

GREGG negotiated the traffic of Courthouse Square and nuzzled the roadster against the curb in front of the Bon Marche store. Almost instantly Toby Fuller appeared and dropped into the seat beside him. He asked, "How was the shopping?"

"You'd be surprised."

"Took you a long time to buy two such little things."

"I'm a shopper—not a buyer."

He moved into traffic again and headed out Pineville Road. The residences along here faded from pretentiousness to drabness. Then the countryside surrounded them. Gregg asked, "Mind if I drive home the long way?"

"Mister Stuart! And you so young!"

The concrete ribbon along which they rolled was deserted, but Gregg drove at a snail's pace. Toby looked at him for a few minutes: at the sharply chiseled features, the narrowed gray eyes, the new lines at the corners of the mouth. She commented, "The universe must be botherin' you pretty considerable, Gregg."

THE smile he gave her was thin and mirthless. He said, abruptly, "How long have you known Lynn?"

Toby came back with a direct question. She asked, "Why?"

"Frankly, because I know so little about Lynn—and want to know so much."

"Again—why?"

"I'm pretty fond of her," Gregg stated simply.

"Aaaaah! Now we're getting places." Toby was beaming. "It's a gorgeous thing, Gregg—this love business. And everybody should try it—at least a few times."

"You don't need to sell me."

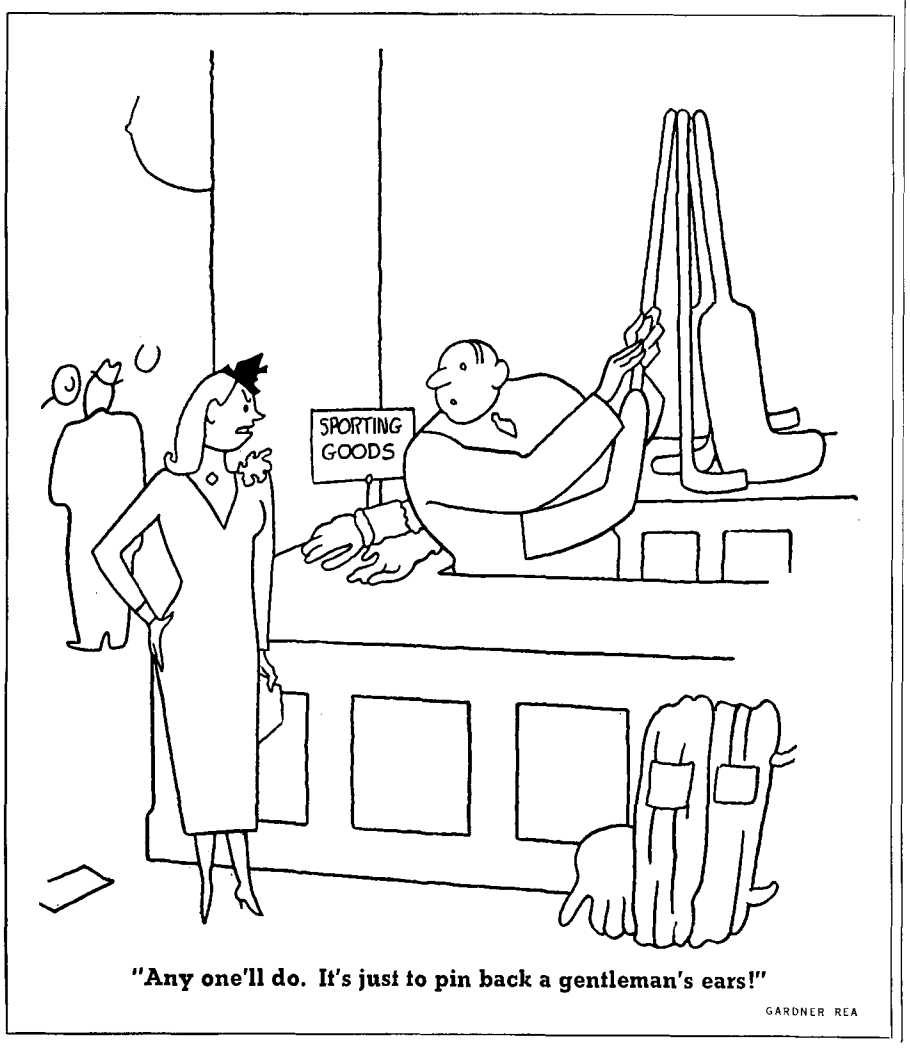
"Okay, brother. I'm passing along words of wisdom. You want the lowdown on Lynn Harrison—"

"I don't mean biographical data. . . ."

"Such language! And me a nice gal."

"Tell me something about Lynn herself." He was visibly embarrassed. "You know what I mean."

"Mamma knows. Now let me see: I've known Lynn for about three years—casually at first and then intimately. I suppose I'm her best friend—which is a break for me. She comes from somewhere in the corn belt and she's more New Yorky than Radio City. She knows art and is a lousy artist. Her job is safe and getting safer every day. She works hard and frequent; likes movies, a few



"Any one'll do. It's just to pin back a gentleman's ears!"

GARDNER REA

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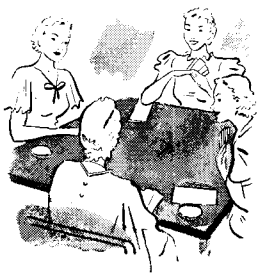
"I used to wash my car once a week, sometimes twice—and still it got dull. But since I Simonized, all I have to do is wipe off the dirt and spatterings with a cloth. Actually, the finish comes up as clean and sparkling as ever."

"Laura says the gals are all hepped up. They want to know why our car always glistens, when theirs are dull and shabby-looking. Just wait 'til Laura tells 'em how easy it is to save the paint and keep it beautiful with Simoniz. They'll jump right down their husbands' necks. And will they be Simonizing? Oh, Boy!"



"I don't know where I got the notion, but I always thought Simonizing was a tough job. Was I surprised when I tried using Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener! And with the new quick way, it's easier than ever. Say, why don't you get wise and Simoniz, too?"

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theaters, books and West Indies travel. She knows what it's all about, but doesn't practice."

"She must be popular—with men."

"You would ask that. And I ought to say yes—but I'm talking truth. As a matter of fact, she has a raft of men friends, but none of 'em seem to have enough on the ball to interest Lynn."

"No—er—particular involvement?"

"Gee! You sure do use up a lot of syllables to get your questions over. If you mean, is she overboard about any man—the answer is yes."

The car slued slightly, and Gregg said, "Oh . . ."

Toby was laughing. "Were you born dumb, Gregg, or did you educate yourself that way?"

"Meaning what?"

"You're asking for it—now you're gonna get it." Toby's voice carried conviction. "Mister Stuart, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that Miss Harrison is completely and entirely goofy—about you."

"Now wait a minute. . . ."

"Gee! Are you dense! Like a thicket. Isn't that what you wanted to know—or have I lost my sense of direction?"

His face was flushed. "Of course, I wanted to know . . . But it wasn't exactly that. . . ."

"Swim right this way. The life preserver will hold you up. But quit floundering. Let's have it."

"Lynn's life in New York . . . she's told me so little about it. Is she happy? Has she many worries . . . ?"

"So *that's* it. Well, if you think you're going to be a knight-errant and rescue Lynn from difficulties, I'm afraid you're off on the wrong foot. I never knew anybody who lived such a placid life—or had so little to worry her. I'm sorry—but there you are."

Gregg said, "Thanks." Toby had convinced him of one thing and one thing only: Whatever Lynn's trouble might be, Toby didn't suspect it. Toby was an open book. He swung the car in a semicircle and headed toward the club. Toby leaned back and breathed deeply of the sharp November air. She said quietly, "You're nice people, Mister Stuart."

"Same to you, Miss Fuller—and many of 'em."

"Nice, but dumb. Why don't you say a few things to Lynn?"

"I shall."

"You could make lotsa hay sometime soon—while the moon is shining."

LYNN was alone in the living room of the Stuart cottage when Gregg and Toby walked in. She was staring into an oak log fire that Frenzy had lighted, and her expression was serious. For Toby's benefit, Gregg's greeting was light. He called, "Hi, Miss Muffet. How'd you like to be invigorated?"

Lynn got up and smiled. "It sounds indecent. When do we start?"

"Right now. Grab a coat and let's go roamin' amongst them there pines."

Toby called from the stairway, "I'll toss your coat down, Lynn. And don't back up against a palmetto. They scratch like hell."

They moved through the woods, slowly and aimlessly. It was Gregg who spoke first, and his question was casual. He asked, "Have a good time last night, Lynn?"

"Marvelous."

"Like the people?"

"Yes . . ."

He tried to conceal the worry he felt. "How'd you like Madge and Wally Andrews?"

"The pudgy little couple? I loved 'em."

"They're tops." He hesitated briefly. Then: "They usually get here sooner, but they were detained a few days in New York."

"Yes . . . ?"

He said deliberately: "Thursday—a week ago—they were held up in the wilds of Long Island, and robbed. Quite a haul, too. A very famous emerald brooch Madge was wearing, and a string of matched pearls. Up in the hundreds of thousands, I believe."

Lynn's cheeks were white and she said sharply, "Oh!"

"Interested?" inquired Gregg.

"Yes. Very."

"Something very odd happened last night, Lynn. Perhaps you noticed them staring at you and talking about you."

"Yes . . . I thought so. . . ."

"I noticed, too. I asked them what was up, and they told me the strangest story . . . one of those absurd coincidences."

She said tensely, "Go ahead, Gregg, please."

"It was the silliest thing. They were held up about midnight by a tall young man in dinner clothes, and an attractive girl who was wearing a white evening gown and a dark wrap. And they were laughing over the fact that you looked enough like that woman to be her twin sister. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Very."

He saw that she was waiting, and that her slim figure was taut. He continued, relentlessly: "They were terribly apologetic—and amused, even, by the resemblance. I had a good laugh over it, and suggested that it might not be tactful to tell you that you looked like a bandit."

"Thoughtful of you."

"It was all very gay and foolish. I even assured them that they need have no apprehension, because I was with you all that evening—cocktails, dinner and somewhere else—I forget exactly what I said. But it was quite reassuring."

"What else, Gregg?"

"A Pelion of coincidence piled on an Ossa of happenstance. The holdup occurred eight days ago on Thursday night. The Andrewses haven't anything to worry about. They're magnificently rich, and the loss was covered by insurance anyway." He lighted a cigarette and said casually, "Just thought you might be interested, Lynn. Now let's talk about something else."

"No . . ." Her voice was flat. "Let's continue talking about that."

"If you wish."

She said levelly, "You're trying to warn me, aren't you, Gregg?"

"Am I?"

"I *could* have been on Long Island at that hour of that night. I was with a tall young man who was in dinner clothes, and who had a gun. I *was* wearing a white gown and a dark evening wrap. Surely, Gregg, you haven't forgotten all that?"

"No, I haven't forgotten."

She said, "I'm sorry, Gregg. I tried—honestly, I did—to keep you out of this mess. I was a fool to let you bring me here. Of course, I didn't think—"

"That you might meet Madge and Wally Andrews here?"

"Something like that."

HE TOOK her hand. It lay limp and icy in his palm. He said simply, "I happen to love you, Lynn. Can't you talk to me?"

She stared at him. Then she snatched her hand away and said sharply, "Don't! Not now!"

"Surely, you can trust me."

She faced him tensely: "Of course I can trust you. But I can't say a word. Don't you suppose I'd have told you long ago if it'd been possible? Do you suppose I want to keep this thing bot-

"I just remembered, dear—I took the spare tire out to make room for the luggage" D. HUFFINE

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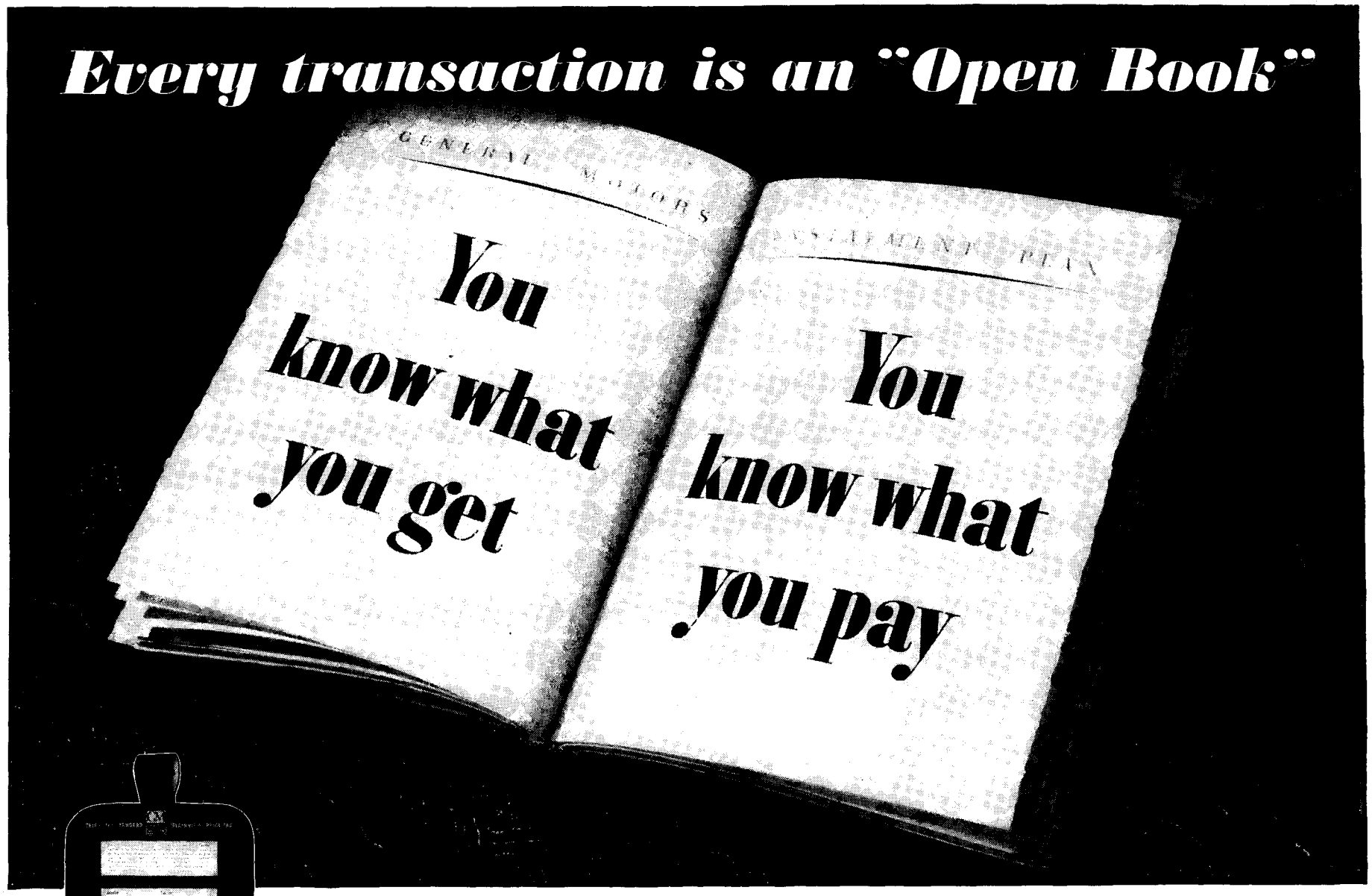

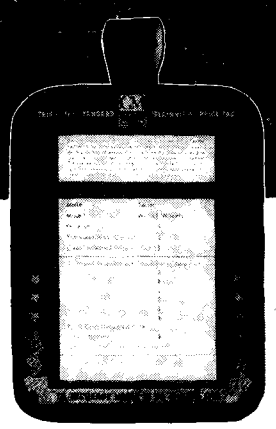

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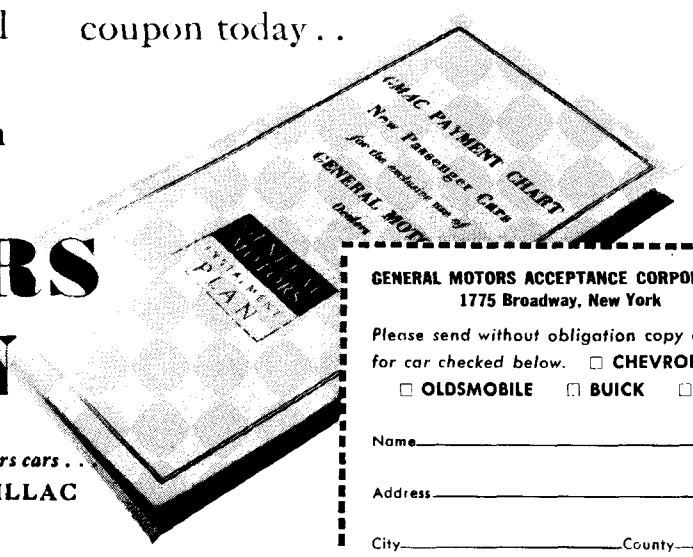

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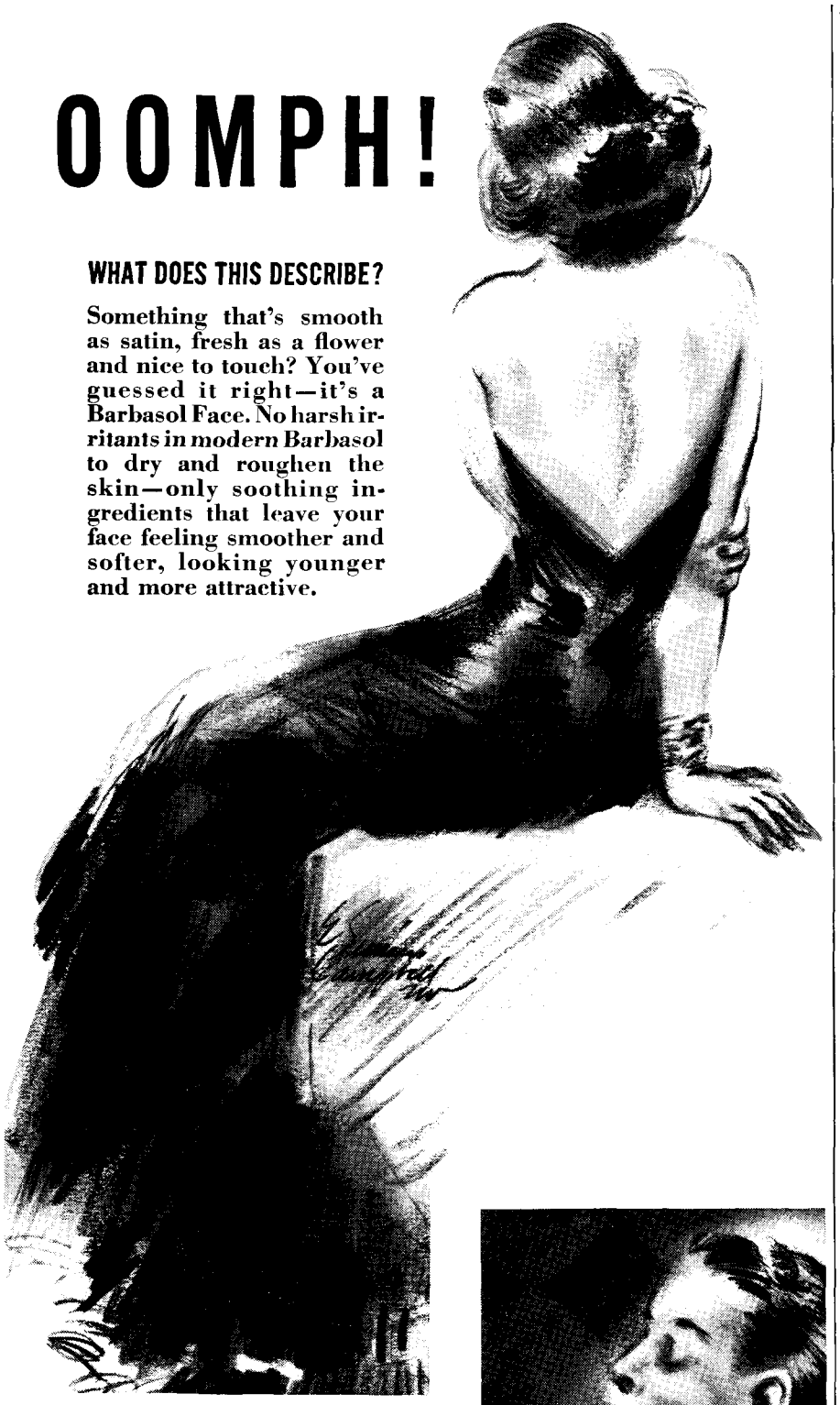

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Something that's smooth as satin, fresh as a flower and nice to touch? You've guessed it right—it's a Barbasol Face. No harsh irritants in modern Barbasol to dry and roughen the skin—only soothing ingredients that leave your face feeling smoother and softer, looking younger and more attractive.

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No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

tled up inside me? But I can't explain, Gregg—to you, or to anybody else."

He saw that she was near the breaking point. He stepped close and put his arms around her. She pressed against him and sobbed quietly. Then she pulled away and dabbed at her eyes with a ridiculous little handkerchief. She said, "Sorry. I'll be a good girl from now on."

He tried to rally her: "It was nice."

She walked on and he fell into step beside her. She spoke at length, wearily: "I'm leaving right away, Gregg."

He shook his head. "No. You can't do that."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be an awfully smart move, Lynn."

He was thinking, "This thing is preposterous. She *was* in that holdup. It isn't just a resemblance. She was the girl." Then he came back to his starting point—which was also his conclusion: "That's ridiculous. It's true—but it's a lie anyway."

She hadn't denied anything. She knew he knew—and that was that. But she wasn't explaining, either: that bewildered him most of all. It was a senseless, answerless, grotesque situation . . . especially, he reflected—finding himself in love with her.

She said, carefully, "You mean that the Andrewses are now convinced that it was merely a resemblance; but if I ran away they might again get—ideas?"

"Something like that."

"I see. . . ." She walked on slowly, head bent. "I'm debating something, Gregg: Whether I have a right to stay."

"Let me decide that," he commanded gruffly.

She said suddenly, "You understand that Toby suspects nothing of this?"

"I know."

"How do you know?"

"I probed—when I was driving her out from Karnak a little while ago."

She smiled—just a flash. . . . "You'll be ruined by your honesty, Gregg. It's a bad habit, really."

"I told you—"

"I heard, and . . . you're pretty fine. But this isn't the time. I don't know whether the right time will ever come. Believe it or not, I'm almost as bewildered as you are."

"This other man—Rick?"

"I'm afraid of him, that's all."

"But the police—"

"I told you that I couldn't explain. I still can't."

He shrugged and looked away. Then he said quietly, "Would it help any if we got married?"

She stared at him and her eyes filled with tears. "Don't, Gregg! I can't take it."

"Sorry. . . ." He knew what she meant, all right. He said, "But you will be sensible: You will stay?"

She thought it over, and then nodded. "I'll stay a while longer." Her hands moved nervously. "There's something—something awfully important—that I have to do before I leave here."

FRENZY GILLINGS was in a quandary and didn't know how to get out.

Mr. Gillings had been born and bred in Karnak, where he had been a person of modest dimensions and ambitions. But his selection as valet by Gregg Stuart had altered the course of his life, including his mental processes.

Returning to Karnak after a year in New York with Gregg, Frenzy had encountered things—things that were pleasant at first, but that now threatened to engulf him in a tide of disaster. It was his own fault—partly—because he had been hoist by the petard of his own inclination to strut. And besides, he hadn't understood about Joe Herring when he first made advances to Fauna Jones.

Fauna was cook and maid for the Stuart ménage in Karnak. She was a delectable young lady, of rich coloradomaduro complexion—with bright eyes and a sharp tongue. In Frenzy's earlier days in Karnak, she had been far beyond his reach, and recently he hadn't been able to resist a very human impulse.

Returning to the land of his birth, Frenzy had made a gay play for Fauna. Of course, he wasn't really serious about her. He was at heart a misogynist, but all his adolescent life she had represented the ultimate of unattainability in the dusky social world of Karnak. Now the tables had been turned. Frenzy Gillings, amoeba of Karnak, had become the great Frenzy Gillings of New York, a sophisticated gentleman of broad vision and vast experience.

His initial advances toward Fauna had met with astonishing success. Encountering each other in the daily intimacy of the Stuart kitchen and servants' quarters, she had flattered him and catered to him and listened eagerly to his words of wisdom. Frenzy's ego expanded, and only this past Sunday night he had shot the works.

He had garbed himself in cream flannels—once the property of Gregg Stuart. Ignoring the November chill, he had taken Miss Jones to a church social on the outskirts of Karnak, and there he had given a superb example of plain and fancy strutting.

And that was where he had been introduced suddenly, violently and devastatingly to Mr. Joe Herring.

JOE was an outdoor man. He was slightly less tall than a pine tree. His complexion was Stygian, his muscles magnificent, his brain infinitesimal and his instincts primitive. Having long been a suitor for the hand of Miss Fauna Jones—considering himself almost virtually engaged to commit matrimony with her—he naturally resented the intrusion of this elegant person from New York for whom Fauna exhibited such a definite preference.

Mr. Herring, being none too bright, couldn't understand that actually Miss Jones was not enamored of Frenzy, but was in the throes of ambition. Briefly, Fauna was desirous of becoming a New Yorker, and the simplest way of attaining that goal appeared to be to marry Mr. Gillings, and then to prevail on Mr. Stuart to take her North. Her idea was tough on Joe Herring and entirely unsuspected by Frenzy—but there it was.

The church social, which in its earlier hours had been a triumph for Mr. Gillings, had terminated less auspiciously. Joe Herring appeared, clad in the simple habiliments of the outdoor laborer, and introduced himself to Mr. Gillings. His frankness had been somewhat disconcerting.

"Listen, Two-Bit," stated Mr. Herring. "Who I don't like is you."

Mr. Gillings did not take heed. He struck an attitude and said superciliously, "Nor neither I don't crave you, Fiel' Han'."

"Trouble with you," analyzed Mr. Herring grimly, "is you got on too much white suit."

"It's all right with me," stated Frenzy. "An' also it pleases my gal pretty good."

Tactically, Frenzy erred in mentioning Fauna Jones, even by implication. Joe Herring clouded up and proceeded to storm. Big hands reached for Mr. Gillings, and powerful muscles did the rest. Quietly, unemotionally and most efficiently, Joe proceeded to roll Frenzy in the dirt. This was hard on the white flannels and destructive to Frenzy's pride. Mr. Herring, his chore completed, stood back and uttered a warning to Mr. Gillings.

"That," he announced, "will learn you to fool aroun' with another feller's gal."

(To be continued next week)

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Thanks for Your Voice

Continued from page 23

would be if the wheels themselves could speak in their own voice, if we could only shape that specific sound into words."

Wright mulled over the idea for a while and then consulted a sound expert, an electrical engineer. Could sound, he wanted to know, be transmitted through the outer walls of the throat and come out of the mouth? The expert said no, absolutely no. Experts are like that. But Wright was not convinced.

"Because one morning," he said, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "I was shaving underneath my chin, with my mouth open, and I heard the sound of my whiskers being cut coming out of my mouth. So right then and there I knew it could be done."

Donning hat and pants, he hurried down to a music shop to buy a tuning fork. While the girl was making change, he struck the fork on his knee, pressed its handle to the side of his throat and mouthed a silent "Hello." It came out faintly, "Hello" in A, the voice of the fork.

Then he went to work, nights, after he was through at the studio, with his wife Peg and a couple of cans of beer to cheer them on. It was two years and some 500 beers before he got a workable model.

The Buzz Does It

To begin with, his anatomical knowledge was this: He knew that ordinary speech is caused by two things: the buzz or hum made in the throat by air passing through the vocal cords, a buzz that can be raised and lowered in pitch and volume and that's all; and second, the modifications of this buzz in the mouth by palate, tongue, teeth and lips. If a man were born with the voice of a violin or a cement mixer in his throat, his words might be the same as ours, but they would come out like a speaking violin or cement mixer. What Gilbert Wright wanted to do was to supply another buzz for the human buzz in the throat.

Next, his mechanical and physical knowledge was this: That sound is vibration of air. A phonograph disk, for example, is a record of these vibrations cut into wax. Take the needle in your fingers, press it on a spinning record and you feel these vibrations, minutely. Wright's problem was to enlarge these movements so that they would actually cause the throat to vibrate.

He attached wires to the sound box of his phonograph, ran them into a pair of crude, tallow "biscuits," and stuck the ends into whisky-bottle corks which were set in the wax but left free to wiggle. They wiggled all right (so energetically that the first contact with your flesh is almost an electric shock), and on the same frequency with which the original sound had wiggled itself into the phonograph recording. Moreover, the same energy that vibrated the whisky corks could actually be heard coming from the open mouth when the corks were pressed firmly against the side of the throat. Eureka! His famous father, Harold Bell Wright, named the machine the Sonovox.

Now if you don't understand all this, don't worry. It's not just you. The inventor himself has written explanations of the thing for hundreds of people and never yet found anyone, he says, who understands completely without seeing the instrument work.

Once the obstacle of getting sound vibrations into the throat is overcome, then naturally it doesn't matter what kind of noise is used. All the articulator has to do is to surrender her throat to the mechanical vibrations as they come from the biscuit vibrators. The sound is formed into words by the positions of her mouth. The results are amusing, sometimes amazing.

Not All Trick Stuff

We heard Mrs. Wright speak with the voice of a fire siren. She made it wail, "Look out for me—oo—ee! I'm on my way—ee to a fire. Make way—ee—oo!" She made a clock count the number of strokes it struck. She made a calliope sing the words "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" which it was playing. She made a cow moo to her calf, "M-m-m-dinner, Willie. Come and get it-m-m-m!"

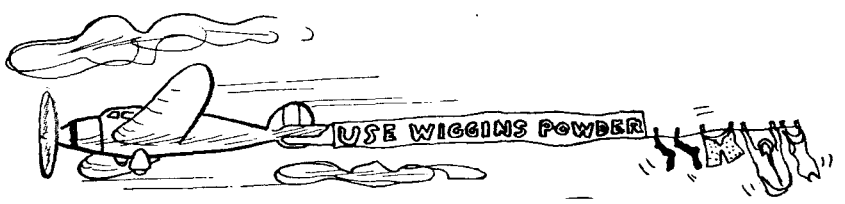
That's all very well, you say, but what about this great effect on motion pictures? After all, this is just trick stuff. And you're right. Even if Walt Disney did fall over himself to buy the exclusive cartoon rights to Sonovox, that's important, but not a sweeping change in the industry. Everybody knows that Disney is interested in giving personality to animals and objects. From the moment that Gilbert Wright made a tuning fork say "Hello" in its own voice, it was a cinch that Disney would be enthusiastic.

Already Disney technicians report that Donald Duck's quack accent has been cleared up by Sonovox so that, without losing any of his personality, he has become more intelligible. And there has been planned a Donald Duck mystery thriller, designed to give Sonovox "the works." Creaking doors, banging shutters, howling wind, claps of thunder, will actually speak words of warning into Donald's terrified ear.

But, with all due respect to the genius of Disney, cartoons are but a small part of the picture industry. So here we go to show you what an extremely important part in motion-picture production Sonovox or its progeny is going to play.

Remember that we heard Tito Schipa's Italian coming out of Mrs. Wright's mouth as English? When Sonovox is in common use, one man, say a Spaniard, will transmute and remold American pictures into Spanish. The American voices will be exactly the same, but the words as they come from the screen will be perfect Spanish. What the professional Sonovox articulator will do is to take a Sonovox machine, the sound track of the picture to be translated, and a little stool to sit on, and go off in a room by himself. He will practice a little for proper emphasis, then open his throat to the actors' voices, remouth their English into Spanish, and re-record their very own voices in Spanish.

And don't forget us, the English-speaking audiences. Likewise we may hear Boris Bobotchkin, Tito Guizar, our favorite foreign actors and actresses, and understand them. No more unsatisfac-



...the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley tobacco, aged in wood.

...the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste.

Packs easy in a pipe rolls smooth in a cigarette better tobacco for both.

Better Smoking Tobacco—say VELVET!

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tory dubbed sound which never seems to fit the rhythm of the action. No more superimposed titles jumping out at you from the bottom of the screen. In newsreels you may hear Hitler, in his own hysterical voice, address the Reichstag in English, if that's any treat. And Mussolini speaking to his Italian troops, and Daladier to the French cabinet members, and Hirohito on his white horse to his little brown people—all in remolded English. You won't miss a word. Sonovox brings you front-row seats.

One of Gilbert Wright's delights in his invention is that it will throw no one out of work, will take no jobs, but will create more. The profession of Sonovox articulator will be a new one and a well-paid one. It will be open equally to men and women, because what the articulator brings to his job is simply his mouth, plus his knowledge of the language—no voice at all. Tyrone Power gives his voice from the sound track. If the mouth of the articulator, whether male or female, is correctly shaped for good Spanish, good Italian, good Russian, Tyrone Power's voice will be rerecorded in good Spanish, good Italian or good Russian.

It will be a well-paid profession because, although the use of the Sonovox can be mastered with a little practice, the transforming of one language into another requires a good knowledge of both languages, complete mastery of one and a good ear for emphasis. For example, "O sole mio" from the Italian has to be accentuated the same way in English, "Oh thrilling splendor." Ordinary conversation is more difficult in that it has no less definite and more unexpected accentuations.

Speech for the Speechless

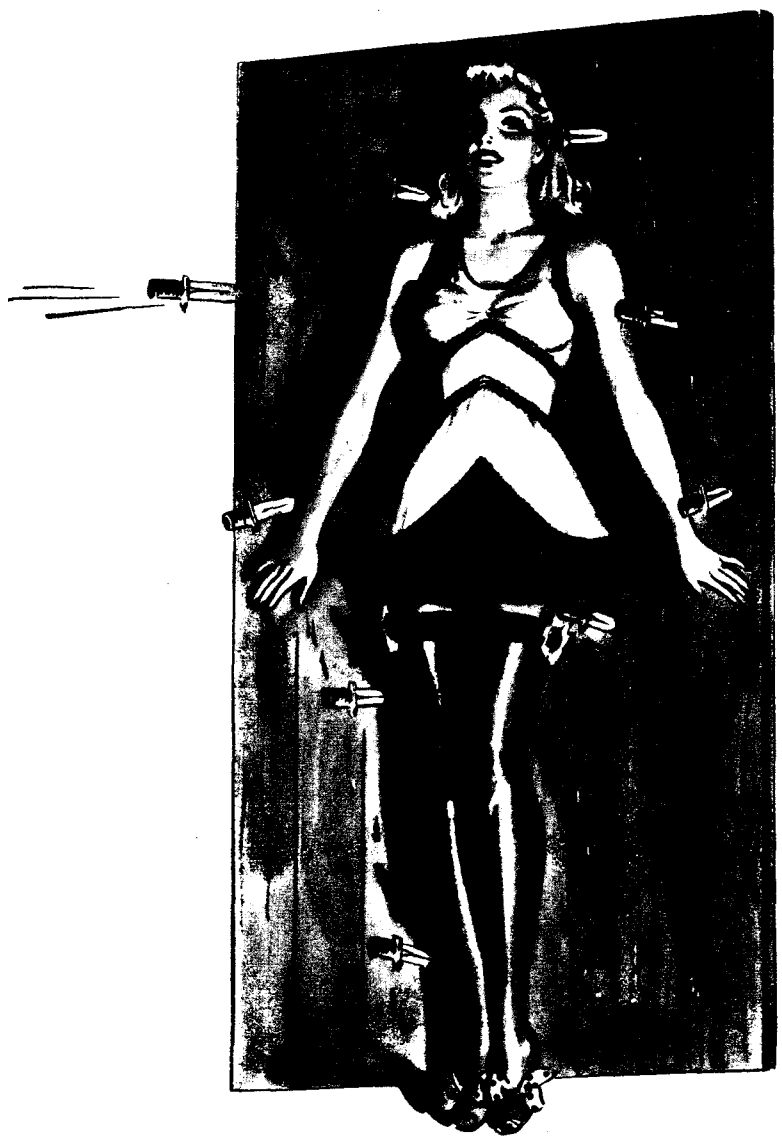
Outside of the motion-picture field, Sonovox can have a very important service to perform in the aid of the dumb. Not the deaf mutes. That's a different thing. Their dumbness is a result of ignorance in the use of the voice, not any anatomical defect. And they have never heard words, therefore they have never learned to form them. It is the person who has lost his voice through disease or accident that Sonovox can aid, by actually putting sound into his silent throat. Gilbert Wright believes that with some improvement he can even achieve inflections to liven the mechanical sound.

The only other instrument at present for helping the dumb is the artificial larynx devised by the Bell Telephone laboratories. It consists of a tube which goes into the throat by the mouth, and bellows worn under one arm. It has a small keyboard, a late improvement, which by manipulation can give the mechanical voice a few notes of modulation. Wright's Sonovox, when developed for the aid of the dumb, will consist of small button vibrators worn on either side of the throat, invisible under the collar, and attached to a battery similar to the battery for a hearing aid. When the battery is switched on, it will send the necessary sound vibrations into the throat. The wearer himself will do the rest. Although undoubtedly the voice will have a mechanical sound, it will be far better than the tube and bellows contraption. Far better than no voice at all.

Less important, but possibly more lucrative for its inventor, is the field of gadgets open to Sonovox. Dolls can be made to speak whole sentences, stuffed animals to bark, meow or moo most realistically. You, too, can be a ventriloquist and astound your friends. Or perhaps you'd like to equip your car with a horn that says, "May I inquire your intention?" or "One side, my dear fellow!" Think up your own idea but just make sure it's a noisy one.

For a person so constantly dealing in noise, Gilbert Wright is extraordinarily quiet. He is a desert enthusiast and has in his eyes that faraway-to-the-horizon squint that gold prospectors usually develop. As a matter of fact, he indulges in periodic private gold rushes into the desert, which are as good an excuse as any to get out from under a roof. He started his writing career under the name of John LeBar because he didn't want to trade upon the popularity of his well-known father. As LeBar he published three novels and some 15 short stories. Then he was found out by a national magazine, and after that, for both fiction and screen writing he used his own name.

As a physicist he has a reputation, too. But, as Wright declares, he has no wish to be an inventor. He wants to get Sonovox off his hands as quickly as possible—all of it. He longs for some secluded spot, without one noise, where he can sit and write long, beautiful novels. Privately, we think paternity is not so easily sloughed off. The father of a lusty child like Sonovox, with endowments already revealed, with so promising a future, will find his hands full for some time to come. And perhaps it won't be so hard to take, after all.



What they've learned about nerves can help you in your job

HERE'S one job, you'll admit, that takes unusually steady nerves. The knife-thrower just can't miss—and his human target mustn't wince.

So these performers, like most professionals, drink hot coffee daily. Because coffee relieves nervous tension . . . makes for better coordination between mind and muscle. Helps to relieve fatigue, too, by removing its very cause.

So when you are tense or tired, drink coffee as they do—for a quick exhilarating pick-up. And if you're like 97 out of 100 people,* you'll enjoy your coffee and a good night's sleep too. For this helpful lift lasts only two hours.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE SHARPENS THE MIND

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

For centuries, the greatest writers and scholars have turned to coffee for inspiration. Because coffee makes the brain "click" . . . induces clear thinking . . . enlivens conversation. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE LEAVES A "HANGOVER"

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

It is true that coffee is stimulating, but this stimulation lasts only two hours. And, unlike most other stimulants, coffee does not pick you up only to let you down later. Check "Wrong" above.

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?

Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.

DON'T MISS IT!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

"... body all achin' an' racked with pain ..." JOHN A. RUGE

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Rendezvous

Continued from page 19

"Yes," he said, "you have a navy. I do not forget. That is a thing that a Czech does not understand. But what can you expect? My country is Bohemia, or was, and, in spite of your so-great Shakespeare, Bohemia has no seacoast and so—no sailors. Captain Brame, here is a confession: I am a little—how do you say?—in awe of the sea. It is too big."

"It's big all right," said Captain Brame.

"Before bed when I stand on deck and look into the dark I wonder how it is that you can find your way across the ocean. It seems to me, Captain, always a miracle; man's triumph over the deep."

"Is it more difficult for me to navigate a ship than for a pilot to fly a plane?" Captain Brame asked.

"Most decidedly. A plane is swift, a ship—*your* ship—is so slow: nine knots, you tell me, nine! Incredible! And you have the weather to contend with, hurricanes, gales, head winds, tides, currents and—and a steering compass that is to me, Captain, a relic of the dark ages; you have, too, variation, which I understand, naturally, though no navigator, even in the air, and deviation, which is a black mystery."

Captain Brame laughed outright.

"We'll make a sailor of you yet, Mr. Klattau," he said.

The wind had freshened in the past half-hour. The ship rolled to starboard, far over, hung, dipped her head and rolled back to port.

"Not feeling seasick, are you, Mr. Klattau?"

Klattau heaved a sigh. He shook his head.

"I am not seasick, no, Captain, but she has begun her tricks. This rolling, it is—how do you say?—opsettling."

Captain Brame smiled to himself.

"Upsetting or unsettling," he said, "it makes no difference. But you'll be used to the rolling by the time we're home, Mr. Klattau, I promise you."

"I am not seasick," said Klattau.

He shuddered and hesitated in his walk.

"I am never seasick."

"Good," said Captain Brame. "That's splendid."

Four bells struck.

The ship lurched and rolled to port, the stern sank, spray swept over the rail. Klattau stumbled and clutched at Captain Brame.

"So," he said sadly. "I speak too soon, Captain. I am sorry. They have changed the helmsman. He is not a good hand with the wheel, and so the ship roll and I am seasick. I go to my room. I am most onwell."

DAWN was at hand. Captain Brame, who had had a bad night and had slept but little, climbed to the top bridge.

The mate, a lean, dark, sardonic man, whose watch it was, came and stood by his side.

"Well, Mr. Megg?" Captain Brame said gruffly.

"May I speak to you, sir?" said the mate.

"If you want to, Mr. Megg."

"It's something rather private, sir."

"No one can hear us here."

"No, sir. But one has to be careful. It's about Mr. Klattau."

Klattau! Megg wished to talk to him about Klattau. Captain Brame was startled. He had, he realized, been thinking about Klattau himself.

"Well," he said, "what?"

"Mr. Klattau says he knows nothing about the sea, doesn't he, sir?"

Captain Brame swallowed.

"He says he knows nothing about the sea. Don't you believe him?"

"I did, sir, till yesterday afternoon."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Megg?"

"I'd have spoken about it after I came off watch last night but Mr. Klattau was with you in your room. He was still there when I turned in. And so—I hadn't an opportunity."

"Go ahead, Mr. Megg."

"Something rather queer happened in the chartroom just before tea." The mate turned his head and looked Captain Brame square in the face. "Has Mr. Klattau ever said anything to you, sir, that would lead you to think he knew more about the sea than he pretends?"

"Why, no," said Captain Brame.

"You're certain, sir?"

BUT was he? He did not know. Doubts—reinforcing rather vague ones he had had ever since Klattau came on board—swept over him. Had the man ever said anything that had led him to think he knew more about the sea than he pretended? Well, he had, of course.

"Do you remember that day last week," he said, "when he had to turn in because he was seasick? The ship was rolling and we were walking together on the foredeck. Four bells struck and all at once the rolling got much worse. Klattau said the man at the wheel had been changed and the new helmsman was no good, he was letting the ship roll."

"Ah!" said the mate. "He said that, did he? He might, of course, have been saying what somebody else had said to him in the first place, but I doubt it, all the same."

"Go ahead, Mr. Megg," said Captain Brame, "tell me what's worrying you."

"Something rather queer happened, that's the only way I can put it," said the mate. "It isn't anything much, perhaps, but it's—it's significant. Yesterday I told Mr. Klattau that if he cared to come to the bridge during my watch I'd teach him or try to teach him a little about navigation. We had the North Atlantic chart—the one we've been using—on the chartroom table and I was explaining variation and so on when I saw the bosun on the bridge."

Captain Brame interrupted:

"Klattau knows all about variation, anyway. He said he did."

"He told me he knew nothing about it," said the mate dryly. "Well, sir, I saw the bosun and I said, 'Excuse me one minute, Mr. Klattau, the bosun wants to speak to me,' and left him. When I'd finished with the bosun, I turned to go back to the chartroom and I saw—well, it was something I wasn't looking for—I saw Mr. Klattau laying off a course on the chart, just as if he'd been laying off courses all his life.

"He made a little mark on the chart with a pencil and stood looking at the dot as if he—so I thought—wondered how on earth he was to get the ship there. And then I came into the chartroom and said, 'Sorry, I've been longer than I expected to be,' and Klattau said it didn't matter in the least. 'I get pleasure,' he said, 'from things I do not understand,' meaning, I took it, the chart.

"We talked for a minute more and then I said it was getting on time for tea and I'd better go back to the bridge. Klattau thanked me for having talked to him for so long and went away and as soon as he'd gone I got the chart out of the drawer again.

"Well, sir, I looked for the mark he'd

★Tune in on the Al Pearce Program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System.

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made and I found it, the tiniest dot imaginable. Here's the position."

It was light enough now for Captain Brame to be able to read the figures the mate had written on a scrap of paper:

Lat. 49° 20′ north, Long. 5° west.

"Forty-nine, twenty north, five west," he said. "Halfway between the Lizard and Ushant."

"Yes, sir. But why should Mr. Klattau who says he knows nothing about the sea have laid out what would practically have been our course if we hadn't had orders to go to Avonmouth instead of London? It's a mystery to me, sir."

"And to me, too," said Captain Brame.

KLATTAU was not himself. He was ill at ease and worried. Outwardly he seemed unchanged. But inwardly he was worried, Captain Brame was sure.

He said as much in the saloon one morning at breakfast.

"In a week we shall be in England," he said. "I am afraid. It is a weight on my mind."

"What are you afraid of?" said Captain Brame. "I'm surprised at you, Mr. Klattau."

"I am afraid that one of the German undersea boats will intercept us and end all my hopes."

"There's a risk, of course," said Captain Brame. "But it isn't so great a risk as you believe. We're taking measures."

Klattau seemed puzzled.

"Precautions," said Captain Brame. "The Admiralty isn't asleep, quite."

"Ah! The Admiralty. They give you your course, no?"

Captain Brame was on his guard. He drank some coffee.

"Perhaps," he said.

And why the devil should Klattau have said that?

THE day was warm and sunny; the sea was calm. Captain Brame sat in his day room and waited for his radio to broadcast the latest war news from London.

In a few more days now he would be home. He would be glad to see Minnie and the girls if only for a brief, flying visit before the Tarnbrook was once again outward bound.

The door, which had been open, closed softly. The lock clicked.

Captain Brame turned his head in surprise.

Klattau stood before him, an automatic pistol in his hand.

"Captain," he said, "if you call for help, I shall kill you."

"Plain speaking, anyway," said Captain Brame.

"Plain speaking, yes. You are off your course."

"Off my course. What in hell do you mean?"

He rose to his feet and then at a warning gesture from Klattau's gun half raised his hands and let them fall to his sides again.

"You needn't point that damn' thing at me," he said. "I'm not armed and I'm certainly not going to fight."

"You are no longer steering a course for the Straits of Dover and the Thames, Captain Brame."

"We're not. No. We had orders by radio to make for another port of discharge, which one I don't intend to say. But is it any particular business of yours, Mr. Klattau?"

"Captain Brame, I am desperate. If you value your life you will obey me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You will hold the same course you would have held had you been bound for the Thames still. You will steer to a certain position I will give you."

"Latitude forty-nine, twenty north, longitude five west, a point approximately midway between the Lizard and Ushant."

Klattau's heavy-lidded eyes widened.

"Gott! how did you learn that?" he said.

Captain Brame gazed at him in silence. Klattau was not what he pretended, he was sure. He was no Czech, at least. But if he was not a Czech, what was he?

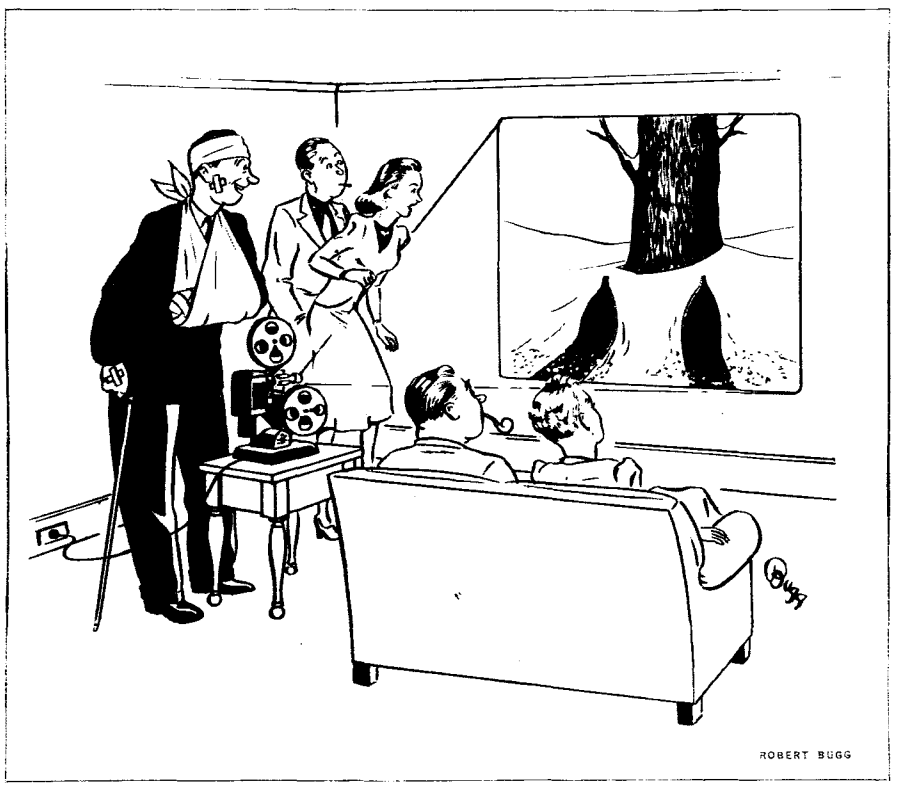
And suddenly all was made clear.

"You're a German, aren't you, Klattau?" said Captain Brame. "I've been a fool not to have seen it sooner."

Klattau nodded his head.

"I congratulate you on your acumen. Yes, Captain Brame, I am a German naval officer and I have to get back to Germany. I am sorry for the lies that I have told, though there was, perhaps, it is possible, a little truth, also. It was a matter of life and death for me to escape from that fat man at Recife. The real Klattau whose letter of introduction to old Fenlaney and passport and letter of credit we managed to—how shall I say?—borrow when we searched his baggage in his hotel was a Czech. He is not yet free, poor man, but he will be as soon as I am safe and there is no danger of a radio message from Pernambuco to the ship."

"And why do you want me to steer to forty-nine, twenty north, five west?"



"It is a rendezvous arranged by code radio dispatched after I came on board your ship. All being well, Captain—and it will be well—a submarine will be waiting for me. You will steer to the position I have indicated and you will be there tonight, by two A. M., or so I calculate. You will when you have reached this position, so far as you can judge, Captain, stop your engines and burn two red flares. That is all I require of you. Had you arrived by daylight the procedure would have been much more simple."

AND after you've been taken on board your submarine, we will, I presume, be sunk without trace."

"I dislike that observation, Captain Brame. It is quite uncalled for. However, we can let it pass. I will say merely that you will be given every opportunity to take to the boats."

"I knew all along you were a sailor."

Klattau smiled rather grimly.

"My hardest task, Captain Brame, was to pretend that I was seasick, my hardest and most humiliating task. But may I ask how you knew I was a sailor, Captain?"

"It would take too long a time now to tell you. I'll say this much, though: you're a sailor and you understand what a landsman wouldn't. I'll ask you just to look through that port yonder and tell me what you see coming up astern."

It succeeded.

Klattau turned his head swiftly. Captain Brame struck him with all his strength on the angle of the jaw. He collapsed on top of the table with a little grunt.

Captain Brame propped him up on the settee in the corner and secured his wrists with a leather strap and buckle.

Klattau opened his eyes and stared at him in a bewildered way and then tried to stand on his feet. Captain Brame pushed him back onto the settee.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "I had to do it."

KLATTAU tried to force his lips into a smile and failed. He sighed.

"Well," he said, "that's that. But there is still hope, Captain Brame, that a submarine will find us and stop us and take me off. I must get back to Germany."

Captain Brame grinned.

"Mr. Klattau—or is it lieutenant?—or captain?—tell me one thing: you surely never expected me to alter course when you told me to, did you?"

"I should have shot you if you had refused. To save your life you would have obeyed me."

"I wonder," said Captain Brame.

"And now what?" Klattau said. "What do you do with me?"

"Ah, what! I must think."

A knock roused him. He unlocked the door.

The second mate stood on the threshold. He said:

"Please, sir, there's a couple of destroyers coming up. One of them's signaling us to heave to and wait for instructions."

A destroyer's boat was alongside. It held a young naval officer and four ratings, all armed.

"Good afternoon, Captain," said the young officer. "I'd like to have a look at your papers."

"Will you come to my office?" said Captain Brame.

As soon as the door was closed the naval officer said:

"Captain, have you a Czech passenger?"

"I have not," said Captain Brame. "But I have a German naval officer on board, if he's any good to you."

"So you spotted him, did you?"

"I spotted him, yes. How did you know we had him?"

"I haven't the least idea. We had a message saying a German naval officer—a very important man—had taken passage with you at Pernambuco, posing as a Czech who wanted to fight the Nazis. But who found out or who sent the message I couldn't say."

"It was the fat man, I suppose," said Captain Brame.

"What fat man?"

"No one in particular. I was a bit sharp with him, that's all, and he was probably a secret service agent the whole time!"

The young naval officer skimmed through the papers.

"Okay, Captain," he said presently. "I'll take your prisoner and you can proceed on your course."

Captain Brame considered.

"There's one rather important thing you ought to know. Klattau—that's the name our passenger went by—Klattau came to my room about an hour ago and threatened to shoot me unless I gave orders to change our course and steer to a position forty-nine, twenty north, five west. I managed to lay him out and then I heard you people were coming up. What I propose is you should go there instead of us."

"Why?"

"Can't you guess? A submarine's waiting to take him off."

THE young naval officer whistled softly.

"Did he happen to give you any more details?"

"Yes. What you must do is to slow down your speed to about nine knots and steer a course to forty-nine, twenty north, five west. When you get there, which should be about two A. M. tomorrow morning—Klattau had it all worked out, by the way—you must stop your engines and burn two red flares. The submarine's commander will think you're the Tarnbrook and make ready to take Klattau on board, as arranged.

"You could then either open fire or—well, that's up to you, of course. But I think," Captain Brame said courteously, "without in the least wishing to dictate, I think if I'd anything to do with the business, which I haven't, I'd not put Klattau on board the destroyer that's going to do the sinking. It would be kind of hard on him, don't you think? I mean, he's a German and all that kind of thing, but he's a sailor, after all, and he wouldn't want to be on board a British ship that was sinking a German ship and killing his own people."

The young naval officer grinned. Captain Brame was suddenly afraid that he had said more than he should have said.

"You're probably wondering why I'm talking such rubbish, aren't you?" he said.

"Not at all," said the naval officer. "There's a hell of a lot in what you say. I shouldn't like to be on board a German ship that was sinking one of ours, anyway."

FOUR bells had just struck in the middle watch. The night was very still and very dark but clear.

Captain Brame and the mate stood on the top bridge and waited. No sound reached their ears but the throb of the engines.

Then, away to the east-southeast, from beyond the horizon, there came a sudden flare and flicker of light and presently the faint, far-off boom of gunfire.

"Well," said Captain Brame, "that's war. Klattau's a lucky man, though he wouldn't see it that way, I'm sure."

"Do you think our fellows got the submarine?" said the mate.

"Why, of course. It's their job, isn't it?"

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THE FORD WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

The Ford Motor Company was founded by a working-man for working-men. Its present officers began as employees of the Company. It was the first company to pay a minimum wage, beginning in 1914, at the then astounding figure of $5 a day. That was double the prevailing wage of the time. The Ford minimum is now $6 a day for all employees engaged in production work. And from that, the wages rise to $10.80 a day, with the average wage $7.25, exclusive of salaried employees.

The Ford Motor Company was the first large company to establish the 8-hour day—also in 1914. And the 40-hour week was inaugurated by the Ford Motor Company in 1926, years before any such laws existed.

Henry Ford and Edsel Ford keep daily personal touch with all phases of Ford manufacture. In a conference with his staff, Henry Ford often says: "Go ahead—I'll sit here and represent the public."

The Ford Motor Company employs men without regard to race, creed or color. It is common knowledge that working conditions in the Ford shops are the best that science and constant care can make them. A square deal, a just wage and stabilized employment for a large proportion of our employees—and as fully stabilized for all as conditions will permit—enable our men to retain their personal independence.

In consequence of these policies the Ford Motor Company has one of the finest bodies of employees in the world. The larger proportion are mature men of long service with the Company—sober, decent family men. Hundreds of them have been with the Company for more than 25 years—thousands for more than 15 years. Their health record, home ownership and citizenship records are gratifyingly high.

All this is reflected in Ford products, whether cars, trucks or tractors. The work is honestly done. The materials are the best that can be made or procured. Less profit to the Company and more value to the customer is known throughout the world as "Ford's way of doing business."

Ford Motor Company was the first to make a motor car within the means of the average family—quitting the manufacture of what was then the largest selling model in the world to do so. Its chosen field in all the 30 years since that time has been the average American family, for which it has consistently provided car facilities which formerly only the wealthy could buy.

It is the policy of the Ford Motor Company to share the benefits of advanced methods and management with workers and public alike. Increased wages and employment over a period of many years have resulted in

A 300 per cent increase in the built-in value of the Ford car and a 75 per cent reduction in its price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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Big Man of Ballet

Continued from page 17

—so she sat down on the floor and burst into tears! Delarova solved the problem by buying her both gowns.

Weeping ballerinas are not so serious as sulking ballerinas. In fact, the reason Krassovska had to learn a role in two days was that a sulking ballerina had to be taught a lesson. That one, the only member of the present company who knew the role, was having a tantrum because she had not been put on the program for the opening night in New York. Matters went so far that just before the curtain rose on the night of nights, the young lady's father went to Massine's dressing room and landed a fist on Massine's jaw.

And sulking ballerinas are still less serious than sulking male dancers. A male dancer, jealous of his partner's success, threatens to drop her on the stage. And carries out his threat on the second night—cleverly, so that the audience never knows, but effectively. The girl faints dead away the moment the curtain falls, another ballerina is hastily hooked into her costume for the second act, and a wrenched foot keeps one of the company's three primas off the program for weeks.

Tantrums are the ballet master's burden, exclamation points in the history of Russian ballet. There was the time Pavlova slapped her partner on the stage, and the English papers wrote about it for weeks under the tender headline, "the quarrel in fairyland." There was the time Nijinsky left off a vital part of his costume while dancing before imperial highnesses in St. Petersburg, was severely reprimanded and left in a huff. And that was how Russian ballet came out of Russia in the first place.

Diaghilev Finds a Pupil

If Vaslav Nijinsky had not left part of his costume in his dressing room that night, he would not have quit Russia in the company of Serge Diaghilev and half the dancing talent of the Imperial Ballet. And a handful of American businessmen would not now be the proud possessors of a Russian ballet company. And Massine would not be shepherding threescore and ten temperamental dancers across the United States six months of the year for the benefit of the ballet-conscious American public.

For it happened that Diaghilev, the big man of ballet in that day, which was just before the World War, returned to home base from Paris on one of his periodic visits in search of new talent. And he saw, on the Imperial Theater School stage in Moscow, a young man carrying a ham on a tray. The young man, son of a singer and a musician, was being trained for the ballet and hated it. What he really wanted to do was act. But Diaghilev liked his lithe movement, and particularly he liked his deep, burning eyes in a face already touched with melancholy like a Tolstoy hero.

So Diaghilev took the young Massine back to Paris, handed him over to an aged Italian who was the greatest ballet teacher of all time, and in his spare hours put the boy through a whirlwind education in painting, sculpture and music. The youngster spent his mornings dancing, his afternoons in the museums, his evenings listening to the deep talk of Diaghilev's coterie of musicians and painters, and his nights sleeping off the heady dose of art.

In due course Massine parted with Diaghilev, formed his own company and went to South America. After a time he finally arrived in New York.

When Diaghilev heard what his protégé did next, he almost suffered a stroke. For Massine took the job of dance director at Roxy's.

This was in pre-Radio City days, when Roxy's was the movie temple of America and S. L. Rothafel its high priest. The Russian Ballet man learned a number of things there that Diaghilev and his painters and musicians never heard of. He learned the art of American showmanship, and he learned to work fast. You have to work fast to put on a new ballet production every week. He also learned how money is made in American show business.

"Doctor, what do you do to bad little girls who bite sugar almonds?"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Massine's year is normally laid out with the precision of a railroad timetable. Last May he was in Monte Carlo, evolving new ballets and steering his dancers through the opera season of the glamorous little capital whose name the company bears. In June he was performing in Paris. During the summer, when the company scattered for its only vacation of the year, he was on his island in the blue Bay of Naples, just off the edge of Capri, where he designs additions to his gleaming white flat-roofed villa, mends nets with the Italian fishermen, prunes his fig and olive trees, goes out in one of his boats and yells his head off in the brief, highly theatrical Bay of Naples storms. He also spends this time working furiously on his new ballets, arguing feverishly with leading painters and composers in their own languages, assembling ideas and inspirations he has picked up anywhere from the cathedrals of Italy to the railroad yards of Pittsburgh.

September used to find him back in London, rehearsing and performing new ballets with the old in preparation for the American season. And answering questions from baby ballerinas, such as, "Is it true, Leonide Fedorovitch, that on the boat to America they give you ice cream, as much as you want, and you don't pay any money for it?"

Last year he was re-assembling his company in Paris at the end of August, and on the day they were to sail for London war was declared. On the day the London season was to open in Covent Garden the British government closed the theaters. Twenty-five thousand English ballet-lovers had to get their money back—but to Massine, haunting the shipping offices in Paris, that was not very important. What was important was to find a way to get his company, costumes and scenery to the United States for the annual million-dollar tour his backers were counting on. He managed it—with the loss of a few Russian-French lads who are doing their dancing in uniform. And he hurried to New York himself, squeezing onto the first boat that would take him, to rehearse promising young Americans in their roles.

The six-months American tour means to the European members of the company the unheard-of luxury of American train travel. But to Massine trains are torture. So when the company embarks for the next town, the ballet master climbs into his big American car, with his Kerry blue dog, Smoky, to keep his feet warm, his Italian cook and Russian chauffeur in front and the gadgety little trailer behind. He gets fresh air, food cooked to his taste and a few hours of surcease from the shrill clamor of ballerinas.

He also gets a chance to study his moving-picture films. He has composed perhaps forty ballets, has revived and danced in dozens more—and none of them is written down, for the simple reason that a satisfactory written language for dance movements has never been invented, although many have attempted it. The ballets are recorded only in his mind and the minds of his dancers, and the forgetting rate is high. Or was, until a couple of years ago when Massine began experimenting with moving-picture cameras. He now has an almost complete film library of ballet, and whenever a dispute arises in rehearsal the whole company quits and goes to the movies.

Massine consults his films even for his own solos. At forty-one, which is considered an age for slippers and easy chair among dancers, he is still unrivaled in roles ranging from the can-can and the cakewalk to St. Francis of Assisi. Electric, vibrant, smooth as a cat, he flashes through his solos leaving an incandescent trail of excitement.

But He Still Can't Shag

He dances and composes to the waltzes of Strauss and Offenbach, the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, the jangles of the moderns, but—he can't dance a fox trot and is deaf to swing. He is studying, though, and hopes to understand even swing some day.

His American dancers will teach him to truck if no one else will. Irrepressible shoulders and knees shag right through rehearsal, and the ballet master watches out of the corner of his eye and says nothing. The Americans are his pride and joy. New young dancers constitute the red blood corpuscles of a ballet company, and on tour across the country, between matinee and evening, the wings crawl with young hopefuls and their mothers.

Massine sits on the edge of a chair on the cleared stage with his dinner, a sandwich and a paper cup of coffee, watching them leap and pirouette one by one. Ninety-nine times he says, with the cruelty that is kind, "Better give up—you will never be a dancer," and braves the ensuing storm of tears. But the hundredth time he takes the anxious mamma aside.

"You must scrape up the money somehow to send your child away to study. In a year, if she works well, she can join us." And in a year she does.

When she does, she learns what the word discipline means. During one of the prewar crises he was rehearsing his dancers in a London armory. All day long the Territorials—British reserves—were bringing in loads of machine guns, grenades, ammunition.

After a while painters began daubing the windows of the building with black paint, an air-raid precaution, and the paint spattered on the floor. Massine noticed this.

"Move over here," he said, "here's a clear space."

One of the dancers collapsed in laughter on the sticky floor.

"Leonide Fedorovitch," he gasped, "if a bomb were to fall and wreck the building, you would say, 'Move over here, people, here's a clear space!' "

Massine admitted he probably would.

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You Are Invited

TO

VISIT CANADA THIS YEAR

Citizens of the United States in large numbers visited Canada last year for holiday recreation, education and business. If you were a visitor, we hope your stay in Canada was a pleasant one and that you will visit our country again. We extend to all who were not among our visitors a cordial invitation to come to Canada this year to see our wonderful country.

To visit Canada you have only to cross the most peaceful International Boundary in all the world. You do not require a passport.

You may move about as freely as you do in your own country. You may leave Canada with the same informality and ease.

Canada is a country of varied scenery and climate. It provides for visitors unsurpassed seashore and inland lake retreats, mountains and great National Parks; and hunting and fishing to delight the sportsmen. In Canada, facilities for travel are good, whether by air, rail, road or water. Accommodation is plentiful.

On behalf of the Canadian people, I invite you to visit us this year.

W. L. Mackenzie King

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

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DEMAND FOR OLD DRUM GOES UP-UP-UP AS FAIR-PRICE, QUALITY WHISKEY WINS NATION!

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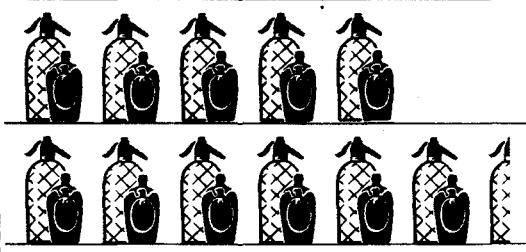
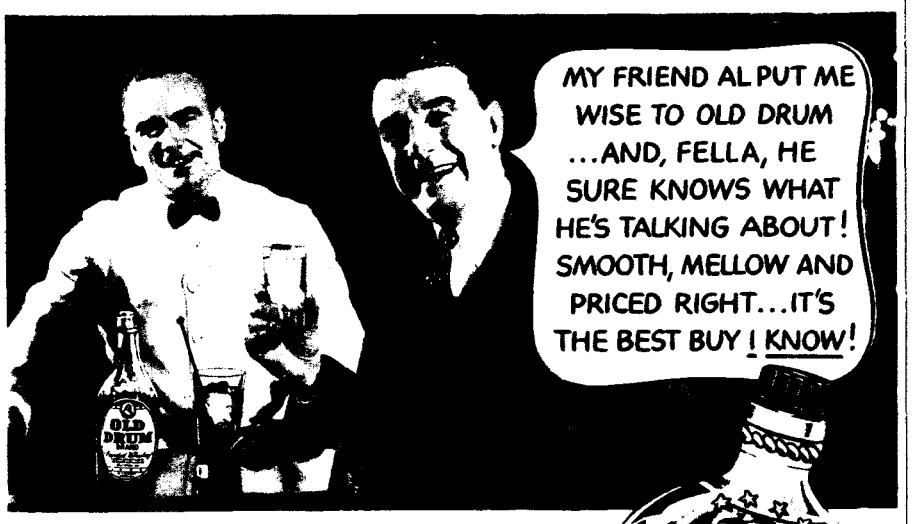
SALES SKYROCKET ACROSS NATION



PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are switching to Old Drum. No matter where you go, demand for this fair-priced, quality whiskey is increasing daily. Just taste Old Drum... and you, too, will join the swing!


MY FRIEND AL PUT ME WISE TO OLD DRUM ...AND, FELLA, HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! SMOOTH, MELLOW AND PRICED RIGHT...IT'S THE BEST BUY! KNOW!
OLD DRUM

OLD DRUM BRAND Blended Whiskey

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1940 Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y. C.

Pictures Are Here to Stay

Continued from page 13

show Josie this mail. He doesn't want to give her any more ideas. Josie doesn't pay much attention to her success—it is all so much sawdust in her mouth, she says. She is just living for her big chance with Mr. Lawrence on the stage.

It gets so with Josie and Mr. Lawrence that Eddie only comes around to the house about once a week. And then Josie does most of the talking and it is all about Mr. Lawrence and the great play he is writing. Until finally Eddie has enough.

He speaks right out and tells Josie he doesn't think Mr. Lawrence has written a play or even tried to. He calls him a faker and says he is making a sucker out of Josie, who is a gold mine for Mr. Lawrence just like she is for the Megascope. And he says Mr. Lawrence wants to keep her as The Megascope Girl, even if he has to marry her to do it.

Josie turns white and hears him through. Then she calls him a cad. She says she does not wish to speak to him now or at any future date.

"Ask him!" cries Eddie. "Ask him to show you that play he's written. I dare you to!"

She tosses her head. "I will ask him in the morning," she says coldly.

EDDIE is pretty nervous the next day. Josie is not working this day, because they are building scenery for a new picture that is going to be all of three reels. Eddie and I see her whispering to Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Lawrence smiles and nods and takes her hand. He leads her into the little cubbyhole where he has his desk and leaves her there.

She is there for almost an hour. Then the door opens and she comes out and her eyes are red and we know she has been crying.

Eddie's face lights up. "She has found out he is a fake!" he cries. "It has broken her up, but she will get over it in time." He goes over to her happily. "I don't like to rub it in," he says to her. "But I knew he couldn't write a play."

Josie's eyes flash through her tears. "What do you mean, not write a play?" she cries. "He has written the most wonderful play in all the world! It is laid in France a long time ago. The last scene is so sad I have been crying for ten minutes."

It is quite a shock to Eddie. "He—he told you it wasn't finished! He said—"

"He finished it last week, and now it is only a matter of finding the right manager."

Eddie hangs on gamely. "I don't believe it! Where is this play? Why doesn't he show it to someone?"

She smiles scornfully. "He keeps it in his desk, locked up in the drawer. It is the only copy he made. You don't think he's going to show it around and let people steal his wonderful ideas, do you?"

Eddie gives up. "I—I guess I was wrong," he says.

"I guess you were!" she replies triumphantly.

"But he's a ham just the same!" Eddie says, and turns away.

That night Eddie tells me he is going to quit Megascope. As soon as the filming is over, Eddie is going away some place—maybe to California where they never heard of making pictures.

It takes them two weeks to film the three-reeler. Mr. Lawrence makes an awful lot of noise directing. He acts harder behind the camera than the whole cast does in front of it. Josie wears three different dresses, which are bought especially for the picture. Mr. Weshner looks more worried than ever and goes around wringing his hands and saying he should have stayed in wholesale millinery. There is a lot at stake and everybody's nerves are on edge. So the day they finish the final scene it is only natural they would want to celebrate.

It is quite a party. They set up a long table right on the floor of the studio and invite everybody who works in the picture, including me. They get a piano for dancing afterward.

Eddie does not dance with Josie. But toward the end of the evening he goes up to her to say goodby. He wishes her luck and says he will come and see her when she is a famous actress on Broadway. She looks for a minute as though she is going to cry, but she doesn't.

He swallows hard. "I guess I won't forget you, Josie," he says.

"I won't forget you, either," she replies. "It was sort of fun degrading myself in the pictures. But of course, now that I know better—"

"I know how it is," Eddie says.

And right at this point I begin to sniff the air and wonder. I run over to Mr. Weshner.

He is sitting at the table with his vest open after dinner, smelling his cigar and making faces at it. "Ten cents straight I pay," he is saying as I come over, "and it smells like celluloid!"

I pull him after me to the corridor door and we open it a little and a cloud of smoke rolls out on us. Mr. Weshner lets out a yell. Most of the negative of the three-reeler is in there. It is in the vault all right, but vaults can melt.

Everyone is yelling by this time. There are buckets all around, but they aren't any use. Film burns too fast. Before the fire department shows up we are forced out into the street. We stand around watching the smoke pour out of every window, and Mr. Weshner paces up and down and tells everybody he was well off in millinery and didn't know it.

IT IS Eddie who thinks of the back door. There is just one chance that the fire has gone the other way and hasn't touched the room with the vault. Of course, a couple of firemen help Eddie. They are behind him with a line of hose and one of them goes in with him to help throw the reels out the window. In five minutes Mr. Weshner is back in the picture business again. He is running around holding the three big reels against his stomach, laughing and tripping over the ends of film that twist around his legs. Eddie is choking with smoke and everyone is slapping him on the back and making it worse. The firemen settle down to work and it looks like the excitement is over.

But it isn't. Josie lets out a scream. "The play!" she cries. "Mr. Lawrence's play! It's the only copy!" And before anyone can stop her she grabs an ax from a fireman and dashes inside.

The window of Mr. Lawrence's cubbyhole is broken and the smoke is pouring out of that room thick enough to cut. It doesn't seem like anyone can live in there more than two minutes. And it seems like two hours before the firemen can fight their way inside, even with wet rags tied around their mouths. When they come out they are carrying Josie. She is unconscious and she is holding a rolled-up manuscript in one hand. Old Dr. Harvey, who has come out of his house to watch the fire, has to pry it loose from her fingers, she is holding it so tight.

One of the firemen has picked up a big bundle of letters, too, apparently thinking that Josie was looking for them when she got all that smoke.

We are all pretty worried for about

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ten minutes. And then Josie's eyelids begin to flutter, and Dr. Harvey gets up with a sigh of relief. He says she'll be all right in a few minutes, and he begins to read the manuscript. He kinda frowns and tosses it aside, and ruffles through the big package of letters, reading one or two and shaking his head.

Josie sits up. "Is it safe?" she whispers weakly.

"Yeah," says Dr. Harvey. "One of the firemen picked up your pretty fan letters for you, but why in tarnation did you hang on to this here manuscript?"

"It's the only copy in the world," Josie tells him.

"Except for about a million others," replies the doc. "This is a typewritten copy of A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens."

"Say that again!" orders Josie hoarsely.

"Every stock company and rep show in America has been playing this for years," continues the doc.

EDDIE has his arm around Josie, watching her. The way she looks now you would never suspect she has dimples. She starts to get up and even Eddie cannot hold her. She takes the manuscript from Dr. Harvey, nods at him, and says, "Thanks, Doc." Then she starts off and we follow.

Around the corner of the building a couple of newspaper photographers are aiming at Mr. Lawrence and holding their flashlight powder trays in the air. Mr. Lawrence is surveying the ruins of the studio and is a tragic figure indeed. Josie walks in between the two photographers and says, "Hold it a minute, boys!"

Mr. Lawrence looks at her, and then at the rolled-up manuscript in her hand. He turns pale and says, "Now, now, my dear child—"

"Your play, Mr. Lawrence," says Josie, shaking it at him.

"If you will let me explain—"

"The last line is wonderful," Josie says. "It goes like this." She draws her arm in a regular Christy Mathewson windup. "'It is a far, far better thing I do—'"

The manuscript bounces off his long nose.

"'—than I have ever done,'" says Josie.

Eddie runs after her and hands her the package of letters as she stalks off.

THERE is a meeting the next morning in what is left of the studio. Mr. Lawrence does not attend. But Eddie is there, and Mr. Weshner, and Josie. Especially Josie. Her eyes are sparkling and she is having a fine time for herself. "I am quitting," she tells Mr. Weshner before he can say a word. "I am quitting here and now."

"Josie!" pleads Mr. Weshner. "Five dollars more a week I'll give you."

"But I have decided," says Josie sweetly, "that I would rather work for the Biograph, or the Imp, or Essanay."

"Ten dollars!" says Mr. Weshner.

"Three times my present salary or nothing," says Josie.

Mr. Weshner gulps and gives a sick smile. "It ain't right, but I'll do it!" he says. "Such a business!"

Josie dimples prettily. "That's not all," she says. "I want to pick my own director. And I think I'll pick Eddie. He knows more about movies than anyone here."

"Why not Eddie?" says Mr. Weshner hollowly. "He's a good boy."

"And besides that," says Josie, "I must have my own dressing room. And it must have running water."

"The expense!" gasps Mr. Weshner.

"Take it or leave it," says Josie. "And the walls must be blue."

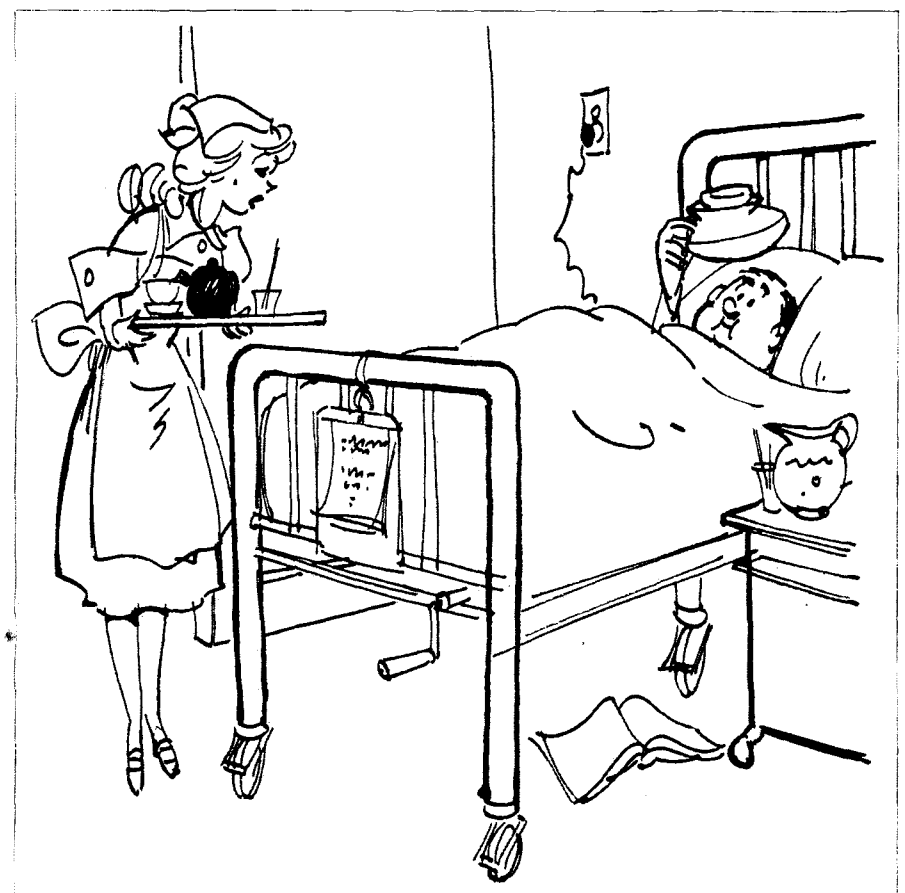
"Blue, with gold even," nods Mr. Weshner. Josie stands up and he looks at her anxiously. "Wait a minute yet!" he cries. "First we got to get this settled."

"I am tired," sighs Josie, walking away. "I want to be alone."

"We got to put it in writing! Where you going, Josie?"

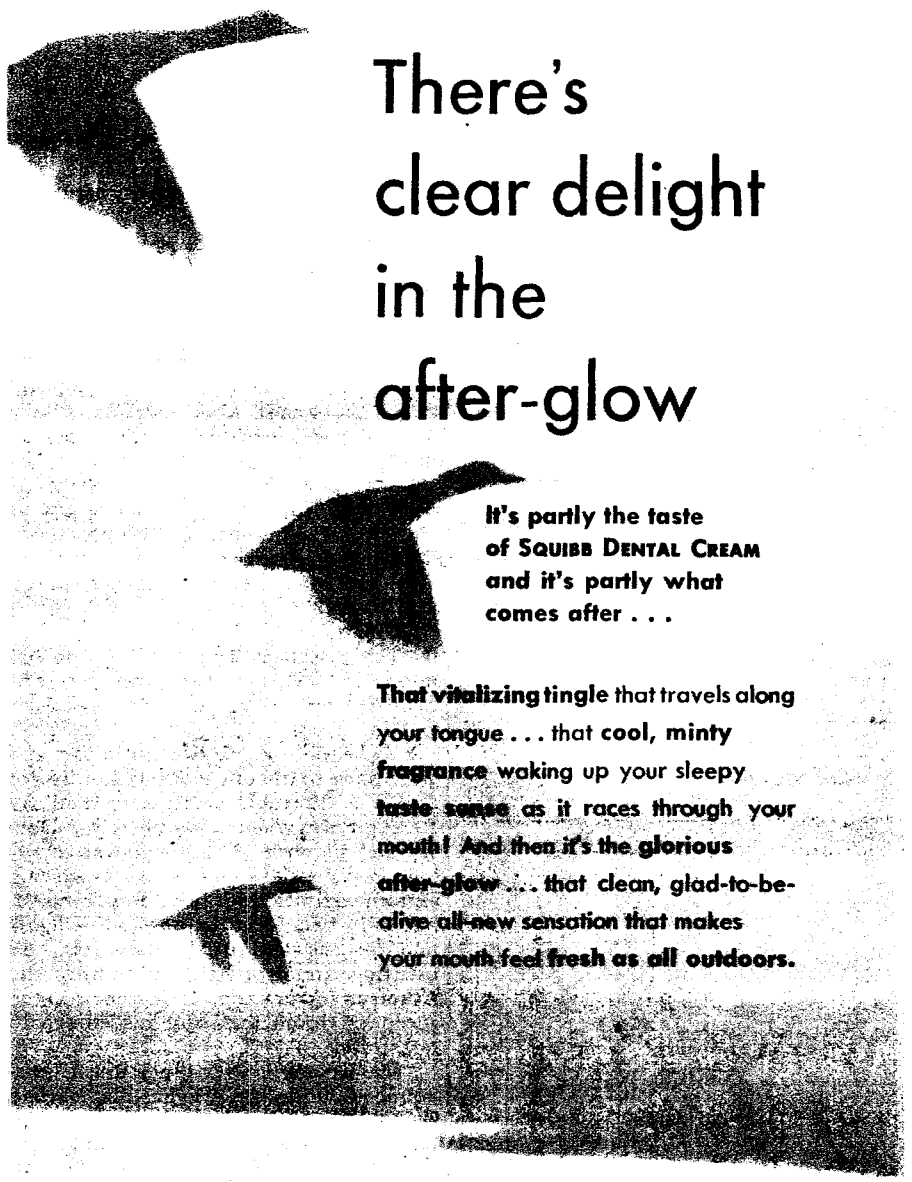
She turns at the door. She smiles slowly and moves her hand as if she is brushing Mr. Weshner aside. "I think I'll go home now," she says.

ALL this was a long time ago. Maybe some Hollywood stars do the temperamental stuff better now. But Josie Farrell was the first.



"It isn't necessary to tip your ice bag every time I come in, Mr. Walsh!"

REANER KELLER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Let Me Call You Comrade

Continued from page 20

the guy's got no dough. He ain't in pictures. But even Dotty Walker likes him."

"How awful. He seemed a nice sort, too."

"Ha, ha, I'll have to tell Dotty that. But seriously, y'understand, we're all worried. That aunt of Miss Atkinson's. . . . Judas!"

"Just call her Aunt Judas. Saves a word."

"She talked awful tough to him, you know. She was sore because Miss Atkinson got her out of bed to come look at him. She had a whip. Joe Hollis thinks she's a sadist. We're all worried, y'understand? Barney didn't show up at Boris' place this aft, like he promised. Couldn't you just sort of call out there and ask Miss Atkinson if she's seen him today?"

"No."

"The Baroness Thiele will be on my neck. He's due at her place for dinner—"

"No!"

Soreheaded, I left Beckstein flat and went back to the office. I had hardly got into a comfortable position to read my Racing Form when in marched Pop Dorsey and a stooge. The stooge was carrying Pop's brief case and registering extreme agitation for him. Pop, himself, has only two facial expressions—dignified reserve and utter blankness. As befitting an attorney representing the Atkinson fortune, Pop took a chair in the reception room and sent his stooge to negotiate.

"Mr. Dorsey is very much upset," announced the stooge. "He has just learned that Miss Atkinson and her aunt are holding a young man in bodily restraint."

"No!"

"In bodily restraint," the stooge quavered. "Mr. Dorsey fears it is highly actionable. He wants you to go with him to the Atkinson estate."

"With him? I'm going ahead of him!" I said.

DUNCAN dashed to Sunny Haven. Holmby, obviously acting under instructions, started to give me a long rigmarole about everyone having retired. I shoved him aside and raged forcefully into the front hall.

"It's Scoop!" I yelled. "Ready or not, here I come!"

"Shut up!"

"Oh . . . uh. Now, look Aunt Tissy—"

"Come with me!"

Write it down again: "Duncan fears Aunt Tissy." She was wearing a blue quilted negligee and did not have her whip, but I followed her, spluttering, into her upstairs living room. I saw not hide nor hair of Barney McGill or Audrey.

"Pop Dorsey's had a stroke," I blustered, as Aunt Tissy closed the door. "You can't keep that guy prisoner out here! He'll have the cops on you. He'll sue you for fifteen million dollars!"

"Fiddle-faddle."

"Let me talk to Audrey—"

"Shut up! There's nothing to get excited about. Mr. McGill isn't a prisoner. He's sick—and we're taking care of him." Aunt Tissy beamed. "Our Christian duty—but, of course, *you* never heard of such a thing."

"Oh—just sick?"

Aunt Tissy nodded.

"He had a mild Mickey Finn."

"A what?"

"A mild Mickey Finn. It doesn't knock 'em out. Just makes 'em sick. They want to lie down for a while."

"Who gave it to him?"

"Audrey."

Speechless, I listened in mounting terror to Aunt Tissy's matter-of-course explanation. A mild Mickey Finn, she said, made from an old family recipe of the Atkinsons', is a sure cure for the drink habit. She cured Uncle Dolph with it. The idea is, she said, that you keep putting mild Mickey Finns into a drunkard's drinks on the sly. You bribe bartenders to do it. If the drunkard starts carrying his own bottle, you must switch bottles on him. The idea is, Aunt Tissy explained, that you create a state of horror in which the drunkard never knows whether the most innocent tipple has been spiked with a mild Mickey Finn.

Aunt Tissy chuckled in a reminiscent glow.

"I took Audrey's Uncle Dolph to Paris for his cure. Too many corruptible bartenders around New York those days. Even in Paris, you had to bribe 'em, watch 'em and bribe 'em again. I finally had to hire a professional thief to steal Dolph's flask. My, yes . . . it took patience and care and a lot of money. But, as I tell Audrey, her Uncle Dolph was damn' stubborn. A hardened souse, too. This young Mr. McGill is just a beginning drinker. I dare say it won't take long!"

Duncan, let it be recorded, rallied manfully.

"That poor guy has done you no harm!" I cried, "and you can't do this—this evil thing!"

I yanked the sitting-room door open and stamped into the hall yelling for Audrey.

"Shhhhh . . . for pity's sake!"

A door had opened and out stepped Audrey. She was the lady with a lamp, tonight, attired in flowing garments.

"You got Barney in there?"

"Hush . . . he's asleep—"

There was the sound of a struggle in the bedroom.

"Let me out of here!" Barney said.

I shoved Audrey aside and went into the room.

Clarence and George were trying to hold Barney McGill in bed.

"For shame!" Audrey said, bustling past me. "Oh, Barney, did he wake you up? How do you feel?" Then, to Clarence: "Is he violent? Will he harm himself?"

"Na, ma'am," Clarence said.

"Don't hold him, then," Audrey said.

Barney tottered to his feet, blinking in the semidarkness. I switched on a light. Seldom have these world-weary eyes looked upon a more distressing scene.

They had diked Barney in oversize striped pajamas belonging, probably, to Holmby. He had an ice bag tied on his head and one of Audrey's skiing mufflers around his throat. He was pallid, sweating and haggard.

"The—the reporter?" he gasped pitifully.

"Yes," I said.

"Thank God!" he said. "Can you get me out of here?"

"Yes."

"Let's go, then!"

Audrey barred his path, with a rapid shift of characterization to Joan of Arc.

"No, Barney!" she said. "I cannot let you go with Ralph. He's a drinker. He'd have you right back under the influence. Then those horrible women would get you. Think, Barney . . . think what it would mean. You'd betray your country. Wreck your career. They'd send you to *prison!*"

Barney played the man.

"I hope they do!" he said. "I hope they shoot me! Anything to get this taste out of my mouth!"

Audrey turned on the tears.

"I did it for *you*. To save you . . . how can you look at me like that? How can you stand there and snarl at me—"

"I'm not snarling. I'm frothing at the mouth!"

Nevertheless, I saw him begin to wobble. Outraged innocence is one of Audrey's best roles. Barney winced and patted her arm.

"It's all right, kid. You just didn't know—"

"Oh, yes, she did know, Barney!"

"You keep still, Scoop!"

I DON'T know how long this might have gone on, but, luckily, the arrival of old Pop Dorsey on the scene created a diversion. While Pop was arguing with Aunt Tissy and Audrey, I gathered up Barney's clothes.

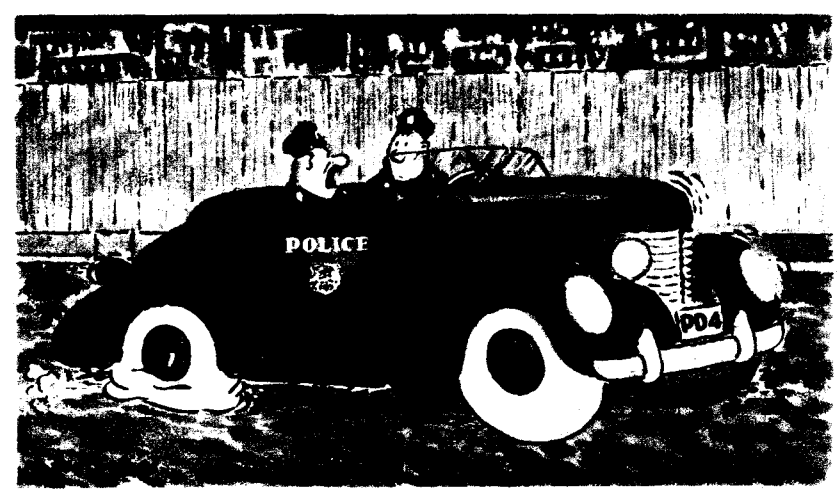
"Come on," I said, "we'll have to run for it!"

"Maybe I ought to thank Aunt Tissy—"

"Judas! Run!"

So I dragged Barney out of there and loaded him into my flivver. We went down the road like a bat out of Sunny Haven. Barney started putting on his clothes.

"Do you remember where you were when it happened?" I said.



"We get a riot call down by th' docks . . . an' a free-fer-all in th' fish market . . . an' a moider in th' gas house district . . . an' everything is okay! An' now, we get a call to investigate a prowler in the girls' dormitory at th' University . . ."

JAY IRVING

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"Yes . . . I left the apartment to go to work this morning. She was out in front."

"Audrey?"

"Un-hunh."

"What then?"

"Well, she said she'd drive me to the plant. I didn't like to be rude, so I agreed. Then she lectured me on my . . . uh . . . immoral life. I suppose she'll think me a dreadful boor, running out on her like this—"

"What happened next?"

"She said I looked shaky. She took an old-fashioned silver flask out of a door pocket—"

"Uncle Dolph's!"

"Whose?"

"Never mind . . . go on—"

"I took a swallow or two out of the flask. It made me ghastly sick. . . . I guess I must have half passed out. When I became fully conscious again I was in bed out there."

I STOPPED the car on the outskirts of Beverly Hills.

"You've been faking this playboy stuff, Barney," I said.

"What makes you think that?"

"You sobered up too fast at the Cosmos Club. You don't know about Mickey Finns. Come clean. What *is* this?"

"Think anything you like."

"Do you deny it's all an act?"

"Yes."

Barney wasn't even a good liar, the *sine qua non* talent of an 18-karat bum.

"Did you ever hear of the Hollywood Trojan horse?" I asked slyly.

"Trojan horse—you mean the University of Southern California's emblem?"

"I mean the local Commu-Nazi organization. The Baroness Thiele, Dot Walker, Joan Bakewell and Boris Koslov-Hootboosher are in it—"

"Koslov - Kundbeischer — " Barney said, and stopped. Then he grinned, ruefully. "Damn you newspaper guys!"

It didn't take long, after that. Barney was afraid I would blab in print. So he unloaded the whole story.

He was happily absorbed in airplane designing problems at the Santa Monica plant when, one day, the Big Boss called him in. The Big Boss said that the Army and Navy intelligence services and the G-men were understaffed and hampered by shortage of funds. The aviation companies, worried by sabotage and spying, had decided to go to work on their own hook. They were picking several men to follow leads that private investigators and plant police had opened. Barney was chosen to represent his company because he was young, unmarried and a trusted man. (I think his being savvy and handsome had a good deal to do with it, but Barney failed to mention these items.)

Anyway, the tip on which he was to work had to do with our Hollywood Trojan horse. The aviation companies had been informed that one of Comrade Stalin's best men was hiding in the Trojan horse. This "brain" had been cleverly using the show-offs, maudlin Stalin-lovers, Hitler-worshipers, crackpots and pea-wits who make up the bulk of the organization for some very nasty skulduggery. People like the movie stars, Joan Bakewell and John Rigney and Douglas Pervynn, and wealthy Fascist sympathizers like the Baroness Thiele, a Swede, were manipulated as a "front" by the unknown lad from Moscow.

"I think I get it, now," I said, "the brilliant young plane designer starts sowing wild oats. He dissipates and runs into debt gambling. Then he sits back and waits for an offer, eh?"

Barney nodded.

"Except that I'm far from brilliant. I've only been circulating for a month and I've already given myself away."

"Only to me, though?"

"So far. But—"

"You're in safe hands, now. With my brains and your charm we'll go to town," I said.

"You're not very conceited!" Barney said.

But we shook hands on it, and I asked Barney what progress he had made. It developed that he had put in some excellent spadework these few weeks. He had met and ingratiated himself with most of the key figures known to inhabit our Trojan horse. But he had picked up no clew whatever to the identity of Mr. Big from the Kremlin.

"I had a date to meet Koslov-Kundbeischer at a tea this afternoon," he said, "but Audrey queered that."

We looked at each other, and I groaned.

"Audrey," I said, "is going to be a bit of a problem."

"You think she'll try to interfere?"

I laughed hollowly. I told Barney a few things about Audrey's reformation complex. I emphasized the iron will and unprincipled resourcefulness of Aunt Tissy.

Barney was too modest to see the point.

"But *why?*" he said. "Why should they want to reform me?"

"Audrey is in love with you."

"Oh, that's nonsense!"

"At least, she *thinks* she's in love with you," I said, sternly. "And our first move must be to break her heart."

"You—you mean . . . uh . . . disillusion her?"

"Exactly. I'm going to equip you with a wife and three children. We'll hire an actress and some Meglin kiddies and—"

"No. That's out!"

We argued bitterly, but I couldn't sell the idea to Barney. He was just too soft underneath. He went wistful on me, saying: "She thinks I'm going to sell out to the Trojan horse and betray my country. Not one modern girl in a million would care a whoop. But she cares and I—uh—I honor her for it, Scoop. There's something noble . . . uh . . . something spiritual . . ."

"*Audrey?*"

"Yes. Uh . . . why don't we take her into our confidence? I mean, tell her I'm not really such a rotter—"

"What?"

"Let's tell her just what I'm doing!"

CHILDREN, the peace and safety of this Republic depended upon Duncan's eloquence at this moment.

"Barney," I said, "I have lived and life has mellowed me. Go you straightway to the national press associations. Go tell the radio broadcasting companies. Go stand on a housetop and shout. But don't, I beg of you, tell this secret to Audrey Atkinson. That would mean world-wide distribution. This is a pleading voice from behind the eight ball!"

A magnificent summation, and it was not without effect.

"Maybe you're right, at that," Barney said.

I started my flivver rolling, and as we drove to Barney's apartment we reviewed his next move. He told me he had a date with Joan Bakewell to do some heavy gambling at the Sporting Fifty Club tomorrow night. He said he thought it time to take spectacular losses. There was a girl Joan wanted him to meet; he didn't recall her name but she was going to be at the Sporting Fifty. It would be well worth his while, he thought, although roulette bored him and he knew too many girls already.

Just to seal our partnership and prove that I was ready to do my part, I said: "The new girl and I will play roulette

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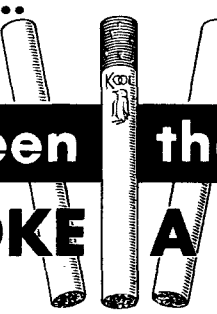

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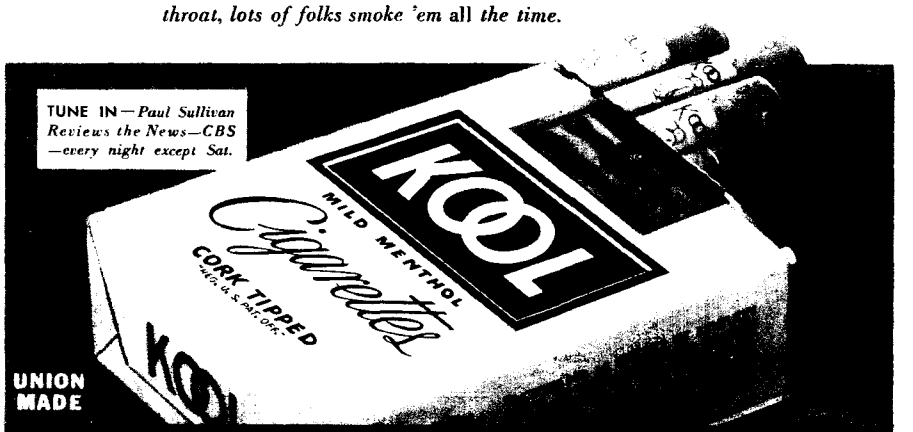

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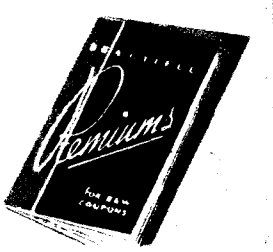

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while you talk about the workers with Joanie."

"Fair enough," said Barney.

What with one thing and another, I didn't get out to the Sporting Fifty until after eleven o'clock that evening. The first person I bumped into, in the anteroom, was little Herman Beckstein. He was shuffling sideways as usual.

"Go away, Herman," I said, "I haven't any fish."

"Ha, ha—" said Herman, "you better go look after your friend Barney. He's losing his shirt."

"He's no friend of mine," I said.

Herman sighed.

"Between you and I," he said, "I still don't know what they see in the guy. He ain't in pictures."

"Tch, tch, tch—such bigotry!" I said.

I walked hurriedly away from the goggle-eyed twerp.

Then I had a shock.

BARNEY was playing high-stake roulette in the small parlor. The girl who stood next to him and was laughingly helping him to stack chips was none other than Katrinka Rolfe, the darling of all true Bolshies. Joan Bakewell had attached herself to Lew Himmelsteur, the producer, and his stooges, leaving Katrinka a clear field with Barney.

This was really something. At least four of the dozen foreign correspondents who published books in the past year had mentioned Katrinka Rolfe. She was a roving reporter and propagandist for several radical New York publications. A dramatic brunette, with big brown eyes and shock of blue-black hair, she had cut quite a swath among the Party boys in Spain and China. Reported to be personally acquainted with Holy Joe Stalin, himself, and a bosom friend of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Katrinka had the book-writing experts in a lather of romantic adjectives. Even Walter Winchell had deigned to give her a capsule characterization—the Nifty Nihilist and "a bomb in the heart"—he called her. Duncan, being a coarser fellow, will describe her as Anarchy's badger girl. None the less, a swell dish at any barricade!

Herman Beckstein still pursued me.

"Know who that girl is?"

"Katrinka Rolfe."

"Oh, have *you* met her?"

"We slept in the same tent in Tibet."

"Ha, ha, ha . . . pretty good. I can introduce you to her, Scoop."

"Aw, shucks, I'm bashful."

"You'd think different about the Workers if you knew *her*. Come on—"

Just then we heard a great bustle in the big room. A numerous and important party was arriving. I saw Tony Genella, impresario of the Sporting Fifty, bowing and scraping.

"Yoo-hoo, Scoop!"

Did these old ears deceive me? I glanced toward the roulette table. Barney also had heard that voice. Our eyes met and he implored me to run some interference.

"Scoop, darling! Here I am!"

I turned just as Audrey burst into the small parlor. She was purposefully aglow, as if arriving at the last minute to work in the kitchen for St. Cecelia's Guild at All Saints. Correctly social register in dress—black evening gown, chinchilla wrap, pearls and a silver lace mantilla over her hair—she was bubbling with high resolves and noble objectives.

"What a surprise, finding *you* here!" she said. "I knew Barney would be here, but you are a bit of extra luck. You're not angry with me about last night, are you, darling? Barney isn't. He sent me a note by special messenger . . . the sweetest note—"

"Look, Audrey—"

"Now, I want you to know these dear people!"

The four couples with her ranged from middle-aged to elderly. The women were expensively attired. The men wore full evening dress. But as Audrey introduced me all around, I couldn't remember a face from the society section, nor did I hear any names of consequence. They seemed a solemn, stodgy group.

"Look, Audrey," I said, "this is no place for you folks. It's tough. It's full of gangsters. I'll take you away."

"Very sweet of you," Audrey said absently.

She was staring at Barney and Katrinka Rolfe.

"Scoop . . . who is that girl with Barney?"

I grabbed her firmly by the arm.

"It's dull here. Let's all go to Earl Carroll's—"

"Who is that girl?"

"Name of Rolfe. A buyer from Bullocks-Willshire . . . no, I think Bullocks-*Westwood*—yes, that's right."

"Is that Katrinka Rolfe? The one Pop Dorsey says is the girl in the book?"

"What book? Oh, I believe she did write some nursery rhymes—"

Audrey shook off my hand.

"You big liar," she said, "I'm going right over and ask her!"

Her guests had wandered off to the tables on their own hook. Audrey made straight for Barney's table. I went after her, stammering incoherent warnings of smallpox, typhoid and bubonic plague. Audrey pushed in close to Barney and Katrinka.

"Oh . . . hello, Audrey," Barney said, flushing miserably.

Audrey spoke first to Katrinka:

"Is your name Katrinka Rolfe?"

"Yes."

"The—the girl that throws *bombs?*"

Katrinka looked somewhat abashed.

"Oh, hardly that," she said.

Barney tried to come to her rescue.

"Miss Rolfe, this is Miss Audrey Atkinson. She—"

Ignoring him, Audrey stared wide-eyed at Katrinka, who started to count chips nervously.

"You mean to tell me that you've been all over Spain and China murdering people—with that complexion?"

Miss Rolfe frowned.

"What is this, Barney?" she asked. "Some sort of quaint Hollywood rib?"

Barney looked as if he'd like to crawl under the table. He gave me a quick "Pal, why didn't you stop her?" glance.

"Miss Atkinson is quite a kidder," he said. "Come on, we'll try some poker—"

"Oh, have I said something I should not?" Audrey gasped. "I'm just astonished that a pretty little thing like you could be the Red Flower of Hate . . . that's what Vincent von Hinckdorf called you in his book. Didn't he call you that?"

Katrinka gave her a cold stare.

"Hinckdorf is a capitalist swine—probably a cousin of yours," she said. "Good evening!"

She started to walk off on her dignity. But it is difficult to walk away with dignity from Audrey. She follows.

"Oh, you poor, beautiful creature!" she exclaimed. "Please forgive me. They must have lied about you. I know you couldn't have shot anyone—"

I yanked Audrey back.

"*Please,* Audrey—let's play with these cute black and red chips—"

Audrey pointed the accusing finger, in sorrow, not anger.

"How could you newspapermen write such things about that poor girl? Pop Dorsey says that John Guthrow said in his book—"

"Croupier . . . a hundred dollars' worth of chips for Miss Atkinson!" I said desperately.

KATRINKA and Barney made their escape, but not for long. Audrey pushed all her chips on the red, lost them, and then got worried because Barney might be losing.

She went over to the poker layout. What could I do but follow?

"Pssst, Barney!" she stage-whispered, "are you ruined yet, dear?"

Barney shook his head, his face a red agony as all eyes turned to him.

Audrey took a packet of one-hundred-dollar bills from her handbag and waved them, as she shoved up to the table.

"I'm going to bank you, Barney," she said sweetly, magnanimously. "You are gambling against my advice and probably running deep into debt, but I am still your friend." Then, with a reproving *moue* at Katrinka Rolfe: "Your *best* friend!"

Katrinka was getting sore.

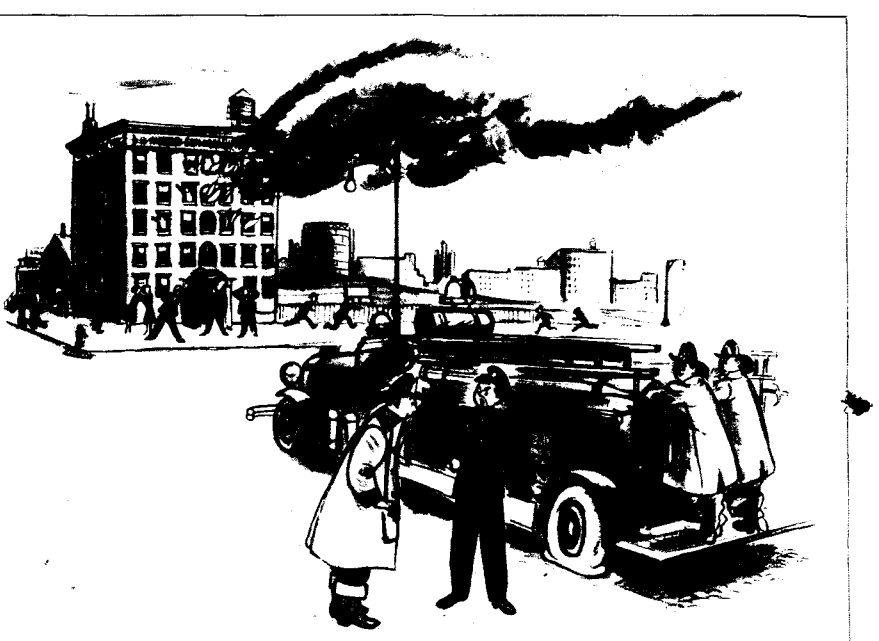
"I think we'd better go," she said to Barney, "they didn't fumigate this joint very carefully."

It didn't feeze Audrey.

She slapped the banknotes on the table and said to the dealer: "This is all for Barney, poor misguided darling." Then, she looked at Katrinka forgivingly and added: "No, that little girl with the gorgeous brown eyes can play on it, too. She needs a new dress!"

This touched off the fireworks.

Barney shoved the money back to Audrey, his face grim, and said to me: "Will you take Miss Atkinson home, or shall *we* leave?"



"I won't drive another inch—it would ruin the tube!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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"Take it easy, folks," the dealer said.

One of Audrey's gentlemen guests staggered up to the group at this point.

"I'm ruined!" he said, the ham.

He yanked a revolver from his pocket, jammed the muzzle against his shirt front and fired. He wobbled and fell, a gory stain spreading across his stomach. Miss Rolfe and several other women screamed.

But not little Audrey.

She looked at Barney and pointed to the prostrate figure, gasping and gurgling in the welter.

"This, Barney," she said, "is what comes of gambling!"

The trouble with reformers is that they never know when they have made their point. Over at the roulette tables, another revolver went off. On top of this, one of Audrey's lady guests waved a dagger and, with a corny shriek, plunged it into her breast.

There is one good thing about newspapermen. They always know the way to the nearest exit.

As the stampede for the front door started, I grabbed Audrey firmly by her left wrist.

"Follow me, Barney!" I said.

Barney, ever the gentleman, waited to collect Katrinka, Joan and Douglas Pervynn. But we all made it down the back stairs to the parking lot. A big hurrah was raging at the Sporting Fifty and I heard a copper blow his whistle.

"You take charge of Audrey," I said to Barney, "I've got a riot story to cover!"

It became quickly apparent that Audrey had made herself most unpopular.

"A fine thing!" Joan Bakewell shrilled, in the voice she remembered from the days when she was a railroad-station waitress. "I oughta clout her one! Tryin' to get me caught in a raid with my option coming up next month!"

"I say, was it all a fake?" stammered Douglas Pervynn. "Not really?"

"A pretty lousy gag!" said Katrinka. Then with hearty proletarian forthrightness, "Atkinson, you stink."

But Audrey was still determined to point a moral.

"Oh, Barney," she said, "don't these dreadful people *sicken* you? Aren't you revolted by the whole sordid mess?"

She had driven Barney too far.

"I'm very sorry," he said, with icy politeness, "but I haven't time to listen to such bilge. Good evening."

He turned and walked off with Katrinka. Pervynn and Joan paused for a parting shot.

"Join the Salvation Army!" Joan said.

AUDREY didn't hear it. She was looking after Barney. I suddenly felt a little sorry for her. It was the first time I had ever seen Audrey frightened. She really loved the boy. And she was afraid of Katrinka.

"He . . . he's gone off . . . with *her*—"

"Never mind that now. Where's your car?"

Luckily, Clarence and George trotted over from the parking lot across the street to take charge of the young mistress.

"You done just fine, Miss Audrey," Clarence announced. "I never seen so many scairt-sick folks!"

"It'll learn 'em not to gamble," said George unctuously.

"Scoop . . . wait—"

But I had a story to telephone.

Some forty minutes later, when I left the drugstore phone booth, I found that Audrey had trailed me. She was seated on a stool at the counter, waiting.

"Scoop, did you use my name?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you go right back and tell your editor that I accept full responsibility. He can use my picture—but not the swimming pool one—and say I did it to teach certain people in Hollywood the sin of gambling. The police arrested all those dear, sweet people whose splendid acting helped so much, but Pop Dorsey is down there to sign their bonds and defend them to the Supreme Court. And couldn't you sneak in a little picture of Barney? With a sort of pithy saying in print with it—like 'It is to be hoped he learned his lesson.' Couldn't you, Scoop darling?"

Silence is the only answer to a speech like that from a gal like Audrey.

I walked on out the door, but she went into her brave-suffering-tears-in-angelic-eyes routine. I finally agreed to get into her car and ride home with her. She said it was time for us to have a brother-and-sister talk.

"Lay off this reformation foolishness."

"Let him drink?"

"Yes."

"And gamble?"

"Yes."

"And associate with women like Katrinka Rolfe?"

"Yes."

AUDREY wept. She said I was a heartless, cynical worldling. She said Barney was like James Stewart and sort of like Fredric March and, yes, a little like Gary Cooper, but far more sensitive and spiritual. She said *that woman* would seduce Barney with liquor and gambling and lead him right into the Trojan horse. They would make Barney steal airplane plans from his company or maybe bomb the plant. Then the G-men would catch him and put him in prison or maybe sh-shoot him—

"How did you know he was going to the Sporting Fifty?" I asked, to change the subject.

"My Phyllis and Joan Bakewell's Clara are bosom friends."

"How come Genella let you in?"

"Why, George and Clarence have connections all through the underworld! Aunt Tissy lets them stay friendly with their old associates because, she says, you never know when it'll come in handy."

"Oh," I said.

We rode in silence to the front drive of Sunny Haven. Audrey had dried her eyes and now she stopped sniffling.

"Scoop—"

"Yes."

"You've got to help me with Barney."

"No! It's all over!"

As I climbed out to give Audrey the courtly hand, Aunt Tissy appeared on the terrace. She had two Great Danes on leash and she was holding that whip.

"Baby! What's the matter?"

"Barney got mad at me. And Ralph won't help me make it up with him."

"Oh, he won't?"

"Look, Aunt Tissy—I can't do a thing, unless Audrey promises to lay off the reform stuff."

Aunt Tissy popped the whip, and the mastiffs whined and crawled on their bellies, tails wagging.

"Young man, do you want to keep your job on the newspaper?"

"Oh, I dare say—"

"Aunt Tissy, please. You mustn't have Ralph fired. Oh, no . . . not that."

Aunt Tissy glowered at me.

"H'mph. We'll see!" she said.

Audrey threw her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek.

"Dear Scoop . . . whatever happens . . . I do love you! Good night!"

Clarence drove me home. He talked all the time about what might happen to me. I had better do what Aunt Tissy wanted, Clarence said.

A sleepy messenger boy was waiting in the hallway of my apartment. He had a note from Barney which read:

"There has been a startling development. Meet me at plant nine A. M. tomorrow. Audrey cannot get in there. Think I'm cracking it."

(To be continued next week)

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Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

For distinguished service the standard of DEWAR'S *White Label* has been decorated by more than 60 medals of honour. In consequence, you can honour this seasoned veteran with your confidence. . . confident that it will not be betrayed. Command DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . and be "At Ease"

White Label 8 *years old*
Victoria Vat 12 *years old*
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky Copyright 1939, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

Schenley

Dewar's
"White Label"
The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So Young
WITH A TROUBLE
SO OLD!

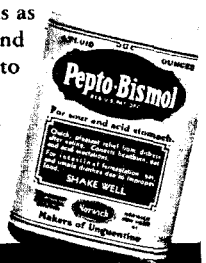
Upset stomach is an ancient trouble . . . often the penalty of the age-old habit of over-eating. When your stomach is sour, sickish, or upset, don't aggravate the condition with overdoses of drastic physics or purges. Take soothing Pepto-Bismol instead.

●

Pepto-Bismol is of great help when the stomach is upset by over-indulgence, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food . . . when relief is desired from the distress of gas pains, nervous indigestion or simple diarrhea.

Pepto-Bismol has no laxative action and is not antacid. It helps soothe the irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach, and is decidedly pleasant to the taste.

50¢ at all druggists'.



Norwich*

*Makers of *Unguentine*

*PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Right from the Start

Continued from page 11

your fourteen horses into their boxes, there is nothing to do but wait a few seconds, until they calm down. No more dawdling for ten minutes while the starters wait for a good line-up at the post.

Subdued by the mechanical genius of man, the spirited animals can no longer throw their jockeys, stand on their own ears, kick their comrades, whirl about in circles, plunge to their knees or start the race backward, and this will bring untold relief to horse patrons of an unlucky cast. It will save people like Mr. Rice and Oliver Hardy, known as Babe, from a great deal of perspiration and profanity.

Mr. Rice at present holds all the race-track records for wagering on horses that leave the gate sideways or with their tails facing the start, or just stand in silent meditation. Mr. Hardy's medals come from having won the most races on horses finishing first without any jockey aboard at the finish. Ticket holders on such winners are entitled to a few words of sympathy, but not any money.

They're in to Stay

The Santa Anita starter differs from the Puett gate in one detail. Its gates are held in place, locked tight by magnetic contact, and they open when the current is turned off. There are no bolts, locks or catches on the machine and nothing can get stuck and hold your two-dollar bet in the coop. Up at the top and over each stall are a couple of shining, flat magnets that look like brass book ends. When the gates are closed, they remain in sticky contact and it takes a horse shoving twelve hundred pounds to push them open, but no horse in America can push twelve hundred pounds with his nose.

The gate was invented by young Donald McKenzie, who hails from Vancouver. Young McKenzie worked for five years as assistant starter at the Hastings, Brighouse and Lansdowne tracks in Canada and for a long time he felt sure there was some better way of getting the ponies away from the post. After he invented his gate, nobody would give him a tumble. They said it looked interesting, but had too much machinery for horse racing. Then Donald hopped on down to Los Angeles, his enthusiasm undimmed, where he connected with Charles H. Strub, who provided the finances, and the gate was built.

Trainers, owners and jockeys are all for the new device, and old Horace Public will undoubtedly vote for it, as there will be no more funny business at the start. Everyone can remember betting on horses that some functionary seemed to hang on and ride part way with, as if loath to part from an old friend.

It banishes likewise another playful old custom—jerking at the horse's head if he happens to be bouncing about and so timing his final jerk as to coincide with the bell, throw the beastie off his stride and help him lose the race before he begins it.

Schemers of the track will no longer pay good money to assistant starters to stand behind the horse with a whip at the signal. One of these lashers lately swung with such violence that his whip curled around the horse's tail and the fellow was dragged half a furlong.

The starter at Santa Anita has a crew of eight assistants, who calm the ponies, straighten them out and help keep their noses even, but will require only five helpers in the future. Machinery again replacing man power.

Starting gates in some form, but minus electricity, have been coming and going for years in all parts of the country, but they suffered from mechanical defects and faded from the scene. Some were operated by levers, handles or triggers. One of the first appeared at Lagoon Park in Salt Lake City and another pioneer gate was the Wagoner, which was built in sections, space for four horses in each section. This one was abandoned, as it had a confusing habit of starting four of the horses and not starting the next four and they had to refund too much dough to the wounded speculators.

With the electric gate in action, trainers will be without a grand excuse when one of their horses finishes fifth instead of first. A favorite trainer custom, when the owner howled, was to blame the starter and show that through personal malice and spite he purposely ruined their horse at the start. That's gone. They won't even bother in the future at Santa Anita to take pictures of the start.

The improved modern gate will add to the cash value of horses, especially ones that can run like the wind but have poor personal habits and wicked tempers. These will now become little lambie pies and will no longer bite, gouge, kick or delay the start while they try to paw a helper's ears off.

Electricity has been applied to the starting gate in recent times, but it has been otherwise working around the tracks for some while, and if you took the electric current away the various courses might as well shut up shop and rent the infield to sheep grazers. You need electricity to operate the totalizator and sell the tickets to the wan-eyed speculators. Canned lightning operates the public address system. It works the photo-finish camera. It raises and lowers the stewards' stand, runs the elevators, operates the clippers that shave the ponies, warms the blankets that warm the horsies and electrocutes the flies that used to make life miserable for nervous colts and fillies. It operates the timing machine, which records the race while it is being run off.

There is another contribution to racing that appears to be wholly Californian or native son, and I will wager four bucks every race track in America will take it up before long. That's the public address or microphone description by an expert of the race as it is being run. In the East, it is still looked upon as an impudent innovation, but the customers like it.

Once upon a time, racing was only for those in the boxes. They knew the horses and the colors. The two-dollar proletariat was of small importance and stood down there by the rail, seeing little of the race except the finish.

Now the two-dollar lad can shut his eyes and listen to his horse moving up on the inside—at least he can in California, where Joe Hernandez or Oscar Otis will tell him how things are going. Joe was so good at it that Vanderbilt took him to Pimlico, and the Pimlico fans thoroughly approved.

Sound Effects by Hollywood

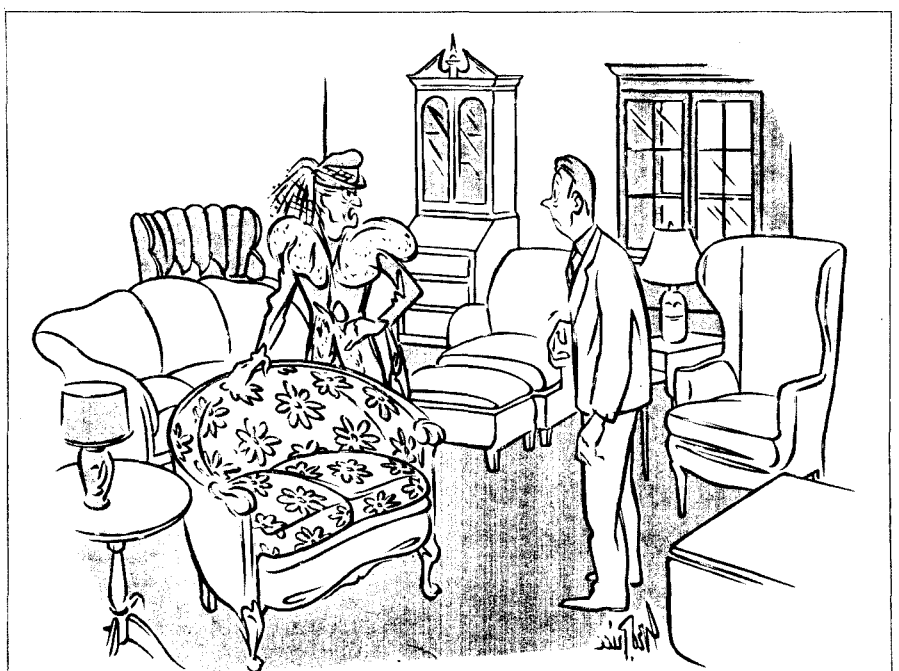
It was a California turf writer who actually started this business of announcing horse races, and like everything else, the movies had a hand in that. Back in the cheerful twenties, an ambitious movie director took a company of actors down to the old track at Tia Juana, below San Diego, there to shoot a drama with a race sequence.

There was a fair crowd of ordinary fans that day. The movie director had his loud-speaker or talking machine with him, used by the movies to direct crowds of extras, and through this he addressed the race-goers and informed them a motion picture was being made of the sixth race and asked their friendly co-operation. Would they kindly look alive and cheer at the finish, wave their arms, jump about and pretend excitement, even though many of them had lost two bucks each?

There is no record of what occurred that day, as the racing movie has long since faded into the realm of forgotten films. Probably concerned a Southern gal and her pappy with whiskers and his solitary racing hoss and his mortgage and possibly the horse wins and the gal marries somebody.

Anyhow, George Schilling, who is now head man down at Caliente—George was interested in the movie loud-speaker and its loud squawkings and asked the director if he might borrow the instrument and try it out on the racing fans.

He did so and the simple souls there assembled seemed to like the effect and thus was born the public address system, or holler while they gallop.



"Well, answer me! Do you have a love seat for three?" GEORGE PRICE

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Now, in Germany—

Continued from page 15

and no comeback, if your writing is "sincere."

Change "sincere" to "impersonal," and you've got Germany.

Italy unanimously gets the worst name. Every Italian consul in America reports back every critical word sent from Rome, and there is a constant, querulous whining from the Press Ministry: "Why did you say this, what did you mean by that?" The doghouse is the customary abode for every American correspondent in Rome. The casualty list (i. e., expulsions) of Americans in Italy is larger than for all other powers combined.

IN THEIR home-front propaganda to hold up public war morale, the Germans have borrowed from our depression era technique. Remember the "cheer-up" shorts, that were tacked onto newsreels? Little evangelical sketches, warning you against hard-time mongers, and suggesting good times were just around the corner? Bits of that nature are minor features of every movie in Germany now. Here is one I just saw in Berlin. Two men are pictured at a restaurant table. They are casting directors' "ideal types." One is young good-natured, clearly patriotic; the other a chronic grumbler, who is complaining about the coffee—"not fit to drink; no excuse for this bellywash!" His young friend whispers confidentially: "I know where you can get good coffee!" The selfish one's eyes gleam: "Where—tell me—please?" There is a little obvious byplay: the young man pretending to be reluctant to talk, in fear of lurking Gestapo. Finally he gives in and guffaws, "Brazil!"

This is smart; for not the least of the war's hardships for coffee-loving Germans is their complete deprivation of this beverage. In early weeks there was still some real coffee to be had: frugal housewives mixed it with the Ersatz brand, extended the period of grace. Now there just isn't any unless a friend brings or sends you some from Denmark or Sweden. What is used for coffee in Germany today is scorched barley grain. Waiters always tell you waggishly: "This won't ruin your health!"

Horcher's, famed among gourmets as one of the half-dozen best restaurants in the world, defiantly ignores the availability of substitutes. Horcher's, considering food cards and regulations, still manages to do a magnificent job; the renowned center vegetable display table is still there, if a bit weedy. But Horcher's ran out of its coffee reserve some time ago, and you will get nothing more by that name there until the first shipload arrives from Central or South America, with peace.

HERE is another example of how aviation has influenced this war, also, of why commercial aviation in Europe has never been as safe as that of the United States.

When you sit back home and listen to broadcasts from Berlin—well, the broadcasts are not from Berlin! Not from the great, webby, steel longlegs out near the Olympic Stadium, you can bet. Neither, I presume, are London or Paris broadcasts from London or Paris.

Here, speakers are taken to the regular Berlin "Rundfunk," of course, where they go through all the customary motions. But the programs are piped to far and frequently changed transmitters. For the capital's own sending plant would be too, too convenient for enemy aircraft—which could use it as a homing beacon for their magnetic compasses. Thus the radio range, or beacon, which is standard equipment on airways in the United States, and an important safety factor, has never been developed in Europe. What's the use? Have to turn it off every time you got into a war!

INSTEAD of the direct and forthright American radio beacon system, European commercial aviation specialized in the complicated "triangulation" method. That is useful in peace or war. Russian bombers—their magnetic compasses frustrated when Helsinki switched off—were still able to come over the Finnish capital in thick weather by triangulating on the Stockholm and Riga stations. The western belligerents have a variety of helpful points. Using Lisbon and Rome, or Oslo and Amsterdam, you can get a "fix" on virtually any European city.

Traps for correspondents are as frequent as those for tanks, and often more cunning. You are subtly led to jump at conclusions. One example of this, which all reporters in Europe have been discussing recently, was the release by the French of a communiqué with reference to a great new hospital equipped for the treatment of poison-gas victims. It said that "on the opening day the hospital was quickly filled with patients." One overeager lad jumped at the implication, got off a hot cable that there had been a big poison-gas attack. His editors in New York stopped it for corroboration. The French had not said, when you pinned them down, that the hospital had been filled with "poison-gas patients," but merely with "patients." But you can guess what might have happened: widespread horror at the first story—and not so many people reading the subsequent denial.

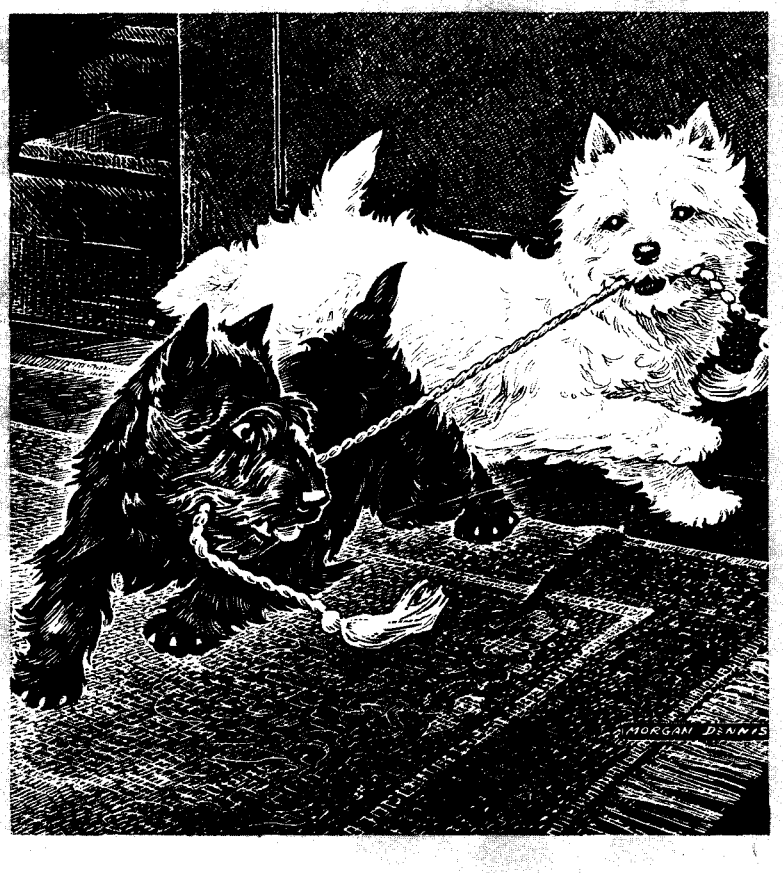
It isn't often that a fabricated story will be exposed right in your lap; but here is one.

In company with another correspondent and a neutral military observer, I listened to the Danzig speech of Herr von Ribbentrop on October 24th—the speech which, Berliners said, was "Germany's declaration of war on England." It came through perfectly; without interruption or distraction of any sort. A short time later we heard a British announcer from London describe how reception of the Ribbentrop speech—in Berlin, Magdeburg and Hamburg—was spoiled by siren alarms, constant anti-aircraft firing and the roar of British leaflet planes raiding those cities. He did not report this as a rumor; but unequivocally, as fact.

That night, outdoors, was abominable: dense fog, rain, a ceiling that had been down on the rooftops all day. If any plane was in the air in that area on that night, then I have never seen a wheel turn. We three knew personally there had been no sirens, no firing, no plane noises overhead in the storm, in downtown Berlin. I checked thoroughly with American friends elsewhere in Berlin, also with people in Hamburg and Magdeburg. They reported similar weather conditions; no interference with Ribbentrop's speech, and no firing, alarms or plane zoomings.

AS YOU know, Germans are not supposed to listen to foreign broadcasts. The government scoffs at those which originate in London or Paris, aimed at Reich listeners and the scuttling of their morale, as so much wasted breath.

But in September, two bombs were thrown one day in Berlin by persons un-



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EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

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DOUBLE LUCK, SPEAR THROWER!

Tough steak, but primitive man was lucky to get it—lucky, too, because tough, primitive foods kept his teeth properly exercised, polished and healthy!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR TEETH BRIGHT

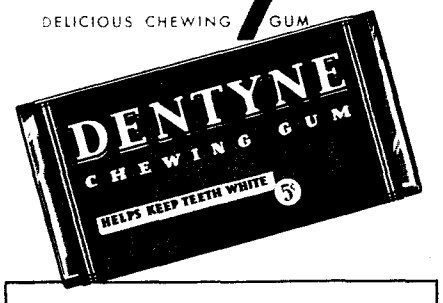
Soft, civilized foods let our teeth become lazy. Dentyne's special firmness is often commended by dentists because it exercises teeth—helps them keep healthy and bright.

ENJOY THE MAGIC GOODNESS OF DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR!

A flavor from the Far East—spicy, alluring. Just taste Dentyne. You'll like it! Slip the convenient, flat package into your pocket or purse—a handy treat.

Dentyne

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE ...MOUTH HEALTHY

known. One fell in the Leipzigerstrasse, just outside the magnificent new building of Herr Goering's Air Ministry. The other exploded outside the main police station. Both were small; did negligible damage. News of the affair was neither published nor broadcast in Germany.

However, within a quarter of an hour, anxious wives literally by the hundreds began to call up their husbands in downtown places of business—even in the government offices—to find if they were safe. Here was a dead giveaway, and a somewhat embarrassing one for husbands who had official jobs. Because ten minutes after their occurrence the explosions had been announced—on the Paris radio!

THIS is about two men in Berlin. North Europe, wet down through history by more human blood than any other territory, has the earth's worst climate for war morale. Now in Berlin it is dreary winter. Veterans of the American Army of Occupation of 1918-1919 will remember what that means, and know what the people, with food and fuel rationed, are enduring. The Gulf Stream, which makes this section habitable, also, when its warmth meets the cold Baltic winds, breeds fogs and cloud rack. Around the Baltic margins you are lucky if you see the sun half a dozen times between October and late March. It is seldom honestly cold, in the minus zero sense; but the chill reaches your bones. Each day is brief and gray, wretchedly monotonous with rain or snow. Each night the streets are searched by a wind that mutters like a cheated lost soul who is trying to blow up some warming fire into an irresolute hell. The combination of weather, short days and nightly black-out gives a sense of intolerable loneliness.

The lonesomest man in Berlin is Monsieur I. L. Fraysee.

Monsieur Fraysee is a veteran of the French diplomatic service. Before the war he was principal clerk of the French embassy, personally attached to the ambassador. When the embassy buttoned up, the German government suggested that a member of the staff be left as caretaker. Things could thus be kept tidy and efficient for the French to move back patly, come peace. It was another sign of Germany's apparent strategy to keep the rupture with France at a minimum. France agreed, and tolerated a similar German caretaker in Paris.

So here is Monsieur Fraysee, living in the bosom of his country's enemy. Mornings you can see him walk, alone and forlorn, from the shuttered French embassy, through Unter Den Linden's traffic as it splits around the pillars of the Brandenburg Gate, across to the United States embassy on the opposite side of Parizer Platz. The United States handles Allied business in the Reich's capital. This is Monsieur Fraysee's only permitted contact.

A warning in any capital of the approach of war is smoke rising from chimneys of embassies that may be involved, as confidential papers are burned. Enough records are usually left, however, to keep a man like Monsieur Fraysee busy. Now with his files and housework and dabblings in literature—Monsieur Fraysee, under the name of "Fil," has written many continued novels for Parisian newspapers—he fights his insulated days. But a man does like to have someone to talk to, however; and Monsieur Fraysee is pathetically grateful for the few minutes of "visiting" each day with the folks in the American embassy. The police watch to see that he doesn't go elsewhere. But Monsieur Fraysee is so harmless, so amiable, it is thought he will soon be given the run of Berlin.

On the other hand is the least lonely man in Berlin.

If you tried to get a shave or haircut in the (name deleted by Courtney) Shop you would know whom I mean. One of the staff barbers is from the S. S. Bremen. He went to work here as soon as he got down from Murmansk; and you've got to wait in line if you want to hear all about it, for so does everyone else in Berlin, seemingly. It would seem a barber's paradise: customers that *want* you to talk.

There is a rumor, however, that the barber is beginning to envy Monsieur Fraysee.

There is more to war than shooting; more to winning allies than such mere tricks of diplomacy as promises of territorial or trade concessions. In these modern days of swift dissemination of intelligence, there are crafty ways of showing your muscles which are not only effective propaganda but often add gay undertones to the symphony of gloom and meanness. The British fleet used it in the touch-and-go summer of 1935, when Italy's shoulders were loaded with chips. Italian submarines audaciously held diving operations close to Egypt. British destroyers went out all quite innocently to hold depth charge practice in the area where the Italians were known to be submerged, prudently cutting the charges to half and quarter strength, of course. Italian subs bobbed up like champagne corks, exchanged courtesies with the "surprised" Britishers, and sailed away—with the hint lost neither upon their commanders nor upon Rome.

With the current war the British did a bit of play-acting which made even the German militarists giggle. This time, French were in the cast. Democracies cannot be expected to prepare for war as quickly as dictatorships. You cannot blame them, therefore, for mixing a little guile with their planning.

All summer, with September third looming inevitably and uncertainty deepening whether Italy would march with her Axis pal, British Territorials (equivalent of our National Guard) and French reservists engaged in drills that are not part of either country's modern fighting lore or requirements. On rugged Scottish coasts, and northern islands, the Territorials mocked landing operations, à la United States marines in the Caribbean. French reservists played similar games on Corsica's fissured slopes. Both French and British were supported by planes, which based immediate operations from level fields inland which the troops had "seized."

Military attachés and experts—to say nothing of the natives of Corsica and Scotland—wondered. The militarists could think of no place in connection with Germany where such operations would be in order. Then came winks and whispers: "Ever look at Sardinia in the atlas? There she is, anchored off the west leg of the Italian boot. Bold, steep coasts. Lovely inland plateaus, ideal for plane bases. Not easy to defend against landing parties; nothing but a naval base or two, which a small fleet could engage while your troops were beaching. Looks like a big aircraft carrier on the map—doesn't she?—with Rome, Naples, Genoa, all the rest, so—so close—"

Italy did not march on September third.

THEN you are walking down a German street with a veteran military attaché. You have passed in an hour scores of young soldiers. The colonel asks you suddenly: "Ever notice anything about these soldiers? How much they look like the kids you would see in the streets at home if your country were mobilized. How much they look like the lads you can see right now on the streets in France and England. I've seen a lot of wars and armies and I often think the only difference between enemy soldiers is their uniforms!"

THE GENERAL

"But you gotta stop the artillery, General! My bread won't rise!"

FRANK OWEN

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The Heart of Kwan Yin

Continued from page 24

because I was tempted to stay so long away from the Bazaar."

"Goodby, Lee! You'll see me again soon!" Clayton said.

James Lee was to see Frank Clayton very soon; but he was never again to see Clayton alive.

THE summons came near midnight. The telephone in James Lee's apartment rang insistently. Over the wire came the girl's voice. Firmly but with a cold undercurrent of fear, "Mr. Lee, you must save him!" she began. "The police are here in the store. They are insane! They will have Sung Mock in his coffin!"

"Is it Miss Chang? What has happened to Sung Mock?"

"Just because he was the first to see the body—" The girl paused, making a desperate effort to regain her composure, to speak clearly and with courage. "Poor Mr. Clayton! Someone killed him here in our store. The police have arrested my brother and Sung Mock. You must talk to the white police! Sung Mock is in great danger!"

"*Clayton murdered!* I will come," Lee promised. "I will be with you in ten minutes."

James Lee strapped a .45 automatic under his left arm and started at once, on foot, toward Gamblers Alley. The fog hung chill and dank in the malodorous byways of Chinatown. At the door of the Chang Lin Bazaar he hesitated for a moment. A police car was drawn up at the curb. Next door, a dim light glowed in the recesses of Sakasama's store.

Lee knocked on the paneled door of Chang Lin's shop.

The driver of a dilapidated touring car parked across the street in front of the Double Pigeon jewelry store started his engine. The engine backfired for several seconds. Sharply above this din, James Lee heard the echoing slap of a pistol shot.

Shards of a pane of yellow glass in the paneled door of the Chang Lin Bazaar fell tinkling at his feet. The door opened. He faced Sergeant Roper of the homicide squad. The sergeant, a veteran of the force, confronted James Lee with a drawn revolver. "Halt where you are!" he ordered.

"Get inside, you fool!" James Lee commanded. "They're shooting from—"

THE second crack of a gun from the basement entrance of the Gold Prize Lottery across the fog-swept street accented his words. A second pistol bullet whined through the open doorway, six inches above James Lee's head.

"Come in," Sergeant Roper grated. "Stay here while I get that punk that's bangin' away at us."

James Lee grabbed the sergeant's arm and swung him to sanctuary out of range. Over Roper's shoulder he saw Helen Chang. "Somebody listened in on your message to me," he commented.

Sergeant Roper kicked the door shut. "I'll find out where that shot came from!" he exploded. "You wait right here while I go look."

"Don't be a fool," Lee advised. "By now that gunman is hidden where your whole police force couldn't reach him." He turned to Helen Chang: "Where are your brother and Sung Mock?"

"The police lieutenant has them locked in the office. They are handcuffed. This man will not let me speak to them."

James Lee smiled encouragingly at the white-faced girl, and pushed his way into the office of the Bazaar.

Inside the little room, Lee saw Chang Lin, Helen's elder brother, sitting on a bench, manacled to the young clerk, Sung Mock. They blinked uneasily in the glow of a desk lamp whose shade was fixed to cast a blinding glare on their faces. Behind the lamp stood Lieutenant Conway of the homicide squad.

Conway frowned at the intruder. "What do you want, Lee?"

"Just a bystander, Lieutenant," said Lee pleasantly. "Miss Chang told me there was some trouble, and I offered to help her. Do you mind if I stay and listen a moment?"

"Stay and be damned! Sung Mock has as good as confessed to the crime already."

The younger Chinese stirred. "I have admitted nothing of the kind, Mr. Lee. I am innocent. I went to the stockroom at eleven o'clock to put away some bronzes from our latest shipment. Then I found Mr. Clayton's body on the floor, and called Chang Lin, who telephoned the police. That is all I know."

"You hated Clayton, didn't you?" demanded the lieutenant. "Didn't you admit just now that you were jealous of Clayton because of his interest in Miss Chang? That you resented her visit to Clayton's apartment this afternoon?"

SUNG MOCK looked appealingly at James Lee. "I love Helen. We were to be married in two weeks. Her visit to Mr. Clayton's apartment was to examine his collection of Scythian art."

"Was Scythian art her only reason for visiting him?" Conway taunted. "You're sure you didn't threaten to kill Clayton when he came in here at five o'clock with your sweetheart?"

"I said nothing to him. He—"

"Just a moment," James Lee intervened. "Lieutenant, when was Clayton killed? How was he killed?"

"The coroner said he was killed this evening between five o'clock and six. The store was closed a little after six. Chang Lin here claims that they all went upstairs, thinking that Clayton had gone away. If you ask me, that story won't stand up five minutes!"

James Lee lit a cigarette. "Who was in the store between five and six?"

Chang Lin cleared his throat. "Two or three tourists," he said slowly. "They left a little after five. Sakasama came in after that, looking for a mandarin robe. He had a customer in his store who wanted a Chinese robe."

"Did Sakasama see Clayton?"

"Possibly. I do not know."

Sung Mock raised his head. "You forget another person who was here. Chin Hok was in to pay his rent shortly after five o'clock."

James Lee faced Chang Lin. "Chin Hok, the pawnbroker across the alley? Do you own the pawnshop too?"

"Yes. All this was part of my father's property. Before the fire, there was a large old building on this site, a gambling house. Sakasama's store and this place and the pawnshop were evil dens in those days. It is said that there were tunnels below here, connecting these houses. I do not know. There is a trap door in our storeroom, but underneath it is a floor of bricks."

"Where else could an invader gain entrance to this place?"

Chang Lin shrugged. "There is a balcony that runs under the second floor windows in the back wall. But the three of us, and my servants, were on that floor all evening."

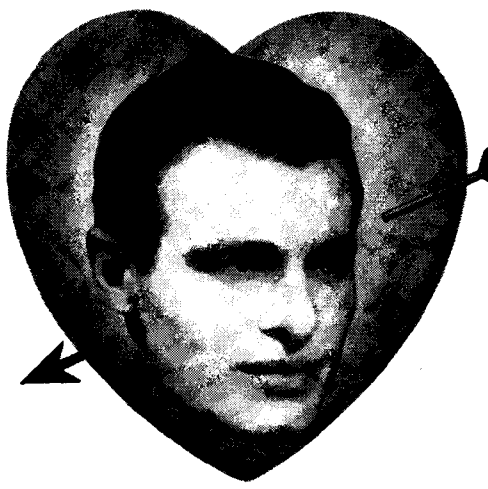
"A thief could have come in that way!" declared Sung Mock. "It was a thief who did this thing. The windows

HOW TO HELP YOUR BEST GIRL MAKE UP HER MIND

SOAK YOUR HAIR with water every time you comb it and she'll soon be losing interest. Water washes away natural oils — leaves your hair dry and stiff and wild as the March wind.

PLASTER IT DOWN with greasy goo. Get it nice and shiny, sort of gigolo-like. Then she'll feel uncomfortable with you in public and simply loathe to run her hand through your hair.

LOSE YOUR HAIR through neglect. You'll look old enough to be her uncle and get a nice handshake with a polite "thank you for the wonderful evening" — on this side of the front door.



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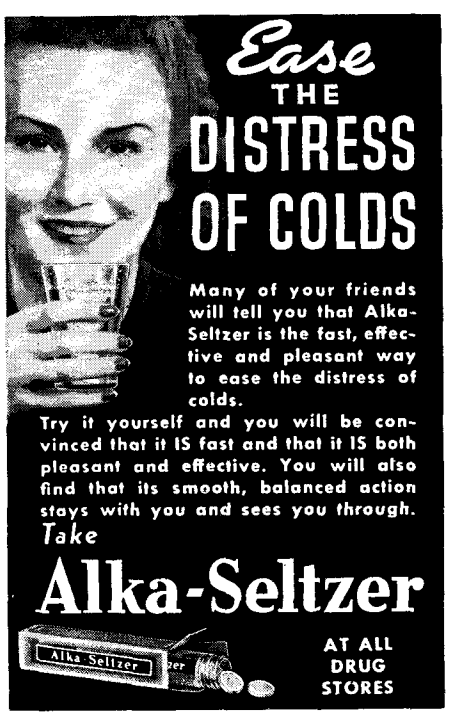

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

have thin bars, it is true; but a robber might have broken in."

"Enough of this!" barked Lieutenant Conway. "Roper looked at all the windows. No sign of a burglar. Now, we're taking you two down to the station to get the real dope. Come along!"

James Lee nodded briefly. "I'll stay here, if you don't mind, and talk to Roper."

After Conway and his prisoners had departed, James Lee brought Helen Chang into the office. He spoke to her reassuringly. Then, in company with Sergeant Roper, he walked toward the back of the shop to inspect the body of Frank Clayton.

"Don't mess things up, now!" warned the policeman as they passed through a curtained doorway arching beneath the mezzanine floor. "A blind man can see what happened."

THE storeroom, lighted by a hundred-watt bulb suspended from the ceiling, was pungent with the mingled scents of coal oil and packing straw. Various unopened cases stood piled about the place. Smaller ones, received in a recent shipment from China, were ranged along three heavy tables that stood against the south wall of the room. On the floor, face down, fronting the central table, lay the body of Frank Clayton. His skull had been smashed above his left ear, and clotted blood covered the left side of his face.

Lee surveyed the body. "What was the weapon?" he demanded. "What did the killer use?"

"We don't know yet," said Roper. "Maybe a club or a hammer. The only thing we found around on the floor was this hunk of rock. Looks like a piece of a Chink statue."

He pointed to an object near Clayton's outflung right foot.

Lee picked up the fractured base of a baked-clay statue. The surface of the clay was black, but the fractured area was a deep gray where an admixture of crystalline silica tempered the mass.

"Kwan Yin again!" Lee exclaimed. "A piece of the pedestal. This inscription is very interesting, Sergeant. The last four characters are not easy to translate."

"All that Chink writin' is Greek to me," growled Roper. "What has that got to do with the crime?"

"It may have everything to do with the crime. Look. These are a transcript of the four characters Mo Lo Kie To, in the Buddhist form, corresponding to the Sanskrit *Marakata*. They come from the seventeenth-century Tsu Mu Lu, which in turn is taken from the Persian *Zumurrud*—emerald!"

"So what?"

James Lee restrained his enthusiasm for the moment. "Never mind. I'll keep this bit of clay for a while, if you don't mind."

He slipped the fragment into his pocket, and bent again over the body of Clayton. He examined the dead man's left hand. It lay, palm down, against the floor. "What did the coroner say about those tiny bruises on the back of Clayton's hand?"

"He didn't say nothin' to me. What about them?"

James Lee pointed to a semicircular pattern of tiny bluish dots imprinted on the flesh of Clayton's hand. "Eight small bruises. There should have been nine, but one is missing. I must be on my way."

The sergeant scratched his head. "Where you goin' now?"

"If anyone wants me, tell them I can be found next door, at Sakasama's place. Look after Miss Chang. There is a killer loose!"

Leaving the Chang Lin Bazaar, instead of seeking Sakasama, James Lee crossed Gamblers Alley and entered the Last Friend Pawnshop, where he found the proprietor, Chin Hok, seemingly half asleep behind the counter.

Greeting the old man, "Long life, great wealth," James Lee said in Cantonese.

Chin Hok blinked his watery eyes at James Lee. Then: "Seven sons to mourn at your grave. My house is honored by your presence."

To the point: "You paid your rent to Chang Lin this evening?"

Chin Hok nodded his reply.

"A white man lies dead on the floor of the little stockroom. You saw him?"

"My business with Chang Lin took me only to his office."

"The dead man's name is Frank Clayton. Did you know him?"

"Yes, he was often in Chang Lin's store."

"Who might have reason for killing Clayton?"

Chin Hok was silent for a moment, and then, "Perhaps Chang Lin himself," he said blandly. "It would have been worth his while."

"What do you mean?"

"You know of Chang Lin's obligation to the American?"

"I know nothing about it," Lee answered.

"Business has been bad for Chang Lin," Chin Hok declared. "So bad that several times he has pressed me for the small money that I pay him for the rent of these premises. Saving face, Chang Lin has borrowed from his various friends. He lives beyond his means. After the New Year, when he failed to pay his debts, his countrymen denied him further aid."

"Do you mean that Clayton lent him money?"

"Ten thousand dollars the first time, five thousand more three months ago."

James Lee bowed. "Receive my gratitude for your information," he said. "Good evening."

From the Last Friend Pawnshop, James Lee proceeded to Sakasama's store. Five seconds after Lee knocked at the boarded door, a question came in the voice of the Japanese proprietor: "Who is there?"

"It is your friend James Lee."

Sakasama opened the door. "I expected you," he said.

"You know of the affair in Chang Lin's place?"

"Yes. Shall we go into my office?"

FOR the second time that day, James Lee entered the little office. On the desk still lay the shattered clay statue that he had examined some hours before. James Lee sat down, lit a cigarette, and from his pocket pulled the fragment of baked clay that had been found beside Clayton's body.

The Japanese started back in alarm, as his glance fell on the inscription in the Buddhist characters. "It is the one!" he exclaimed. "You have found it—the Green Moon, the finest emerald of the Manchu court!"

"I have not found the emerald," James Lee said. "But now I think I know why Clayton was killed."

Sakasama fingered the broken clay fragment with trembling hands. "I have spent a year searching for the Green Moon! One of General Komaki's officers looted it from the Nanking treasury. Later he was robbed of it by Chinese thugs. They killed this officer. My agents in China advised me two months ago that the emerald was to be sent into this country concealed in a clay statue of Kwan Yin that would bear this inscription. Now you have found this statue! You are a lucky man."

"I have not found the emerald," James Lee repeated. "But you have confirmed my theory regarding its recent history. Who else shares this information with you?"

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"I thought it was my secret. But some of the Chinese thugs may have—" Sakasama stared at the desk for a moment. Then, with a puzzled air: "What kind of a watch do you carry, Mr. Lee? Certainly not a cheap one."

In the silence of the room, James Lee heard distinctly the ticking of a clock mechanism. "What do you mean?"

"Quickly! Search your coat pockets! It is an old trick!"

In the left-hand pocket of his coat, James Lee's exploring fingers discovered a thin metal box. Calmly he pulled it forth and set it on the desk in front of him. "Yes, it is ticking—"

"Give it to me! I will get rid of it!" Sakasama exclaimed. "Hurry! Not explosive, but very dangerous. Cyanide and acid! Safe in rain barrel at back door." Cackling a crescendo of venomous epithets in Japanese, Sakasama jerked open the rear door of his office and dived into the obscurity of a hallway that led to his kitchen.

He returned presently to where James Lee waited. "The thing is harmless now. Our ears have probably saved our lives. This gas bomb is the favorite method of a devil who dwells not far from here. Three killings by hydrocyanic gas have been credited to him. He is the pawnbroker—"

James Lee stood up. "I have learned enough," he said. "I think I can now find Clayton's killer—and the Green Moon."

"Let me go with you!" the Japanese implored. "You walk into great danger of death!"

"You can help me in another way. Telephone to Lieutenant Conway at police headquarters. Ask him to bring his prisoners at once to the office of the Chang Lin Bazaar. Then come yourself to the Bazaar."

JAMES LEE left Sakasama's store and hastened once more to the pawnshop of Chin Hok. Entering the doorway from Gamblers Alley, he drew his automatic.

Chin Hok, back of the counter, was smoking a two-foot bamboo tobacco pipe. The stem of the pipe was a heavy six-inch tube of white jade.

Anticipating desperate resistance, James Lee swung his gun up into line with Chin Hok's heart. On the instant, without speaking, Chin Hok, as a fencer might slap a rapier at his adversary's wrist, slashed down with his pipe. The heavy jade stem broke across James Lee's wrist; the automatic dropped from his paralyzed hand.

He leaped across the counter and seized Chin Hok by the throat. In the dim light he saw the yellow face go pale, then purple. When Chin Hok's body was limp, James Lee slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. "A venomous snake, but Kwan Yin still smiles upon me!"

With practiced skill, James Lee searched the unconscious Chin Hok. He scowled grimly as his glance fell upon the nails in the heel of the pawnbroker's worn right shoe. Behind the counter he began rummaging among the nondescript junk that lay beneath it. In a rice basket half filled with rubbish, he found what he sought. "The broken statue of Kwan Yin!"

He slipped the jagged length of baked black clay into his pocket. As he did so, the pawnbroker opened his eyes.

Chin Hok glared at his captor.

"Killer," James Lee said, "the gates of hell are opening for you." He took the broken statue of Kwan Yin from his pocket. "Look at this!" He pointed to a bloodstain on the clay. "Your victim's blood. And here—look closely—a wisp of hair and a shred of flesh from the white man's head! The nails in the heel of your right shoe crushed down on Clayton's hand before his heart had stopped beating. You killed the man. Confess!"

Chin Hok's gaze had been fixed on the broken statue of Kwan Yin. Observing this, James Lee's eyes narrowed with a quick realization of the reason for Chin Hok's interest. "The Green Moon! I know everything. Make haste!" he demanded. "There is a last step to every journey through life. Confess!"

WITH the handcuffed Chin Hok beside him, James Lee entered the little office of the Chang Lin Bazaar. He smiled at Helen Chang and her brother and Sung Mock. He faced Lieutenant Conway.

"Here is the man who killed Frank Clayton," he said. "He's a bad actor. He tried to shoot me earlier tonight; he slipped a cyanide bomb into my pocket half an hour ago. He is your prisoner. He has confessed to the murder."

Lieutenant Conway scowled. "Chin Hok the killer? I don't get it."

"He was playing a game for big stakes. Clayton's life, mine, a dozen lives meant nothing. If he won the game, the Green Moon was his prize."

"The Green Moon?"

"One of the world's famous emeralds," James Lee explained. "One of the most distinguished jewels in the imperial treasury. Here, look at this!"

James Lee showed Lieutenant Conway the broken statue of Kwan Yin. "Stained with Clayton's blood. And here—plaster of Paris filling a cavity in the statue."

From its concealing matrix gleamed an area of the great emerald.

"Chin Hok's associates in Nanking turned the trick. They hid the Green Moon in this clay statue of Kwan Yin and, for greater safety, shipped it to this Bazaar. Chin Hok had constant access to the stockroom. Clayton was examining the statue when Chin Hok found him, and with the statue Chin Hok smashed Clayton over the head. On the back of Clayton's hand you will find the imprint of the nails in the heel of Chin Hok's right shoe."

"That's enough," Lieutenant Conway said. He turned to Chin Hok. "You killed Clayton?"

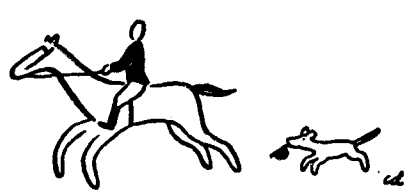
"I killed him," Chin Hok confessed. "My eyes were blinded with greed."

LIEUTENANT CONWAY turned to his two captives. "I'm sorry about this," he said. He held out his hand to Chang Lin. Gruffly, "My mistake." To Sung Mock, "You're lucky in having James Lee for your friend."

Tears had suddenly blinded Helen Chang's eyes.

"This is no time for weeping," James Lee suggested. He picked up the fragment of Kwan Yin's statue and cracked it sharply across the desk. "Look at this! The heart of Kwan Yin!"

He handed the plaster-encrusted emerald to Helen Chang. "The goddess of Mercy has given you a wedding present," he said. "The Green Moon, one of the great jewels of the Manchu throne. It is yours, and it will bring you happiness!"



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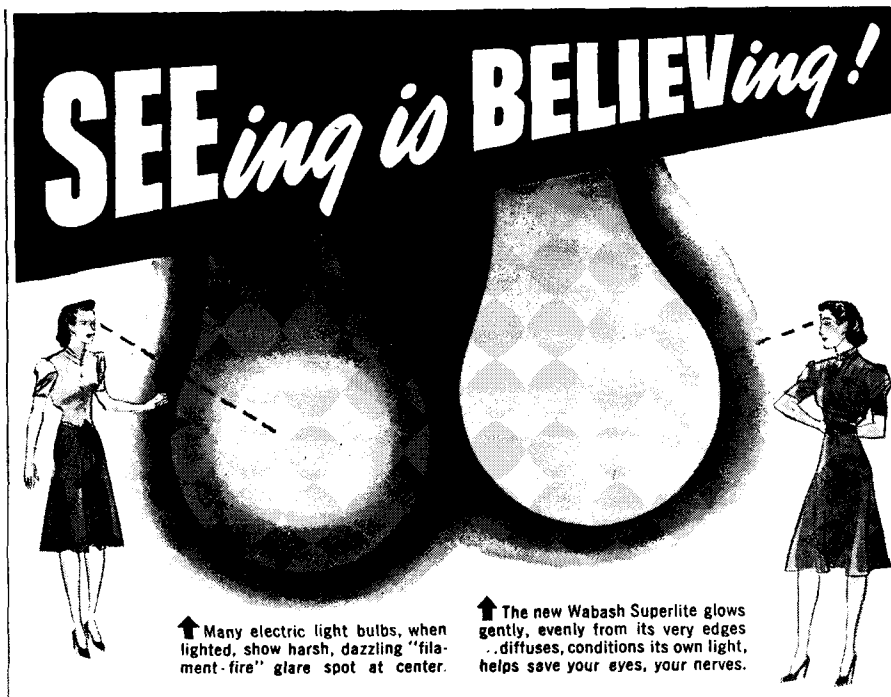

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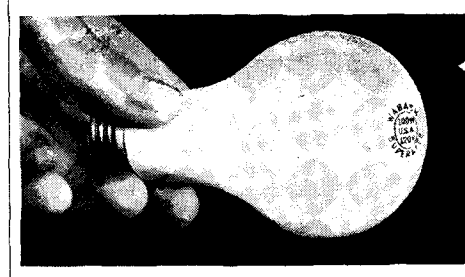

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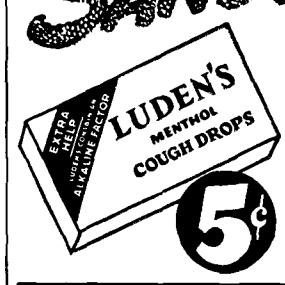

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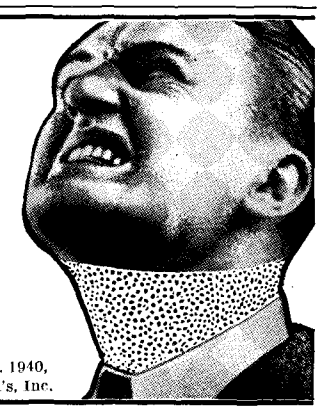

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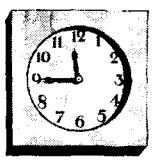

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Above Timber Line

Continued from page 21

One large group does most of its skiing in the soft chairs that are drawn up in front of the big, blazing logs. They are hardily clad in immaculate springer-hosen and Davos jackets. They argue heatedly about jump Christies and the way Toni Matt does his tempo swing. Occasionally they'll get one of the boys in the ski room to buckle their skis on for them and they'll pole themselves out to the foot of the practice slope to stand around for ten minutes or so. Then they'll hurry back to the blazing logs for another hot buttered rum. All of which, as Mr. Dickens says, is very snug and pleasant.

The next class does quite a lot of its skiing out of doors. They trudge up the hills—or, better, they let the ski tows haul them up—they run the practice slopes and the regular trails, they learn the turns. Some of them break their arms and collarbones and a few of them break their necks. But they never wander very far from the home base.

Then there's another group, the hardy elite of winter sportsmen. They aren't content with the lower slopes and the sheltered trails; their idea of fun is to go high and far, to battle with winter in his own territory. Their goal is timber line and the bleak, arctic regions above.

Three Against Nature

For those who are mentally as well as physically equipped for it, climbing high in winter can be a reasonably safe sport. It should be confined to people who know when to turn back.

For these high-level skiers the ski is not an end in itself. It's an implement for going high and far. One of several implements: snowshoe, crampons, rope, ice ax.

In an average winter more than five hundred reach the top of Washington, a feat that compares favorably with a day's work of any polar expedition. There are groups of the hardy elite in every part of the country where the mountains are accessible; in the membership of the Sierra Club and the Mazamas on the Pacific Coast, in the Appalachian Mountain Club in New England and New York. It's a sport that has become a tradition with the Dartmouth Outing Club, the Harvard Mountaineering Club and others.

The Pacific Coast people have the best of it in some ways. Theirs are the highest mountains and the most remote snow fields. But the mountains of the Northeast, accessible to ten times as many as those of the coast, are good territory, too. The Adirondacks, the Green Mountains, the White Mountains, although lower than those of the coast, get more severe conditions in proportion to their height. Perhaps the best Arctic region in the East is the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, where you can travel for two days without coming down to tree line. Up there even on a mild winter day the wind is apt to blow so hard that, as old Ethan Allen Crawford used to say, it takes two men to hold one man's hair on. The summit of Washington holds the record for the highest wind velocity ever recorded, 231 miles an hour.

There was another occasion when a party faced the decision whether to turn back from the assault of the northwest wind. One morning in January three climbers, Higgins, McAdams and Chadwick, started up the ridge on the west side of the mountain. The mercury was under zero and the wind was northwest. But it was only a breeze and the sky was clear. They followed the route of the cog railway which in summer hauls tourists to the summit up in the clouds. Each had lashed his skis together, tied his pack to the sled thus formed and dragged it behind him on a short rope.

The first half of the way was almost as easy as the summer ascent. None of them had the slightest premonition of danger. Then, quite suddenly, the wind came harder, the sky grayed over and the snow lashed at them. But they were confident that they could push on to the summit. They were within half a mile of it when the first doubt crept into their minds, then the sudden, paralyzing realization that they might never get up—or down.

To turn back or go on? At that time there was no observatory on top, but they knew that there was a weatherproof building, a stove, warmth. And the blast of the storm was at their backs—they couldn't make themselves turn and face it. They went on.

The wind came harder every minute, it took on the accumulating impetus of an avalanche. Though close together, the three were isolated from one another, each driven within himself. They were forced to their knees, crept forward along the trestle to the railroad elevated a few feet above the snow. A stronger gust blew their skis and heavy packs off the track. They abandoned them and went on.

McAdams was the first to succumb. He rolled off the trestle, lay still in the snow. The others bent over him, tried to rouse him. Then they left him there. They had become creatures of primal instinct, no longer of feeling and reason.

A little farther along Chadwick fell and didn't rise again. Higgins kept on. Twice he was blown bodily from the trestle but got up and stumbled forward.

He reached the shelter hut, barely managed to get the door open and fell inside. One hand was frozen stiff and solid and there was scarcely more life in the other. His eyes were glazed over, one of them closed entirely. After an hour he got the stove lit by striking a bunch of matches held in both hands. For two days he kept the stove going red-hot and crouched close beside it while a pan of water froze solid a few feet away. On the third day the weather turned mild and calm and he made his way down the mountain to safety.

When the bodies of his companions were found one was 800 feet from the shelter, the other 400.

Slide, Muller, Slide!

On three other occasions the northwest wind has killed a man on the slopes of Washington. Each time it was the same story—a skiing or climbing party that kept on in the face of rising storm. A bad record, but perhaps it has taught the essential lesson—if there's any question always turn back.

There are other hazards to have in mind if you climb high in winter. I am kept reminded of one of them by an elegant patch that decorates the seat of my climbing knickers.

I was in Tuckerman's Ravine one day in early winter when there wasn't yet enough snow for skiing. I was climbing on the headwall of the bowl, not meaning to go very high. The slope up which I was working was fairly steep and was covered with loose rocks and debris that had fallen from the cliffs some two hundred feet above.

Those cliffs were a dazzling sight. A two-day storm had left them sheathed with ice, great hanging pillars of it, a frozen Niagara. The sun came out and the immense curtain broke into a

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sparkle and glitter. I clambered up to get a nearer look at it. Anyone should have had better sense.

As I watched it a massive stalactite directly up the slope from me began to topple. Slowly it came over like a factory chimney falling, then struck with a thunder that echoed back and forth between the walls of the ravine. It shivered into bits and the fragments came roaring down toward me.

I crouched, tried to crowd every part of me under a boulder about a foot high. Most of the ice went over my head but one chunk about the size of a coconut took me in the shoulder, leaving it numb. I looked up—thought I saw another even bigger icicle beginning to go.

I got out of there. My technique was the same as that of stealing second base, but no ballplayer ever slid over as much territory or nearly as rough as I did.

I ought to have that patch in the knickers embroidered with a motto about fools rushing in.

Play the Safety Margin

The high-level skier must understand snow conditions. He must recognize, for instance, when a steep slope is likely to avalanche. Last winter a skier from Boston was carried down six hundred feet by a great slide that poured off the summit cone of Mt. Washington. He barely saved himself from being submerged and crushed to death by swimming furiously on the surface of the avalanche. And one must be wary of steep slopes of granulated "corn" snow, safe skiing when they are soft but deathtraps when they freeze. A skier was killed in the Presidential Range when he slipped while carrying his skis over such a slope and slid nine hundred feet, battering his life out on the rocks below.

Ice climbing is another sport for the winter elite. The best of it in the East is found in the steep gulleys of Huntington Ravine.

The ravine is an immense amphitheater scooped out of the side of the Presidential Range. Standing on the floor of the bowl, you look up gentle slopes of scrub, then steeper boulder slopes to the thousand-foot walls of bare granite that form the rim. Those walls are cut by gullies; at the steepest they are almost perpendicular clefts. In summer they are a testing ground for expert rock climbers. In winter they are upflung ribbons of ice and frozen snow that require a high standard of Alpine technique.

A climbing party goes roped together. The leader cuts steps up the wall of ice, climbs until he has reached a secure stance where he can belay the rope and protect the next climber in his ascent. Sometimes he must run out a hundred feet of rope before he is secure. On the steepest pitches he cuts handholds as well as footholds, drives in pitons—spikes with a ring through which the rope can run. It may take an hour to climb a pitch of fifty feet.

A characteristic formation in the gullies is that of bulges of ice, blisters twenty or thirty feet high, formed by water running over and freezing. Naturally the under side of the blister is the steepest to climb. A party of three, two men and a girl, were mounting one of these. The girl, who was last on the rope, was coming up the underside. It was so steep that the men couldn't see her. Their holds, on hard frozen snow above, were none too secure. They watched her rope come up, hoping she wouldn't keep them long on such a pitch. They were looking down a height about that of Washington Monument and it seemed almost as steep.

The rope stopped coming. They heard a startled shout from below. They had just time to jam their axes in as deep as they would go before the jerk came. They held—but they knew that she was hanging against the sheer ice wall below and they were certain that, placed as they were, they could never pull up her dead weight.

Then they heard the clink of her ax against the ice. Hanging there below, she chipped steps by which, with some help from the rope, she came up over the top of the bulge.

There have been one or two bad falls in the gullies but so far, surprisingly, nobody has been killed. Probably because most of those who practice the sport have learned it by degrees, have known how to adjust their own capacities, mental and physical, to a margin of safety. Which should be the rule of all who go above timber line in winter.

"I'd like something noncommittal" THURSTON GENTRY

DENTAL RECORDS REVEAL
GINGIVITIS
ATTACKS 4 OUT OF 5!

EVEN YOU MAY BE A VICTIM
of this gum inflammation—often a forerunner of ravaging Pyorrhea!

If your gums are tender, sore or bleed at times—BEWARE! You may have Gingivitis—an inflammation where gums join the teeth and, if neglected, horrible Pyorrhea may follow with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth. *Only your dentist* can help Pyorrhea. BUT—

You CAN effectively help guard against Gingivitis, as results from a recent clinical investigation show.

More than 4 out of 5 patients examined had Gingivitis. And in just 30 days, 95% of these cases showed *remarkable* improvement (firmer, healthier gums) by cleaning their teeth and massaging gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums.

Even Helps Clean Dingy Teeth To "Natural" Brilliance

Daily brushing of the teeth with Forhan's not only brightens dull teeth to their natural sparkling lustre but it HELPS REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY. No wonder dentists have recommended it for over 20 years! Just get a tube today and note the *difference!* And DON'T forget to see your dentist frequently—every 3 months isn't too often.

FREE 50¢ GUM MASSAGER: Send carton of giant 50¢ size Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-4, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

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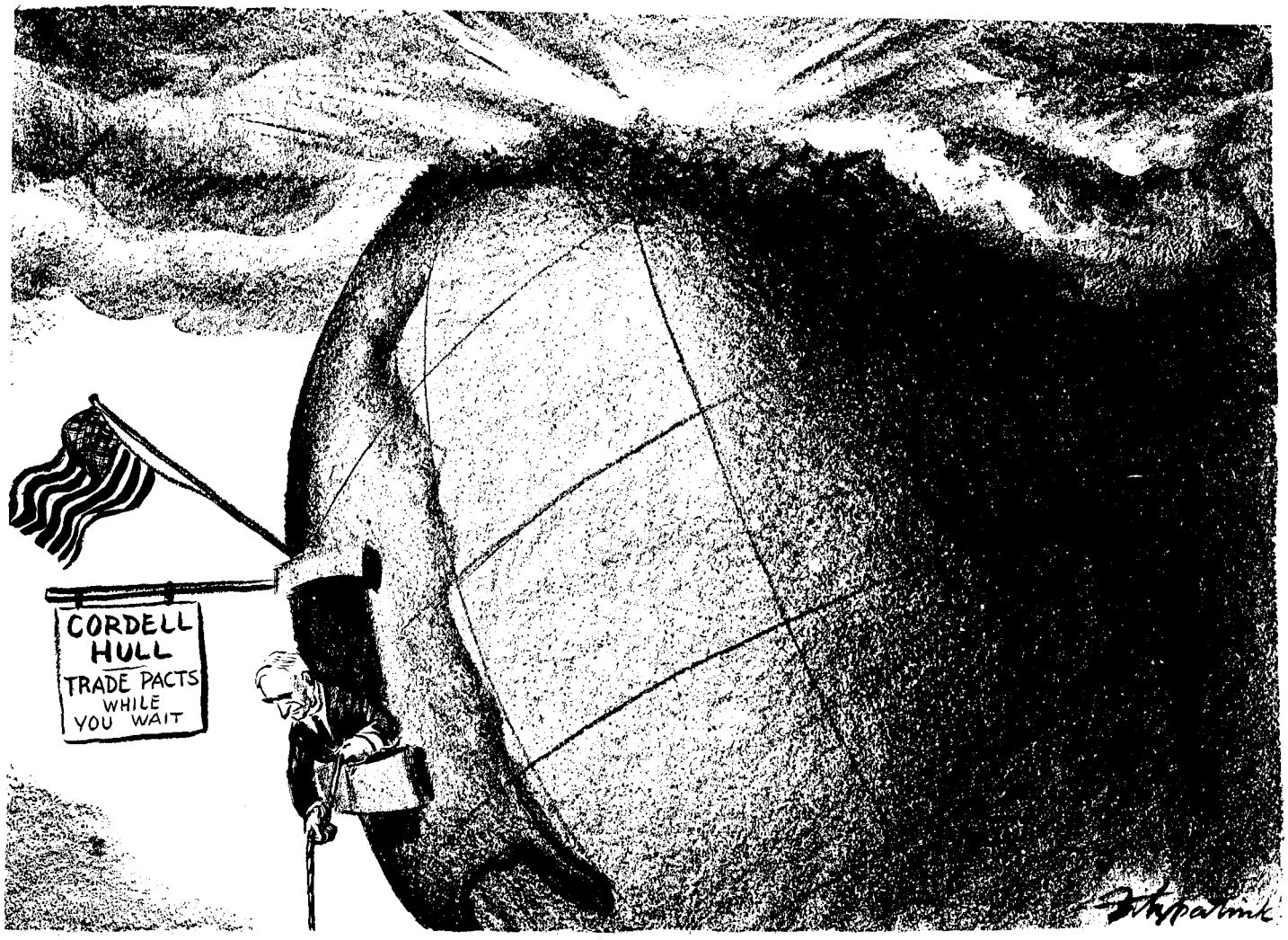

LET TRADER HULL TRADE ON

IT'S generally agreed that no member of the New Deal Cabinet has done a better all-round job than Secretary of State Cordell Hull. And the Hull enterprise that has earned the loudest applause has been the closing of the reciprocal trade agreements with twenty nations.

It is so much the more shocking, then, to see such a storm of petty and partisan agitation dust up in Congress against the proposal to extend for another three years the State Department's power to make these agreements. Present expiration date of power is next June 12th.

Farmers are being told that hams from Germany's part of what once was Poland are forcing American hams off the American market . . . that Canadian wheat and beef, let into this country under reduced tariff schedules, are running down American prices for those commodities . . . that Argentine beef is coming into the United States, in million-tin lots.

Therefore, it is urged that the State Department be stripped of power to make these agreements whenever and wherever it can spot a good dicker for the United States. It is further urged that the agreements themselves be thrown overboard as fast as may be.

For all this the correct word is nonsense—plus a few adjectives such as selfish, narrow-minded and, in more cases than one, false.

The fact is that the State Department in negotiating these pacts has leaned over backward to avoid cutting U. S. tariffs on any foreign goods that would seriously compete with similar goods produced here. The negotiations with Argentina, for example, fell through because the State Department declined to give Argentina so much as a shred of the American shirt in the matter of reducing tariffs on Argentine wheat. And this is the spirit that has governed the American end of these negotiations ever since Mr. Hull and his associates began them about five years ago.

Some of the tangible results have been that ten nations have reduced their tariffs on our pork, ham and bacon; nine, Great Britain among them, have cut tariffs on our lard; while wide reductions have been made in duties on our grains and grain products, our fruits and our vegetables.

Some American toes have been stepped on, yes; but so have some toes in the twenty countries on the other ends of the trade agreements. One of the net results, though, has been that from 1935 to 1938 our exports of farm products to trade-agreement countries went up almost 50 per cent. Another of the net results is that our export trade has been healthy and has been growing healthier since 1935, whereas it was in the deep blue dumps for many years before that year.

In the matter of the Mexican and Bolivian oil steals, the State Department in our estimation has been a one-sided Good Neighbor, which is to say that it has been a sucker and a sap.

But it has done brilliant work on the trade agreements; and it has *not* bartered away any American markets to the villainous foreigner—who isn't any more villainous than we are, anyway.

Even more important, in a world gone mad with tariff mania and export-subsidy insanity our State Department has stood by the proposition that a nation that wants to sell must also buy; that to get business you've got to be willing to do business. On the survival of this principle depends much of the hope for a livable postwar world.

Hull has done and is doing one grand job. We're for letting the State Department carry on with the trade-agreement work—if not for the proposed three years after next June 12th, then at least until after the next Congress has convened and the next administration has had plenty of time to get its bearings.

COLLIER'S

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

How's Your HOOSEGOW?

THE Federal Bureau of Prisons issues a loud squawk about overcrowding in the institutions under its control—places like Leavenworth, Atlanta, etc.—and says it wants a big federal prison-building program right away.

Congress being chronically hipped on building of any kind, we imagine the Federal Prison Bureau need only ask loudly enough and often enough and in due time it will receive.

Meanwhile, there is another American jail problem, which Congress can't handle, and which only local communities can. It's the problem of city and county jails.

The almost unanimous testimony from people who know is that the typical local jail in this country is a sinkhole, a stinkhole and a breeder rather than a fumigator of crime and criminal tendencies.

Far too many of these places are run by grafting officials who short-change the guests on food, soap, towels, disinfectants, janitor service, etc., and overcharge such of them as have any cash to buy cigarettes or chocolate bars from outside. Gangsters running "kangaroo courts" lord it over the rank-and-file prisoners in many a jail; dope peddling and assorted perversions flourish unchecked.

All this stacks the cards against regeneration of offenders whom a decent environment would most likely straighten out. It makes more crooks than it reforms. It convinces many a victim that society has it in for him or her personally.

Your local jail, orphanage, old people's home, poor farm and related institutions can be adequately supervised only through constant watchfulness on the part of the solidest people in your community—by means of visiting committees which aren't above paying surprise visits or using detective and undercover methods.

By the way, how's your local hoosegow? Do you know anything about it? Do you do anything to help see that it is run decently and humanely?

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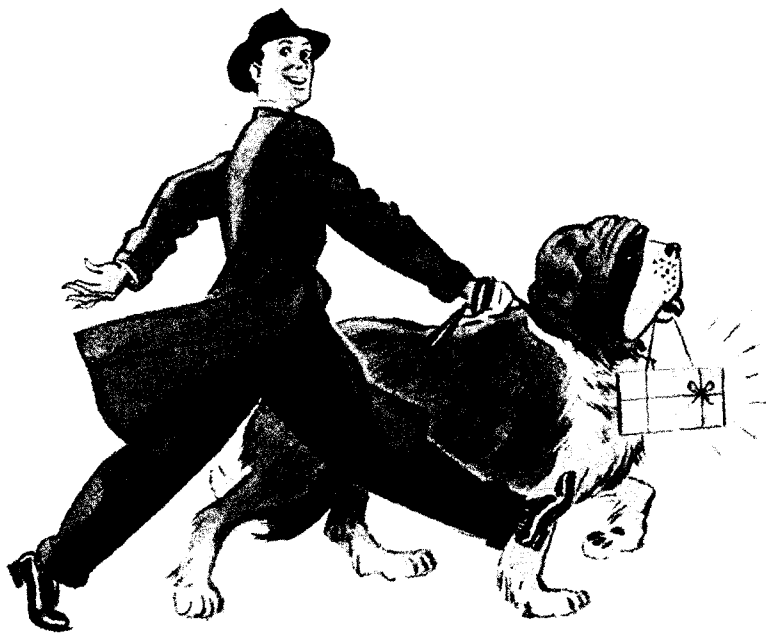
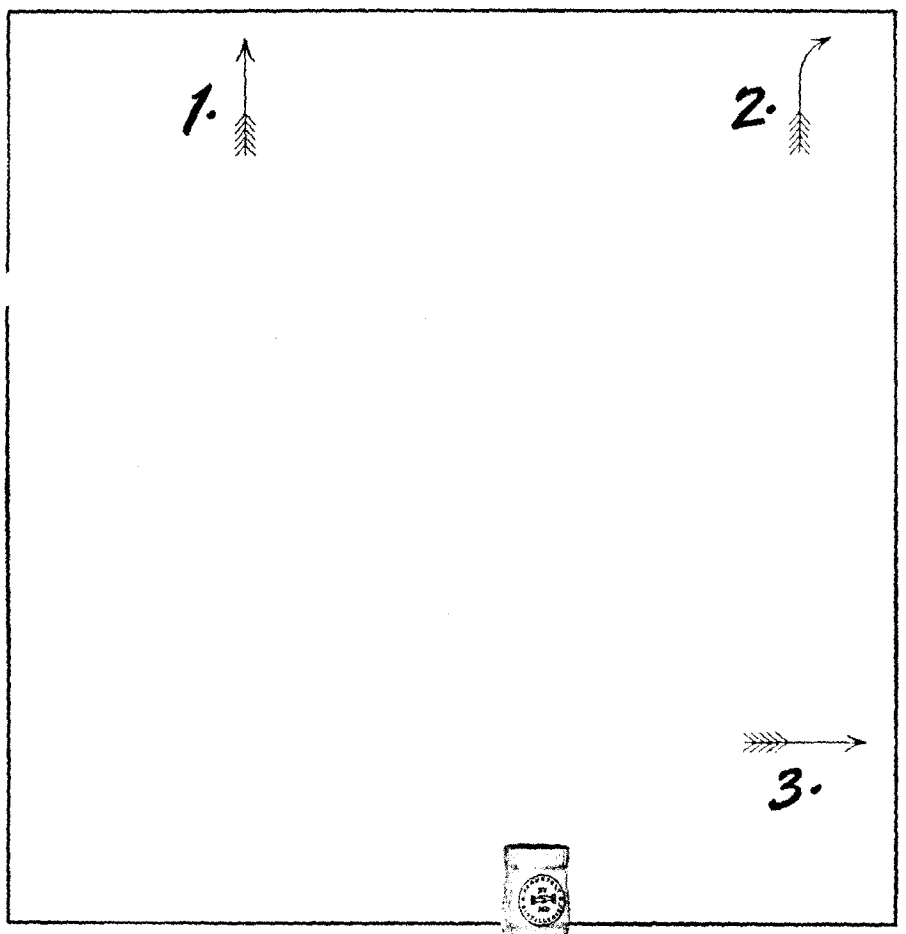


Do your pocketbook a great favor: Hie yourself to your favorite package store and learn the swell news about Paul Jones!

Long known as one of America's finest whiskies—it has now been reduced to *a popular price!* Yet, it's still exactly the same "expensive whiskey" that used to cost so much more . . . still DRY (not sweet) . . . still *ALL whiskey*, every drop. You'll do your budget a real turn by buying a bottle of Paul Jones *today*.

Do your palate a great favor: Hurry home with that bottle of Paul Jones . . . pour yourself a jigger . . . and *try it!*

You'll beam over its rich, *ALL-whiskey* bouquet. You'll pat yourself on the back over its satiny smoothness . . . its DRY tang . . . its "tastes-like-it-cost-more" flavor. You'll agree that this introduction to DRY Paul Jones is the biggest favor you've done your palate in many a day!



Do a great favor to your popularity as a host: Next time you have guests, serve Paul Jones . . . and get ready to take some bows!

That zestful DRYNESS will give the drinks a briskness and character your friends will cheer. And—if they're *very good* friends—do *them* a favor and let them in on the good news about Paul Jones' new low price! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

TRY

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A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

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